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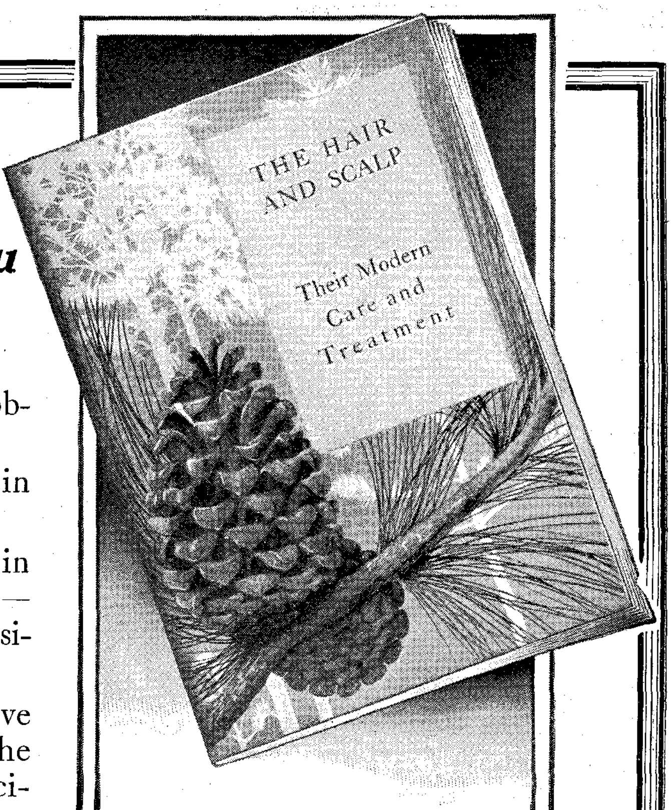
FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Given Healthy Hair—Will you keep it?



That's a mutual problem—yours and ours.

You are interested in keeping your hair.

We are interested in helping you keep it—that has been our business for forty years.

Our part is to give Packer's Tar Soap the highest possible efficiency as a shampooing agent, and to supply you with a guide to the proper care of the hair and scalp.

In perfecting this service, we have printed a new Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Their Modern Care and Treatment."

It covers the subject authoritatively and thoroughly. It will help you to get the full benefit from systematic shampooing with Packer's Tar Soap.

Manual sent postpaid on request.

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The Structure of the Hair.
The Care of the Hair and Scalp in Health
Special Directions for Women.
Packer's Tar Soap—What It Is and What It Does.
Dandruff Premature Baldness.
Excess of Oil. Lack of Oil.
Care of Combs, Brushes, etc
Practical Hints for the care of the Hair.

Packer's Tar Soap

(*PURE AS THE PINES*)

For **10 cts.** we will send you postpaid a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Suite 87 H., 81 Fulton St., N. Y.

MARCH McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, Editor; CAMERON MACKENZIE, Managing Editor
Frederick L. Collins, President; Arthur S. Moore, Secretary; Cameron Mackenzie, Treasurer

THE FIFTEEN-FEATURE MAGAZINE

SERVICE—first to our readers, then to our advertisers—is the watchword of McCLURE policy.

We published last month the first issue of our Fifteen-Feature Magazine; previously each issue of McCLURE'S had contained only ten features. There was, therefore, a 50 per cent increase in value with no increase in price.

This enormous gain to our patrons and friends was made possible only by the method of distributing a portion of the editorial material throughout the pages previously devoted exclusively to advertising.

The plan was an instantaneous success. Crowning as it did a steady increase in the circulation of McCLURE'S through the Fall and Winter months, the demand for the February issue exceeded even the very large edition which we had estimated should be printed. As a result, *we have in this office sixteen thousand orders for the February issue that we are unable to fill.*

This is the second issue of the Fifteen-Feature McCLURE'S. So large has been the advance demand for this issue that we have been forced to increase our printing order; so that

THIS IS THE LARGEST EDITION OF McCLURE'S
IN THE HISTORY OF THE MAGAZINE

It exceeds half a million copies and contains fifteen big, vital features, as follows:

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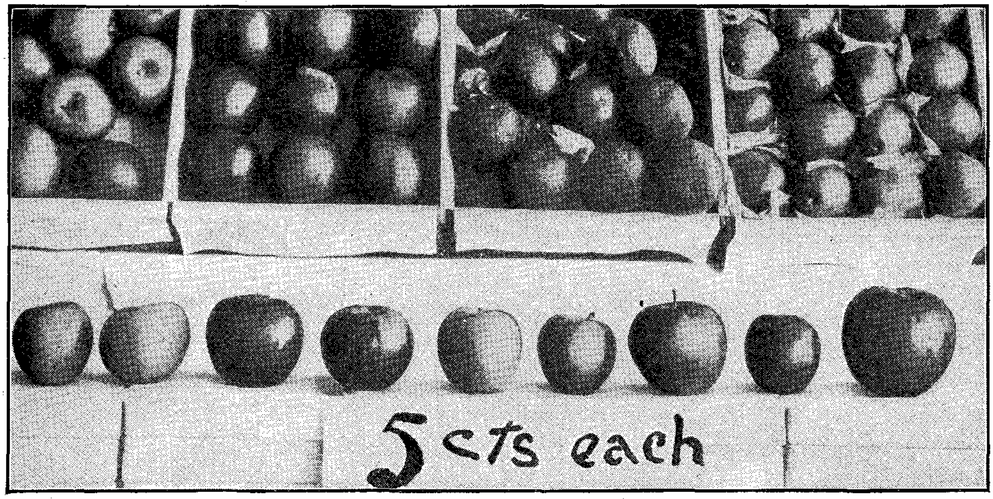

Which Would You Choose?

IF YOU saw a row of apples, every one differing in size, ripeness and color, and all for sale at the same price, wouldn't you choose the best? Why not do the same thing when you buy fire insurance? The cost of insurance is substantially the same in all companies, but what you get for your money varies as much as the apples in this row.

Choose the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company.** For over 100 years it has paid every honest loss, big and little. Its reputation is unexcelled. It is the best fire insurance apple of them all, and its policies cost no more than those of inferior quality.

Why not use the same good judgment in buying insurance that you do in buying goods for your store, clothes for your family, or even in such a trivial matter as buying apples from the fruit stand? And the next time you insure,

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

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COVER DESIGNED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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SHOPPING

815 National advertisers employed McClure's Magazine during 1912 to tell you about what they were making.

They asked you for your trade.

They gave you a pledge that their goods would stand the test.

They had to show McClure's that their product was right.

They spent about half a million dollars in McClure's because they thought McClure's readers were worth while.

Did you stop to think as you looked through McClure's Advertising Section that you were getting a triple-plated pledge on quality and satisfaction when you purchased any of these standard articles.

Perhaps it didn't occur to you that these goods bore three guarantees to protect you—your dealer, the manufacturer and McClure's Magazine. Did it occur to you that there are about 91,000,000 consumers in this country of ours and that advertising in a reliable magazine like McClure's, while expensive is really the cheapest way for a good manufacturer to tell his story to the people who need and can buy his goods.

An untrademarked article—or the "just as good" kind—*may* be worth the price you pay and perhaps the dealer *may* make it right—but isn't it economic wisdom to play any game *safe* when you can?

The editorial matter in McClure's is authoritative and the Advertising Section in McClure's is absolutely safe.

Do your shopping in McClure's.

Walter H. Manning

Advertising Director.

Guide to the "Marketplace of the World"

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It will pay you to place your next policy *in the* Postal Life Insurance Company

Assets ***$10,000,000***

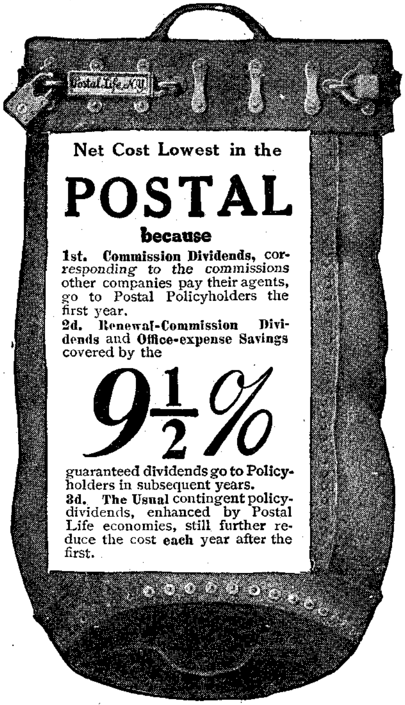
1912—STATE DEPARTMENT AUDIT—1912

Insurance in force ***$50,000,000***

The triennial audit, just concluded, was a most exhaustive inquiry, made possible because the Company eliminates all branch-offices and agents, conducting its business *under one roof*—from a single headquarters, the Home Office in New York.

The inquiry was made thorough because it was the first examination since the Postal absorbed another, and a larger company, and also because the State Superintendent recognized that his official report would be a practical certification of the Company to other State Superintendents: the latter, mindful of the rigid New York requirements and of the strict supervision of its Insurance Department, have agreed that *a company measuring up to New York State standards would be accepted and accredited in other States.*

The outcome is therefore flattering to the Postal Life, and commends it to thoughtful insurers everywhere.


Postal Life N.Y.

Net Cost Lowest in the

POSTAL

because

1st. Commission Dividends, cor*responding to the commissions* other companies pay their agents, go to Postal Policyholders the first year.

2d. Renewal-Commission Dividends and **Office-expense Savings** covered by the

9½%

guaranteed dividends go to Policyholders in subsequent years.

3d. The Usual contingent policy-dividends, enhanced by Postal Life economies, still further reduce the cost **each** year after the first.

The Chief Examiner of life companies in his statement submitted to the Honorable William Temple Emmet, Superintendent of Insurance, refers to the *high order of the Postal's risks* secured by the non-agency method, and to the progress of the Company in bringing its organization to a *high standard of efficiency*. He adds that the cost of securing business by advertising and correspondence *has not increased* pro rata, with the new business written; the business-getting expense will therefore, as contended by the Company, decrease from year to year. He also adds that part of the cost of advertising should be charged to old business, as continued publicity has a tendency to keep up the confidence of policyholders and retain them.

The examination covers many pages of a printed document on file at the State Department.

Superintendent Emmet, in a memorandum filed with the Examiners' Report December 16th, 1912, calls special attention to the writing of insurance by mail as bringing the policyholders into communication with the home office, and states that the report shows a *general improvement in the condition of the Company.* There is merit, he furthermore states, in the health-work of the Medical Department, not only to the Company and its policyholders but *to the general public as well.*

Particular reference is made to the absence of litigation arising from questions with POSTAL policyholders. He speaks of the number of improvements made in the handling of its business, and points out that *gains have been made notwithstanding the considerable expenditures in 1912 for betterment of the Company's property.*

Thus is the Company commended by the highest authorities to the public. The official endorsements, the conduct of its business through publicity channels, and its operations subject to the United States postal authorities, carry confidence to intending insurers, as well as to its own body of policyholders.

Total Assets and Liabilities

At the close of the examination the Company had over **$50,000,000** insurance in force; the policy and other liabilities were fully covered by statutory and departmental reserves amounting to **$10,029,510.10,** with an excess or surplus to policyholders of **$226,874.55.**

The Company's reserves and other assets are in approved securities, including state, municipal, railroad bonds; bonds and mortgages, real estate, policy loans, accrued interest, deferred net-premiums, cash in bank and various other items, aggregating **$10,256,384.65.**

In writing the Company for particulars for yourself, please give: **First,** your full name; **Second,** your occupation; **Third,** the exact date of your birth. Also mention McCLURE'S for March.

Bear in mind no agent will be sent to visit you. The POSTAL dispenses with agents, and pays to you in cash or credits you in equivalent dividends, or paid-up insurance, the amount of agency commission.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

WM. R. MALONE. President **Postal Life Building** **35 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK**

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Formamint
Wulfing's
TABLETS
Bauer & Co
A WULFING & CO

"I stopped my sore throat with this pleasant tasting tablet."

THOUSANDS are saying this every day. Sore throat is now realized by the medical profession as an ailment that if neglected is liable to develop into much more serious trouble, such as Tonsillitis, La Grippe, etc. A sore throat means a lowering of your natural bodily resistance to the millions of germs that you cannot avoid inhaling at every breath; that they have found a breeding spot in the delicate membranes of the mouth and throat cavities. And there they must be subdued.

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Wulfing's Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

Sucked like candy—it melts in the mouth and releases its powerful yet harmless germicide, which mixes with the saliva and is carried easily and naturally into the throat passages, reaching the germs, destroying them and quickly promoting the healing of the membranes.

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The world's greatest tenor, writes:
"I have found Formamint Tablets very pleasant to the taste and beneficial to the throat."

Mme Adelina Patti,
The Queen of Song, writes:
"I have taken Formamint Tablets for some time past and have much pleasure in saying that I find them very beneficial for the throat."

Jack London writes:
"I am tremendously pleased with the antiseptic qualities of your Formamint tablets. Formamint is a real cleanser of mouth germs."

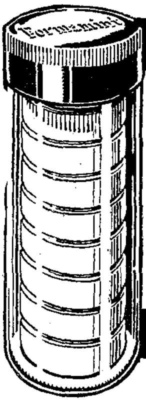
Dr. Wm. Lee Howard,
The well-known medical author, writes:
"I have no hesitation in stating that in Formamint we have a remedy that is invaluable in keeping the mouth and air passages free from germ infection."

The Rev. Dr. Wallace Radcliffe,
The well-known Washington preacher, writes:
"I find your Formamint tablets of great benefit to the throat. I would not be without them since they help to keep my voice in order."

A. WULFING & COMPANY

32K IRVING PL.
NEW YORK

Makers of Sanatogen—the Food Tonic
Affiliated with The Bauer Chemical Co.



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It is of generous size and will prove to you that Formamint is wonderfully effective as well as pleasant in mouth and throat troubles. Send a 2-cent stamp to pay postage and we will gladly send you this *free* trial tube Address

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New York

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In New York Cooncan now seriously rivals " Auction " and in London such clubs as The Savage, The Brooks and others have been obliged to open Cooncan rooms.

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More than a Million Copies

PHINEAS

of books by Alice Hegan Rice have been sold in the last few years. Her first story, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is still in tremendous demand, and every night thousands of people are seeing the play which was made from it. Mrs. Rice has published several successful books since "Mrs. Wiggs," but not until now has she attempted a big novel. **HERE IT IS**—just published:

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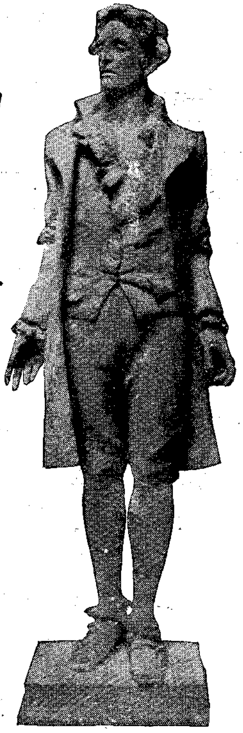

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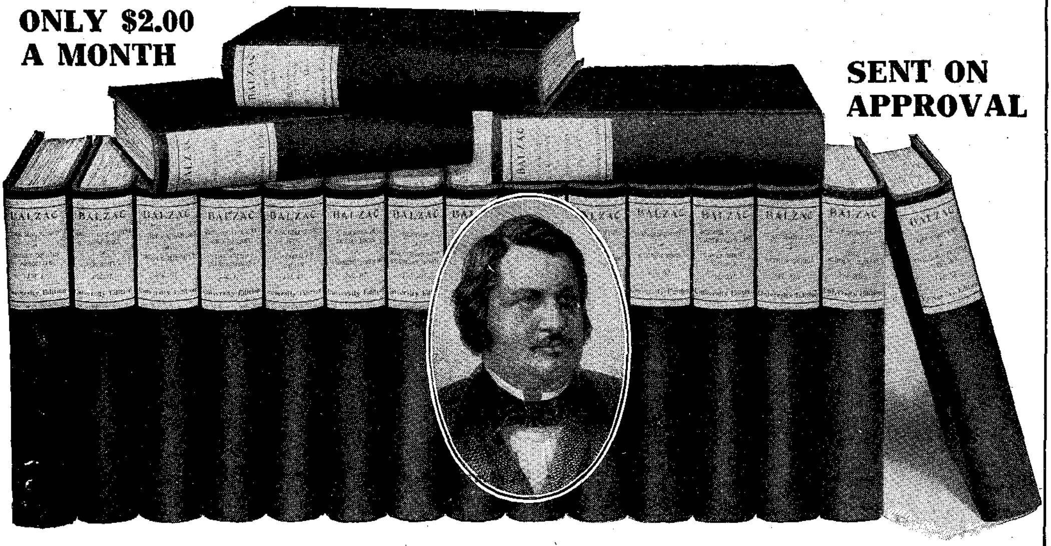

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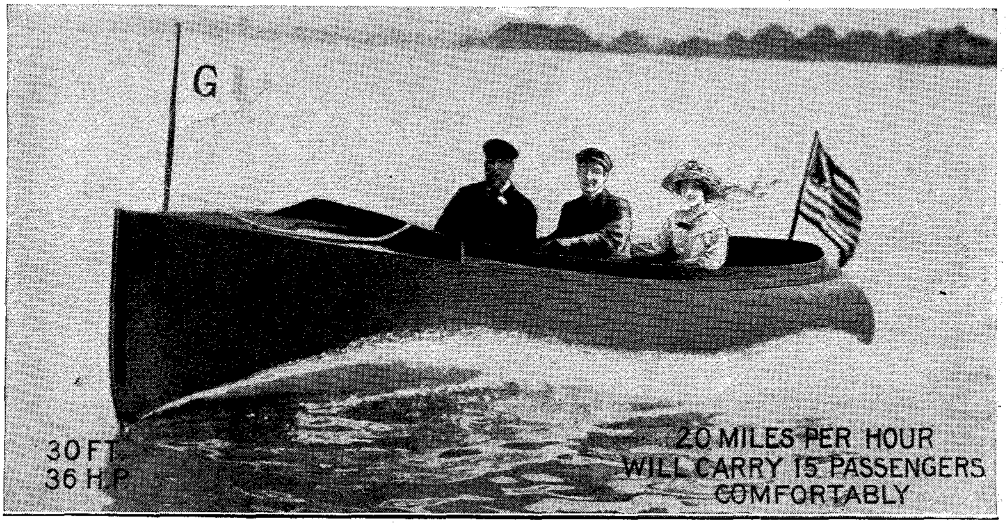

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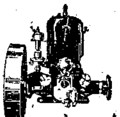

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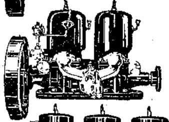

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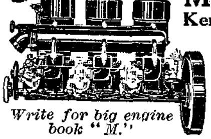

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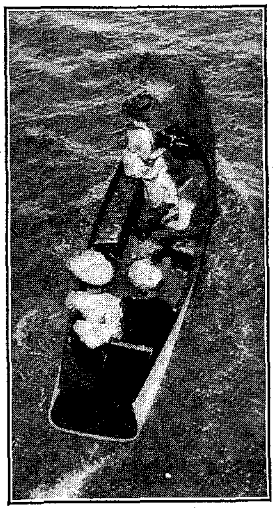

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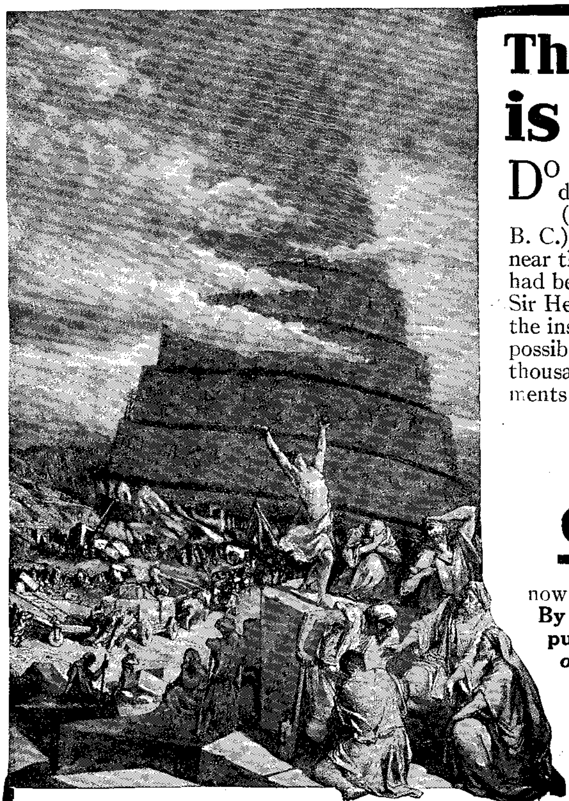

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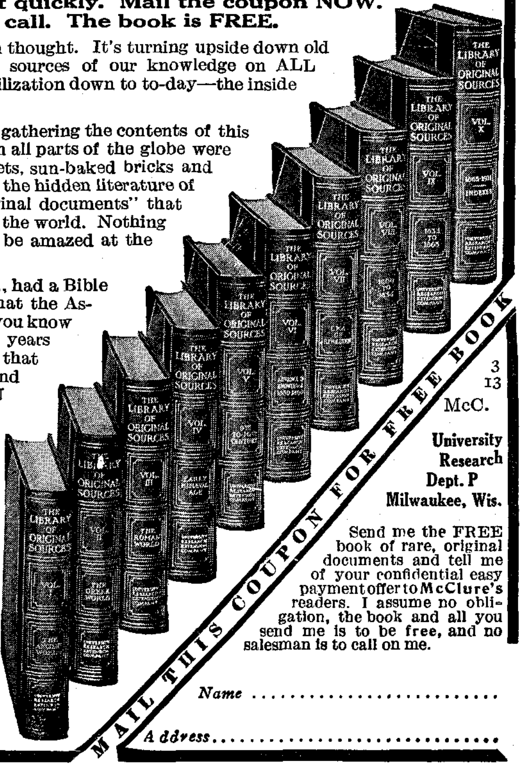

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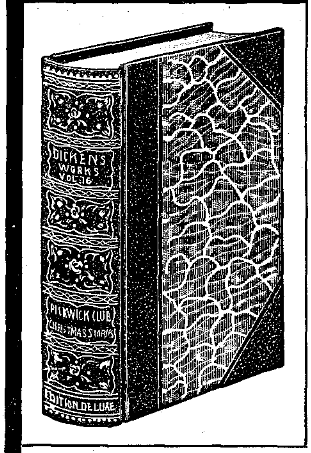

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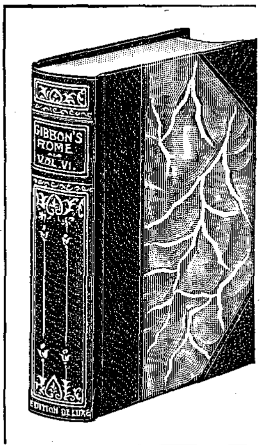

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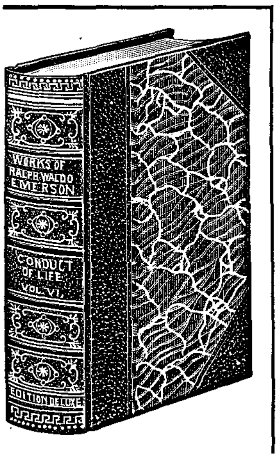

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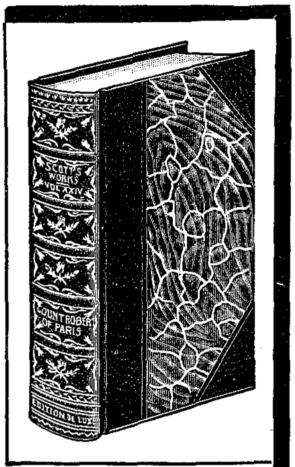

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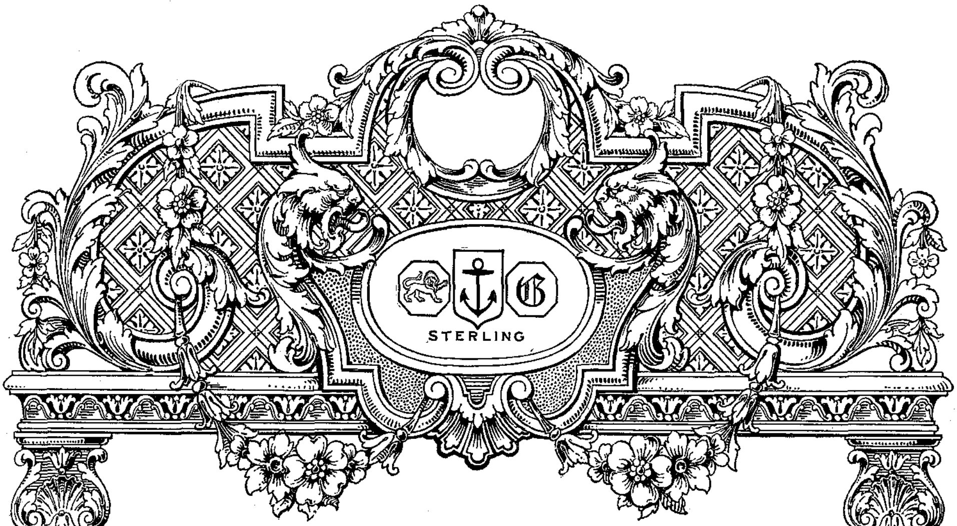

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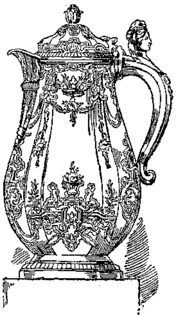

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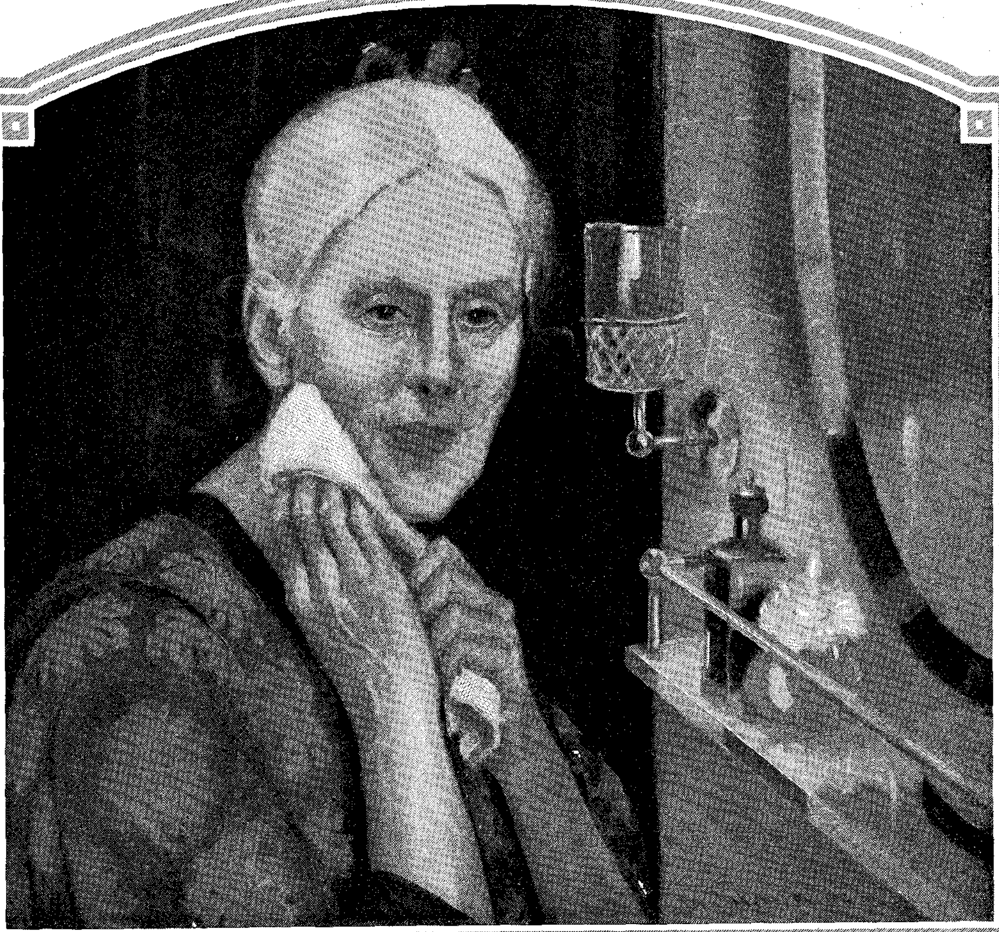
MARCH—1913



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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
VOLUME XL No. 5 MARCH, 1913

THE ELEGANT DE FRONSAC

BY

LEONARD MERRICK

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

Mr. Leonard Merrick, the author of "Whispers About Women," is now placing all his talents within reach of the readers of McCLURE'S. Here is the first of a new series of short stories that treat with ingenuity and incomparably delicate humor the foibles of some twentieth-century types.

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One person only knew the grim facts about de Fronsac — Mariette, the daughter of his concierge. In her he confided. And when his plight had grown so desperate that he changed his name and disappeared from Paris, only the devoted Mariette knew where he had gone.

He had become a cook.

Yes; by a stroke of irony, this poet, who had nothing to eat, possessed a skill in cookery, acquired during a less penurious youth; and, although the ignominy of the resource had wrung his withers, there had been a crisis when he crept to a *bureau de placement* and offered himself as chef at the wages of a *bonne-à-tout-faire*.

It was thanks to the modesty of his demands that he had found a situation.

Madame Dolidon had never boasted a chef before. She lived economically in Meudon-Val-Fleury, where she bowed stiffly and was spoken of as being very "proud." Her husband also had that reputation. The long-nosed Mesdemoiselles Dolidon put on a good deal of side, too. The proposal of a male cook attracted the lady much, and when it transpired that the very superior "Dupont" was actually willing to come for forty francs a month, the prospect of her neighbors' jealousy enchanted her to such an degree that she dispensed with a character

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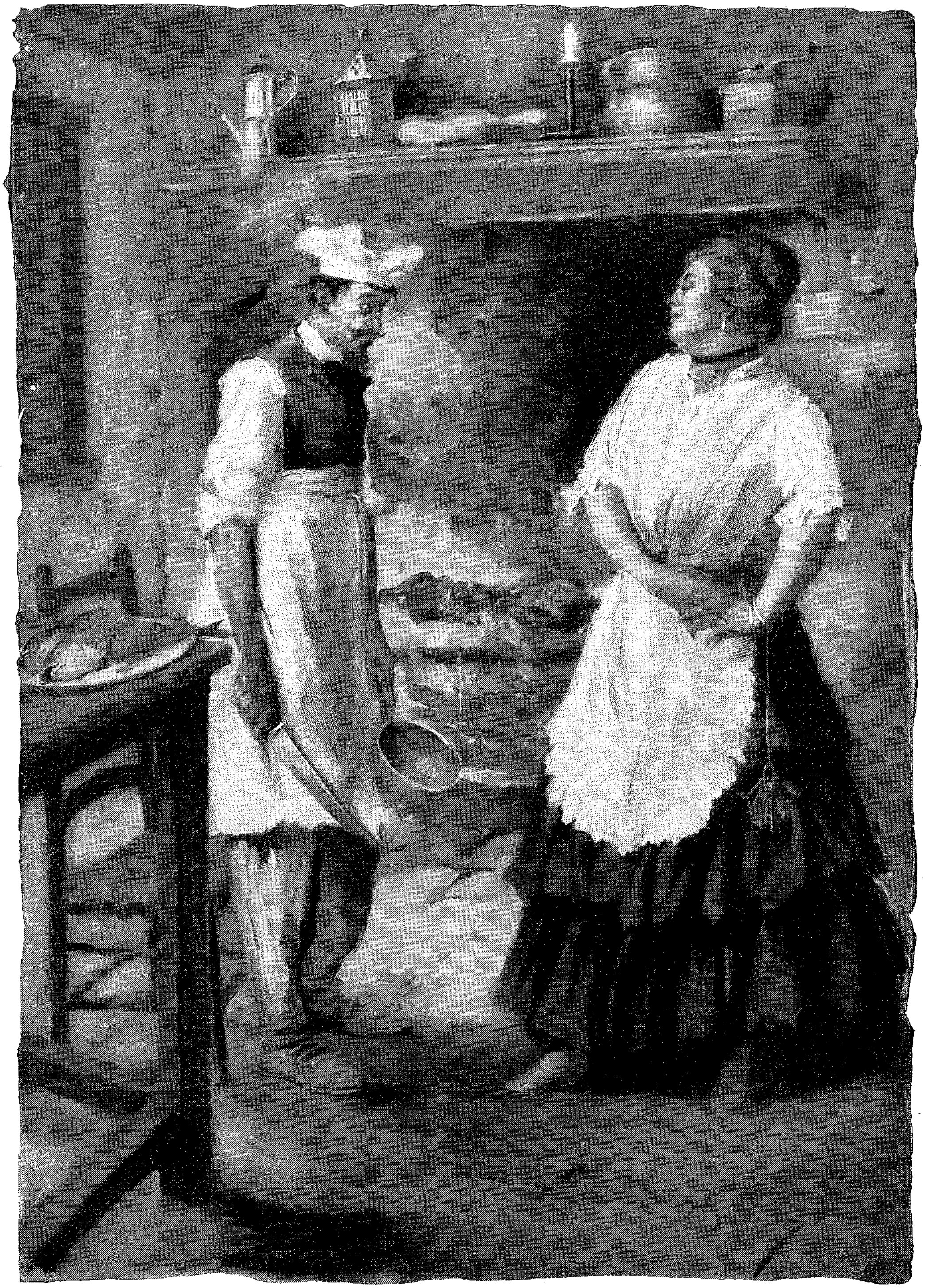


"FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER MARRIAGE, SHE ENCOURAGED A DOMESTIC TO CONFIDE PRIVATE MATTERS TO HER EAR; AND THE GRACEFUL AMBIGUITIES WITH WHICH DUPONT PARRIED THE ENCOURAGEMENT PIQUED HER INTEREST MORE STILL. IN SHORT, THIS BLAMELESS MATRON WAS GROWING SENTIMENTAL ABOUT HER COOK" on the spot. As in France nobody ever tells the truth about a servant, for fear of an action for libel, she, of course, waived nothing of any consequence.

Under the name of Dupont, Théophile de Fronsac entered Madame Dolidon's service on the ninth day of May. His mortification was intense, and he did not attempt to decide for how long he was prepared to endure his descent in the social scale; but he enjoyed his meals, in spite of it, and began to put on flesh. Truth to tell, the novelty of being amply nourished was so welcome that at the end of the first week, when his employer remonstrated with him upon the quantity of butter that he used in his sauces, he trembled lest she was about to discharge him.

Now, the quantity of butter that he had been using was prodigious — to say nothing of the cream; and if his predecessor, Augustine, could have overheard madame's remonstrance, she would have been struck dumb with amazement at its gentleness. For Madame Dolidon had become conscious of a new and startling interest in her life. Her chef's melancholy eyes, his romantic bearing, impressed her, against her will. For the first time since her marriage, she encouraged a domestic to confide private matters to her ear; and the graceful ambiguities with which Dupont parried the encouragement piqued her interest more still. Never had she visited the basement so often as now. In short, this blameless matron of middle age, this unimpeachable wife and exemplary mother, was growing sentimental about her cook.

And her pride suffered sorely to perceive it. The poet's dignity smarted in the kitchen, and the lady's in the parlor.

No one can question that her self-respect would have impelled her to dismiss him in any case, but the tradesmen's accounts precipitated the scene. De Fronsac, being an artist, could no more stint the butter for his dishes than he could measure the ink for his odes. At the end of two months the climax came.

"I will economize!" he vowed, paling.

"You have promised it often," she reminded him, with a sigh. "No; this time, we are determined, we must lose you! I make no reproaches. With us a chef was an experiment; you were a temptation by reason of your terms. But the bills are appalling, and we must revert to a bonne."

After a despairing silence, during which he saw again his attic and a crust, the poet asked forlornly: "Would madame consent to retain me if I stayed for nothing?"

The matron caught her breath. She trembled. She could not doubt that the fascination was mutual, and for some seconds emotion held her dumb.

"No," she said heroically; "the bills forbid!"

"Kismet!" groaned the chef. "Madame desires to give me my eight days' notice?"

"We have resolved," she said, "to pay you the eight days' money instead; we must part with you at once."

Well, after all, he was possessed of nearly ninety francs! De Fronsac did not repine very long. As the train jolted him into Paris, he on the whole rejoiced to feel himself a man again. His haunting terror was lest the explanation of his absence should ever be whispered on the boulevards. If, even in years to come, his secret leaked out, he was sure he would drain poison or drop into the Seine. He affirmed this to Mariette again as soon as he arrived, and Mariette cried: "How can it leak out unless I betray you?" and became very dramatic indeed.

"If she should poke and pry, that fat woman in Meudon?" said de Fronsac gloomily. "I have an idea that she smelt a rat; she was always trying to pump me."

"Ah! When you were alone?" exclaimed Mariette in another voice. "Tell me, did you, by any chance, break any china?"

"Often. Why?"

"And she never stopped it out of your wages? *Mon Dieu,* how blind you are! She was making up to you, the fat woman; that is all. It is well you have returned to me!"

It was well, so far as it went; but the ninety francs did not last for ever, nor did the flesh that he had put on at Meudon-Val-Fleury. The time came when de Fronsac was even gaunter and whiter than he had been before he went there.

One day he lay abed. In itself this would not have been surprising; but he turned from the *charcuterie* that Mariette had purloined from her mother's meat-safe.

"I have no appetite," he murmured. And at these unprecedented words she fled for a doctor.

His diagnosis was definite.

"Monsieur," he announced, "you are sinking for the lack of nourishment. I recommend bouillon, fish, chicken, and a little Burgundy." Then, as a matter of form, he wrote a prescription.

An ironical laugh came from the bed, and Mariette burst into tears.

"Come, come," said the doctor, dropping his nonsense. "Providing it is regular, almost any wholesome diet will do! But it *must* be regular.

Otherwise —" His shrug betokened undertakers.

Unhappily, Mariette's interest in the top-floor tenant was not shared by her mother, and the best the girl could do that evening was to annex an egg and pretend that she had broken it. De Fronsac bade her resign herself to the prospect of a "beautiful room" being "to let" shortly; but she stamped her foot, and all night she racked her brains. She racked them to such purpose that she produced an idea.

In the early morning the poet heard himself addressed, and fancied that it was the voice of de Musset inviting him to dinner.

"Such an honor!" he stammered.

And Mariette exclaimed piteously: "Do not, I pray you, become delirious, just when I have an inspiration!"

She began by intimating, modestly enough, that her scheme was not original. In a newspaper, long ago, she had read of a good-for-nothing who had simulated insanity, with a view to obtaining free board and lodging in an asylum. His histrionics had been indifferent, and he had been detected and kicked out.

"But you," she continued, with an encouraging smile, "you could pull it off quite easily! You have culture, you have taste, you have artistic sensibilities. To you it would be as simple as shelling peas."

"Your simile is harrowing, my child," said the poet, a twinkle in his hollow eyes. "It evokes a vision of roast ducklings. Further, I am *not* a good-for-nothing: I am a man of honor, and a de Fronsac."

"You are a genius, and in such a pass you are entitled to be fed by the state!" she cried.

"Eve!" he rejoined. "And now you are making me dream of fruit!"

"What original poems will occur to you in an asylum!" persisted the temptress. "Why, I see you coming back bubbling with the weirdest notions! And one day you could send to the institution, anonymously, a handsome gift."

"I have no longer the physical force; I am too weak to mop and mow."

"There would be no need to rave. Hallucinations or idiocy would suffice."

"For an idiot I could never be taken. As for hallucinations, they would require more wit than remains to me — not to mention the fatigue of the rehearsals. Occupy yourself with me no more, my faithful friend; permit me to starve in peace!" He turned his pillow, and slept.

By and by Mariette came back with a glass of milk and a new suggestion.

"Do you think you could lose your memory?" she asked.

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," said the poet, quoting Hamlet in French.

"If you could suffer from troubles of memory," she went on, "you might be introduced as a victim of absinthe. I am sure you look odd enough, and it would necessitate no rehearsals for you to lose your memory. I have been making inquiries discreetly of the wife of the *charbonnier* — he used to drink. I find that you would have nothing to do but to present yourself at the establishment and say that you desired to be cured. The *charbonnier's* wife tells me also that the life is most agreeable — as good as staying in a hotel."

"Really?" said de Fronsac, with interest. "Perhaps she exaggerates?"

"She assures me that her husband had such a good time that he has detested work ever since. Do you know what I mean to do? I am going there to make an application for you, as soon as I have changed my frock! And if all she says is true, if there are no delays or difficulties, you begin your cure to-morrow morning." He essayed to speak. "Do not argue! Go to sleep again, and be glad you have some one with a head on her shoulders to look after you. All is said!"

It was in these circumstances that Théophile de Fronsac took a step that led to the most unforeseen and undesired publicity.

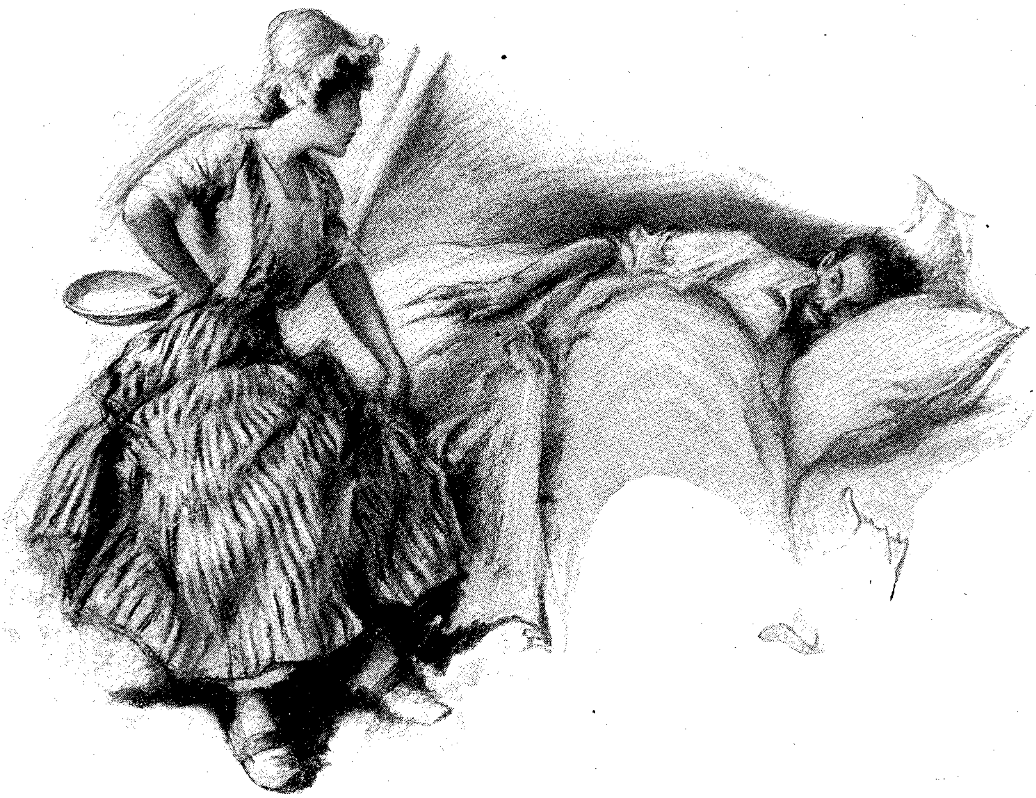
Mistakes, as the press has put on record, happen in the best regulated institutions, and de Fronsac was "passed." After that, he found that nothing was expected of him but to express a strenuous craving for absinthe that he did not want; and, as he had seen something of the absinthe craving in others, he described his symptoms very nicely. All was going well, and he was getting as plump as a partridge again, when a fellow patient accosted him in the following words:

"Good morning, Humbug!"

Now, considering the nature of the place, de Fronsac would have dismissed the greeting with an indulgent smile; but the patient's leer was too significant.

"I do not understand you," he replied haughtily.

Whereupon the other, who resembled a monkey more than a man, placed his finger upon his nose and tapped it with derision. The poet turned pale. His tormentor then uttered a singularly disagreeable laugh, and, linking his arm in de Fronsac's, proposed that they should take a little promenade round the recreation-



"'DO NOT,' MARIETTE EXCLAIMED PITEOUSLY, 'DO NOT, I PRAY YOU, BECOME DELIRIOUS, JUST WHEN I HAVE AN INSPIRATION!'"

yard; and, because he was afraid to say no, the impostor said that he would be very much pleased to do so.

"My name is Pierre Péricat," volunteered his companion. "By profession I am a rag-picker, a calling which, I assure you, is prettier than picking flowers."

De Fronsac breathed again. The fellow was, after all, out of his mind! He wondered what was Péricat's specialty.

"Hallucinations," said Péricat, as if divining his interest, "hallucinations are my affair! And they are unique — so natural, so heart-rending. When I am otherwise than sane — this is one of my lucid intervals — I shriek at the sight of any person wearing white. Whether it be a nun in her cap, a servant in her apron, or a workman in his blouse, I imagine that it is the spirit of my wife who died. It is very pathetic; everybody pities me much."

"Supposing," said de Fronsac suavely, "we walk in the shade?"

Péricat cast a cunning glance at him. "What, don't you twig? You and I ought to understand each other very well! But wait till you have seen me carry on — you will begin to wonder whether I am not really dotty. You should have seen my crematorium farce!"

"Your what?"

"Are you going to tell me you have not heard of a body being cremated? I once witnessed it, and it upset me shockingly. Well, the slightest illumination recalls it to me — the flicker of a match in my presence has been known to disorganize the whole asylum. It took three attendants to pick me up and put me into the jacket. But I found the jacket most uncomfortable; I shall not favor them with my crematorium agonies again. What is your own little comedy?"

De Fronsac jumped.

"My complaint? I am suffering from frequent loss of memory, caused, I am ashamed to say, by my excesses. Had I listened to advice, I should not have been brought here."

And again Péricat tapped his nose.

The man's suspicion would have made de Fronsac very uneasy if he had not repeated to himself that the man was a lunatic; and, even as it was, he sought to give him a wide berth. But Péricat was persistent in his friendly attentions; one would have said that he had conceived a warm affection for Théophile.

"I can not shake him off," the victim complained, when Mariette paid a visit there. "He takes my arm all day! It is no joke, believe me!"

"What does it matter?" she said. "Remember how nicely you are getting on. Soon you will have rosy cheeks."

He grimaced. "It is not due to the variety or excellence of the cuisine. Your friend, the *charbonnier's* wife, is a liar. The monotony of the life! And when I am not hiding from this Péricat, I am positively pinned to his side. He insists that we have a great deal in common, because he is a rag-picker and I am a poet."

"You have exchanged confidences with the poor demented creature?"

"'Confidences' is too large a word; but, naturally, I have talked. I tell you, I can not get rid of him! I can not promenade in silence! Don't you think that by this time I might find my memory so much improved that I could say I wanted to go?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Not yet. You would be sure to fall ill again! Now that you are here, for goodness' sake, wait until your health is thoroughly reëstablished. Do not play ducks and drakes with an opportunity like this; make the most of it, I implore you!"

At that moment Péricat passed by, and, regarding both with his wicked little eyes, solemnly tapped his nose.

"What does he mean?" asked Mariette under her breath.

"Mad!" said de Fronsac, still wishing to believe it. "Mad as they make them!" But his mind misgave him.

And no later than the following day a detective declared Péricat to be as sane as anybody else. He was identified as the owner of some property,—a clasp-knife that had been left between a citizen's shoulder-blades,— and it was manifest that he had sought temporary shelter in the asylum with a highly intelligent view to a plea of insanity if the crime were brought home to him. He departed from the premises, escorted by two agents of the police; and the authorities whom he had duped, and who foresaw uncomplimentary things being written in the newspapers, looked extremely pensive.

The sensational arrest disturbed de Fronsac, too. More than ever he was convinced that it was none too early for him to be "cured," and he betook himself to the medical superintendent's office as soon as it opened next morning.

"But certainly," acquiesced the doctor, "if you wish it! You are free to go as you came. Your case is not one of involuntary detention."

So warmly gratified was the poet by this prompt response that he shook the gentleman's hand and expressed himself enchanted with his visit. He said that it was only because his friends were missing him so poignantly that he regretfully brought it to a close.

"Then why," demurred the doctor generously, "do you not stay until the probability of a relapse is not so strong? I speak as a friend. In six months you would perhaps have freed yourself from the vice."

"Oh, I have lost it, monsieur," asseverated the poet. "I assure you that I have no craving whatever now! I feel that I shall never touch the abominable stuff again."

"Now you are talking like a child, *mon ami!* I would wager that you will require treatment again and again — and on each occasion it will be more difficult. One day your memory will serve you not at all! Ah, you shudder? Your mind recoils from such a horror? Well, be discreet, then, and remain until we have done more for you."

His gaze was so kindly behind his glasses, his tone was so sympathetic, that de Fronsac stood at a loss for a reply.

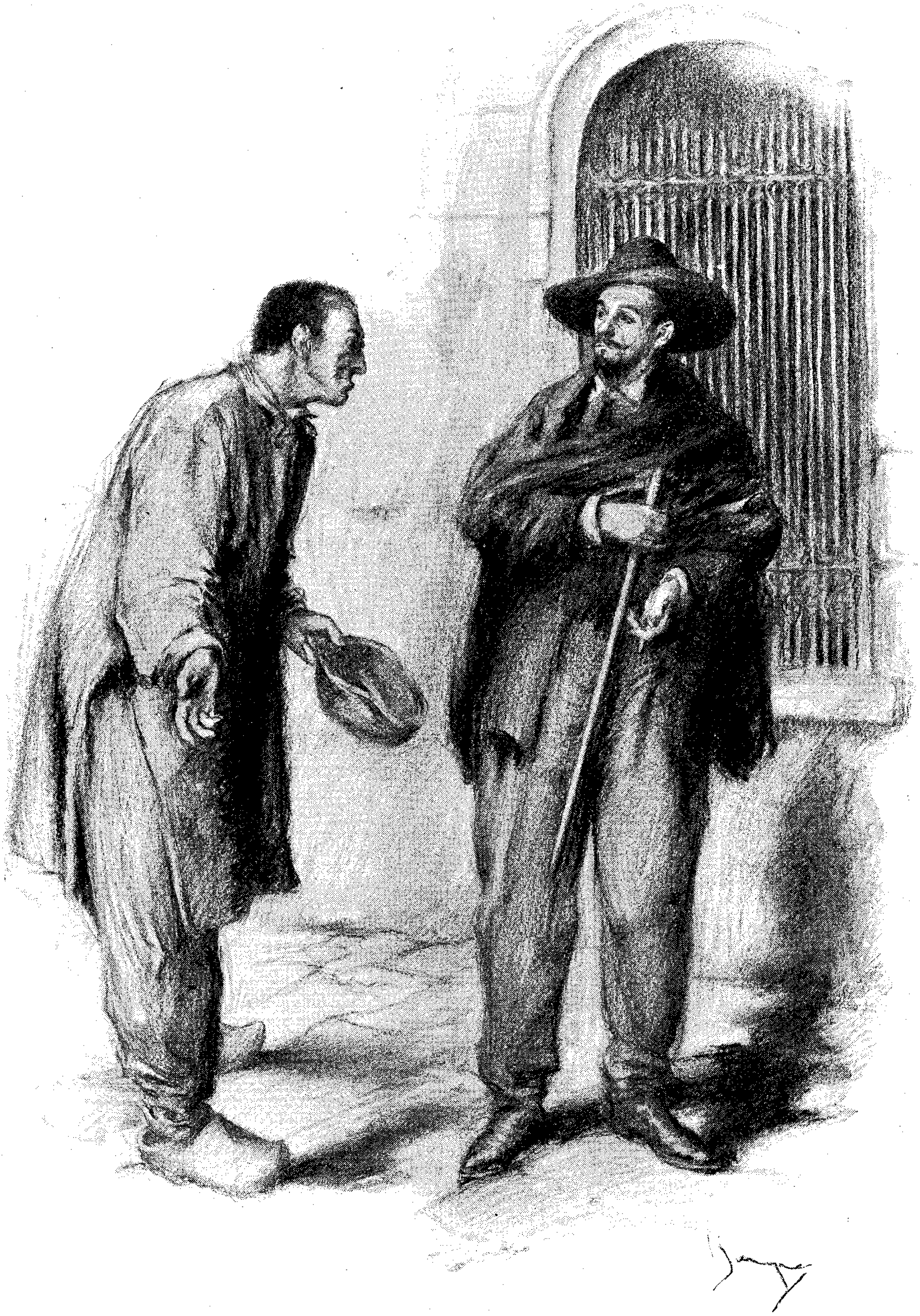
"Oh, monsieur," he began — and blessed the telephone bell for interrupting them.

"*Allô! Allô!*" cried the doctor. "Yes, it is I, Blanchard himself!" He listened, and started violently. "What?" His face turned crimson with chagrin. "Impossible!"

As if the weight of the receiver wearied his right hand, he took it in his left. His glance met de Fronsac's, and there was something new in it that de Fronsac did not like. "We await you!" said the doctor briefly. And the next, with a sudden movement, he turned and caught the poet by the wrist.

"So!" he shouted furiously. "That is the explanation of your sudden eagerness to return to your friends? Well, you will see one of them more speedily than you expected! Péricat has given you away, you scoundrel. Péricat has confessed that it was you who incited him to stab the old man! And this fraud you both practised upon an honorable institution was also your idea, was it? Very ingenious, my young bandit! You have been 'enchanted,' have you? You were regretful to leave? You will be more regretful in the prison to which they come to take you!"

At just what point of the tirade the crowd had been summoned, de Fronsac was too dazed to know; but now the little room was full of



"ALL WAS GOING WELL, AND HE WAS GETTING AS PLUMP AS A PARTRIDGE, WHEN A FELLOW PATIENT ACCOSTED HIM IN THE FOLLOWING WORDS: 'GOOD MORNING, HUMBUG!'"

attendants. Pinioned, he heard himself denounced as the instigator of a robbery and assassination; petrified, he listened while he was charged with having imposed upon the asylum with the same object as the criminal who was in jail. The unhappy medical man was, not unnaturally, aggrieved, and his address was delivered in the best manner of a prosecuting counsel.

That night the distracted poet lay under the same gloomy roof as the rag-picker, and on the morrow, when Mariette read the tenants' papers before taking them upstairs, she fainted on the kitchen floor.

The interesting scene in which de Fronsac was confronted by Péricat — each of the pair "assisted" by counsel — occurred in the cabinet of the *juge d'instruction* on the day after Théophile had been interrogated alone. His helpless avowal then that he had lied to an "honorable institution" had produced no feeling in his favor. Péricat was unrecognizable in the presence of the *juge d'instruction*. Never had an apache been heard to express more noble sentiments; nor did he once tap his nose. His language was as pure as a maiden's, his voice as soft. The more indignant and frenzied de Fronsac, the more gentle and villainous was Péricat.

"But how," raved de Fronsac, "how — *mon Dieu!* — can I have influenced you to commit the murder, seeing that I never set eyes on you before our meeting in the honorable institution?"

"Oh," protested Péricat, wiping a tear, "you are young and I forgive you. But it is bitter to be abandoned by the one who led me astray."

The poet wrung his hands, and the judge said sternly: "You hear? You led him astray — you, a man of superior education! Atrocious!"

"Was it not?" sobbed Péricat. "I was sleeping, with my back to a wall. The moment of my downfall is seared on my brain. He woke me; he said: 'Hungry, mate? So am I! Why should we not eat as well as others?' And then he whispered, and my blood ran cold. 'Have no fear,' he said; 'I will arrange all — you have only to do it!' And I was very, very poor, and my vitals clamored."

The *juge d'instruction* desired sympathetically to know the date and hour of this temptation; and Péricat, never at a loss, replied promptly that it had been on the eve of the crime, the 3d of June, shortly before 10 P. M. He then battled with emotion, and delivered his amazing harangue:

"*Monsieur le Juge*, is it that you will permit me to say something in the favor of the young man? He is a poet. As such I am bound to respect his gifts, while I deplore his morals. Like all the people of France, I revere the arts, and it grieves me to have been compelled to expose his iniquity. I am not the egotist that I may appear. No doubt it would have seemed to him a noble deed had I kept his secret, but I felt that there was a nobler yet. I said: 'This is his first offense, as it is yours. Save him from himself! Let him realize, in suffering beside you, the enormity of his lapse from the straight and narrow path!' And," he continued piously, "shall gratitude count for nothing? I never forget a generosity, *Monsieur le Juge*, never! He led me astray — yes; but afterward he allowed me the first chance to dissemble. Since it would have been unwise for two impostors to present themselves at the asylum together, he insisted that I should enter it before him! Does not this show that chivalry is not dead — that the poet in the man is stronger than the criminal — even as, in me, necessity was stronger than resistance?"

How long his rhodomontade might have continued one can not pretend to surmise, for in the French courts they will hearken unto such things indefinitely. De Fronsac, who had been torn by conflicting emotions since the date was mentioned, now interrupted him.

"On the 3d of June I was absent from Paris!" he proclaimed.

"It might perhaps have been the 2d," conceded Péricat, with ready courtesy.

"And I was not in Paris on the 2d — nor on the 1st, nor for many days previous."

But, alas! the statement was bald, and not even his peril could induce him to say enough. To prove that he was not a criminal, he must announce that he had been a cook! All his *amour propre* revolted.

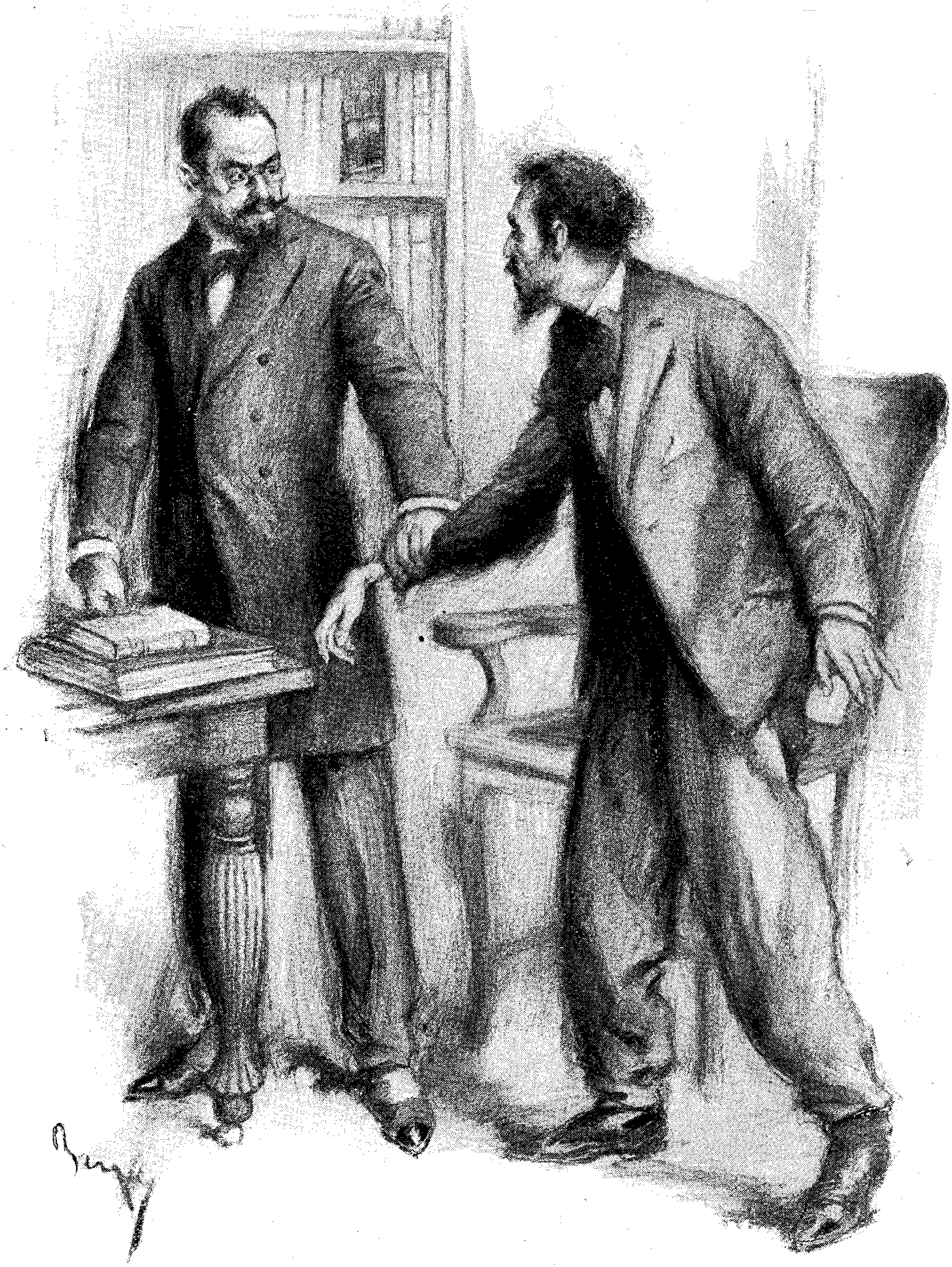
Removed to the prison cell, he asked himself, distraught, if any self-respecting poet had ever before been put in such a fix.

"How can you falter?" wailed Mariette, when she was allowed an interview. "If you remain here, you will die before the trial comes on."

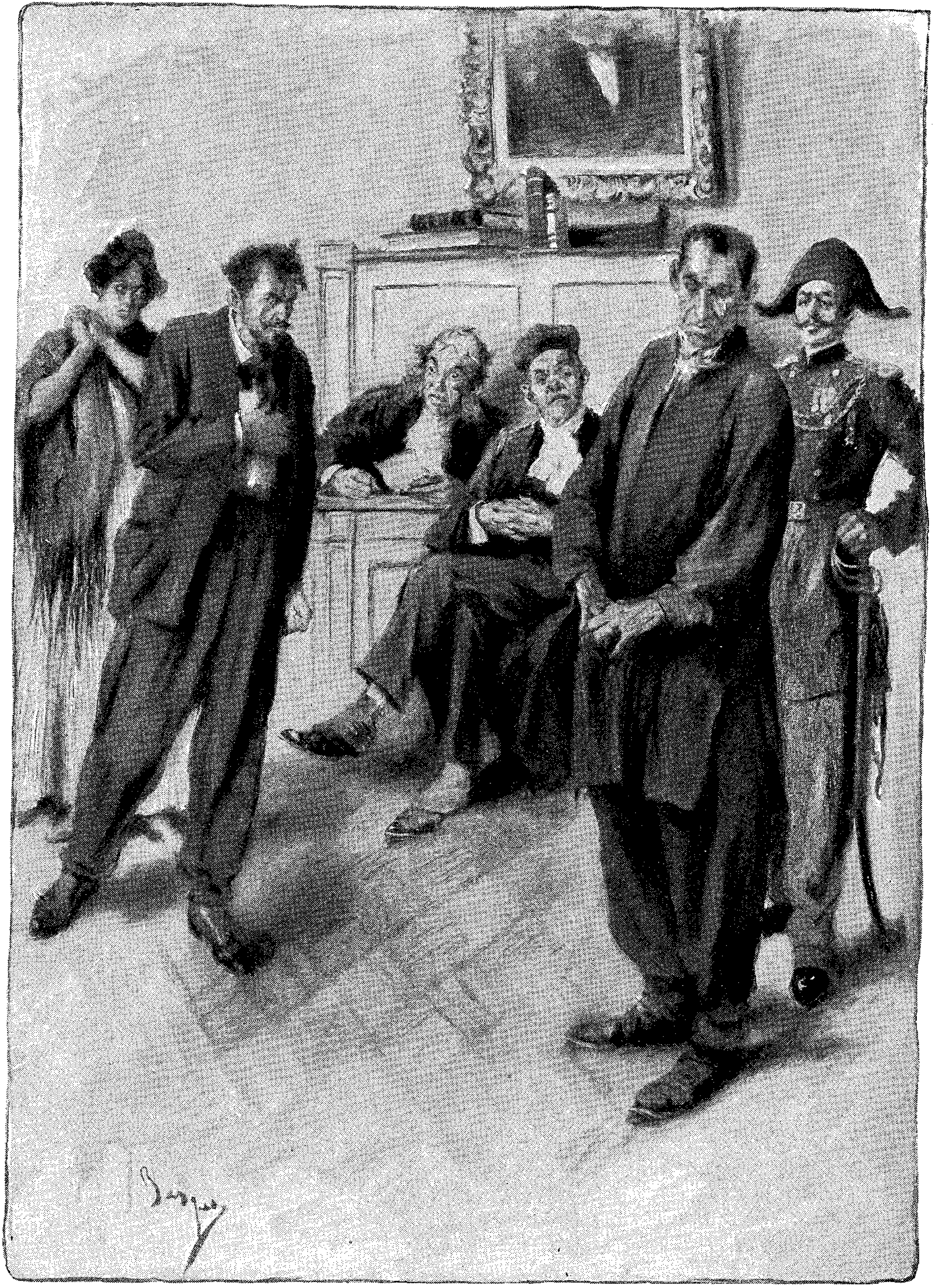
"If I came out and were called 'cook,' I should die, too!" groaned the artist.

Then Mariette, profiting by her suspicion of the fat matron's sentiment for him, went to her with an appeal; and the matron's smarting self-esteem was vastly assuaged by the revelation that she had been sentimental about a poet and not a chef.

"But how on earth did he come to take such a situation?" she exclaimed, amazed. "Is he so poverty-stricken?"



"'SO!' THE ALIENIST SHOUTED FURIOUSLY. 'THAT IS THE EXPLANATION OF YOUR SUDDEN EAGERNESS TO RETURN TO YOUR FRIENDS?'"



"'BUT HOW,' RAVED DE FRONSAC, 'HOW—MON DIEU!—CAN I HAVE INFLUENCED YOU TO COMMIT THE MURDER, SEEING THAT I NEVER SET EYES ON YOU BEFORE?' . . . 'OH,' PROTESTED PÉRICAT, WITH A TEAR, 'IT IS BITTER TO BE ABANDONED BY THE ONE WHO LED ME ASTRAY'"

"Oh, dear, no, madame!" cried Mariette. "It was — if I may dare to speak the truth — because he had become fascinated by you from afar."

"How very preposterous!" said Madame Dolidon, trying to look indignant. "I shall never trust that registry office again! And what in the world made him wish to enter an asylum?" she went on.

"Madame," said Mariette, "that was in the interests of his art; he is writing a masterpiece in which the hero loses his reason for love of a married lady."

After an emotional pause, the matron murmured:

"It would certainly be terribly humiliating for him if it were known that he had been a cook! And, of course, if it were proved that he was stopping with us at the time, that would be quite enough. I will speak to Monsieur Dolidon about it." She hesitated. "The only thing is — er — my husband would naturally be displeased by the motive for the gentleman's romantic masquerade here."

"I understand," suggested Mariette shyly, "that one of the Mesdemoiselles Dolidon is almost as attractive as her mother ——"

The discreet evidence of the Dolidon family established de Fronsac's alibi beyond a shadow of a doubt. Acquaintances eyed his elegant figure with more respect than ever after they read of his visiting at a country house; and editors and publishers outbid one another for that unwritten "masterpiece" for which he had dared so much. The affair proved a most valuable advertisement. He sold his old rejected manuscripts at bazaar prices, and Mariette went out in a hat that turned all the neighbors' heads.

Sentence was passed on Péricat in due course — according to French ideas; that is to say, about a year later. It was a nominal sentence, because in France murder is not a serious offense.

*"**Aribaud's Two Wives**" is the title of Leonard Merrick's next story.*
Look for it in April

"LIFE ON BROADWAY"

Elmer's Domestic Infelicities

BY HELEN GREEN VAN CAMPEN

AUTHOR OF "ONE DAY IN VAUDEVILLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

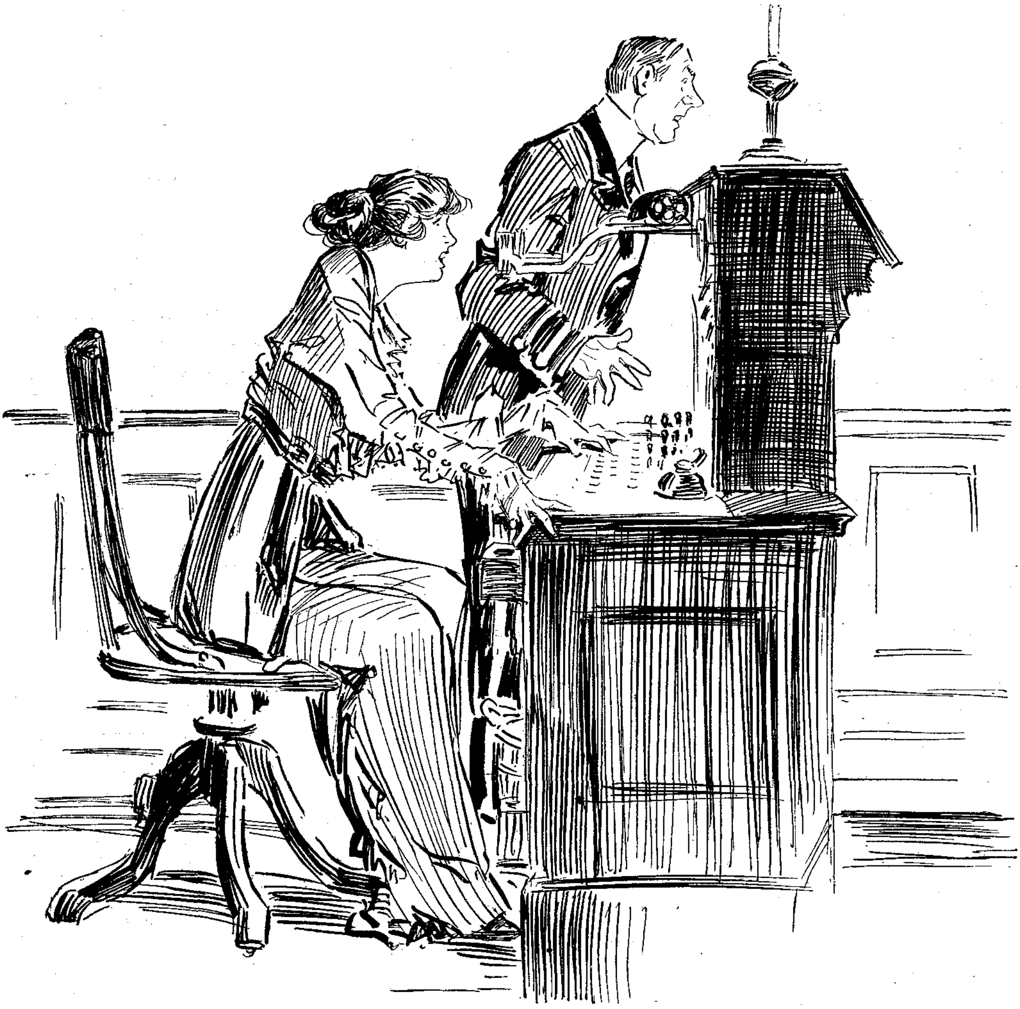
TIME. *Night.* SCENE. *The telephone switchboard in a New York hotel, with a view of the coat-room and the revolving doors.*

CHARACTERS. ELMER, *the head coat-boy, and* FLOSSIE, *the operator.*

ELMER. Did you ever wisht you was dead?

FLOSSIE. Not since I lost my em'rald earring at Coney Island. But a party found it, anyway, and he turned out to be a fr'en' of a fr'en' a' mine in Waterbury. Talk about the world bein' small! Though I don't mean I'd gave him s' much as a gracious word — after I got the bracelet — if he hadn't swore up an' down he saw my picture in Harry's office, an' then he gimme his card. We corresponded for six whole weeks, but he didn't send nothin' Christmas, so I quit. I got some self-respect, an', b'lieve me, he'd wisht *he* was dead if he'd come where I could give him one look. Why?

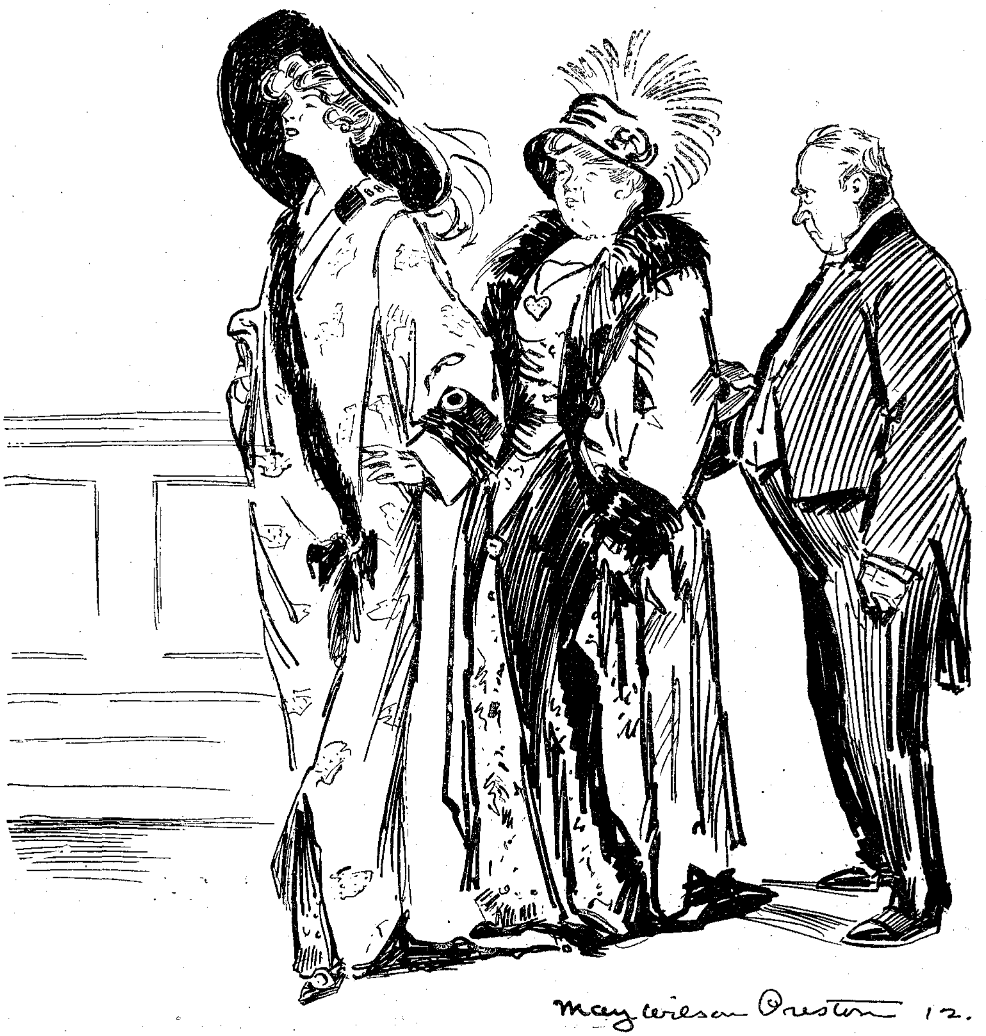
ELMER. I wouldn't spill this to any one but you, Floss, but I'm a very unhappy feller. Frieda's ruinin' me, an' her folks are helpin'. It takes so much to keep up the flat an' send her two brothers to a private school; an' when I went an' bought the old folks a place down on



ELMER: IT'S FRIEDA! SHE SAID SHE'D COME HERE FOR DINNER, AN' I SAID IF SHE DID, ASSERT YOURSELF. IF YOU TOLD HER, MAKE HER DO

Long Island, after simply bein' begged to, they come back $22.60 C. O. D. in a taxi, sayin' they was no society for 'em. An' now Frieda's insistin' that, as I meet plenty swell people while they're checkin' their stuff, I gotta introduce 'em to her an' her maw; an', though cert'nly I am a prom'nent figure along Broadway, an' only last night a young millionaire — he ain't yet, but he will be as soon as he breaks his trust fund — brought some antique junk an' a Persian rug from his aunt's house, an' I left him have fifty on it, for I have knew want myself, just the same, I simply ain't able to do it. An' she says to me, "Either you ease us into a higher circle, or all is o'er." An' I don't want it to be o'er, because I love that girl, Floss. But she cert'nly has a harsh way. A man's an awful mark to git married. When we was just engaged, all I had to do was to whistle an' she'd jump through the hoop. But it shows what women are. I ain't crackin' at you personally, an' Frieda's got a very gentle nature unless she's sore over sumpin', but — this way, sir! I'll take care your hat! Here's your check, an' here's his check. Oh, we never put two on one, sir!

Them guys must think I'm a reg'lar bug. If they each got a check both of em's gotta come through, or next time they're leavin' they'll need to hunt a hat store. A while ago they was a party up 'n the Indian grill, an' merely because he had to wait an hour for a steak *à la minute*, he begins beefin' for the head waiter. A' course they stalled him along by sayin' it was on the fire; but he ketched a steak goin' by to another mob, an' said he'd have it, if


May Wilson Preston 12.

AN' BROUGHT HER FOLKS, HER AN' ME WOULD SPLIT. . . . *FLOSSIE:* ELMER, G'WAN AN' IT. AN' LISTEN, KID! US WOMEN ONLY RESPECTS A BOSS!"

the reserves had to be called out. Then him an' the guy it was for hooked up in a tur'ble row, an' the house cop tore in, an' the head waiter called the first party a canal, an' the guy slammed him a haymaker on the bean. I got the coats, an' he never gimme nothin'!

I had to climb right into his cab to git mine, an' then when he throwed half a buck at me he gimme a push I oughta had him pinched for. I tell you, what with private worry an' simply runnin' my legs off after them guests, I'm a sick man; an' yet, I had to be three-cheerin' a stag beefsteak in the Dungeon till four this mornin', an' was gave one contemptible ace for sixteen coats, an' it was too late then to cave in their hats! I got a mind to go on the stage. A light little feller like me could take out a dancin' act, or be a comedian, or sumpin'.

Flossie. You won't make the money you do off tips, an', besides, then you ain't so independent. I'd be back of the foots to-night if I'd been willin' to let stage managers force me to ten-o'clock rehearsals, which when they pulled that they seen me exit laffin'. I was a entire season with the "Girl in the Hack"; an' only oncet, in Davenport, Iowa, was I ast to a wine supper — an' he owned the restaurant, an' it was only domestic grape. Such privations an' actual hardships comes to a blonde of my face an' figger, Elmer, so think a' the dreary life for most! If all the eager-eyed young ladies recitin' "The Raven" an' "The Raggedy Man" for the provincial home circle, an' yearnin' to know Belasco, was wisht into a musical show where you dress eight to a room, they'd wanta dream again!

An' the audiences got no pity for you. Suppose *they* hadda stand up in a belt skirt not made for settin' down, keepin' their figures drawed in, an' a ravishin' smile on the front rows, after not leavin' a supper party till five, an' then bein' absolutely forced by social duties to git to Martin's for breakfast at 'leven! An' they never was a evenin' I didn't find sumpin' missin' in the dressin'-room. Not that I accused any one; but I know three rouge-paws disappeared between Terre Haute and Cairo, and a gelman who followed the comp'ny for six jumps an' gimme positively elegant joolry — an' he was a real cute boy, too — he kin prove it. He was in the wall-paper business, an' took me buggy ridin', afternoons. I think I was engaged to Vernon that season, but this party declared he'd win me yet, an' he never'd quit, only his roll give out, an', with the tears streamin' down his manly face, he stood by the comp'ny sleeper at Broken Bow, Nebraska, an' he says: "Florence, I'm comin' to claim you, though oceans separates us, an'—" Hello? Just a minute an' I'll see. Front! Page Mr. William Murdock, an' say Mis' Murdock's astin' if he's comin' home or ain't he, an' if not, why. . . . An' he says: "If I thought I loved before I was kiddin' myself, for you have brang forth a passion what actually frightens me, an' naught shall hold me back from grabbin' you, O my blonde queen, for you got 'em all trimmed," he says; an' I ——

Hello? Just a minute. . . . Find him, front? Says to tell her he ain't been here to-night? . . . Hello? We can't locate him, lady. You're welcome.

Elmer. I was in Broken Bow one time. They was a washout ahead.

Flossie. D'you know, he turned up here last fall, an' I never was so humiliated! He ast me to graze in Rector's, over the wire. An' there I was in my cloth-of-gold gown, an' a big hat, an' all my rings; an' him with a nugget watch-chain, an' a turn-down collar, an' a 1905 style derby with his evenin' clothes, an' didn't even know Lillian Russell was married — he was that illiterate.

Elmer. A derby? Still, them hicks kin be teached better if you're patient. Had he got rich?

Flossie. He'd been minin' in Nevada, an' he had a Gila monster in a oyster-can for me, an' it bit a gelman fr'en' I officed to come over an' oar in to save me from open disgrace. The entire room was lampin' his watch-chain. An' he says to me, "I have came for you, little gal," an' some more that guff. An' I says to kin'ly remember we wasn't alone; an' he says he seen he wasn't there with the right clothes, but was clothes more than honest devotion? I gave a cry of scorn an' said if he loved me he'd have to git a stand-up collar that very second. An' he said take him or leave him like he was. An' the very next week he bought a ermine wrap an' a red-trimmed sixty h. p. for a skinny brunette in a musical show, an' it seems like I'm always meetin' her drivin' by in it just as I'm climbin' on the Seventh Avenue rattler. Oh, ain't the world hard for a young girl?

Elmer. But you're single, while I got a mother-in-law with a eye like a surveyor. An' the old man's stuck on me gittin' him a uniform, so he kin be a coat-boy too, s' long's I do so good.

Flossie. Don't you leave them run over you!

Elmer. A man hates a scene, or the hurry-up'd be clangin' up to our flat twice a day. She presumes on me bein' a gelman, an' I am, for — [*whistles*] Tom! Bill!

Don't you see them four goin' in? I'll trap the fat feller myself. Hat, sir? I'll take your things over to the ladies' check-room, madam! Sir? Yes, sir; I observe it's a new hat. We got very careful boys here. . . . Huh! It's only a three-fifty lid. I wisht a good ten-dollar dark green velours would come in, so I could switch my four-dollar brown. Brown gives me a kinda saller look lately, 'cause I'm frettin' s' much, an' I — will you pipe them three? English, an' wearin' caps, an' they'd eat 'em sooner'n give 'em up; I'd only git insulted if I went over. I hope they can't git a table.

Flossie. I don't git tips enough to flag a bread-wagon. That Indian Maharajah never gimme even a dime, an' usin' a booth continual since six, like I was just his vassal.

Elmer. I don't like him. He wears a turban.

Flossie. An' he — Hello? Who? Oh, hello, Maudie. Whadda yunno? I don't b'lieve I kin, dearie, but I would if I could. Goo'by. . . . The nerve of her! Her feeancy's Princeton '15, an' she's always tellin' of his swell fam'ly, an' at her last affair all they had was nut sandwiches, canned beans, an' two-bit claret. I think rich simplicity's only proper, but if that's her idear of a colorful night in a great city, it runs for Sweeney, Elmer, for my own fr'en's moves in a very different set. Say, just glim that old coat with the whiskers by the news-stand! He's been a-starin' at me for a hour, an' I cert'nly do hope he ain't no fanatic or a gunman — they was a Russian count last year swore it'd be off the Williamsburg Bridge for him if I didn't give him a lock of my hair — but this shade is too expensive, so I cut him a curl from a old front, an' he says to me — There goes Diamond Jim Brady, Elmer! I wonder who *she* is?

I'm goin' to have me one them chiffon-an'-violet muffs this summer. They may be hot, but they're the style. I gotta fr'e'n in Sneigel an' Snooper's, an' every time they have a sale she — Hello! Hello? Yes, 8888, a' course I hear you, Central. You been ringin' three minutes? No, you was not, ma'am! As to the party complainin', I — Hello?

All right! Now whadda you want, sir? Miss L. Collins? She just went out with a tall party in a tan coat an' white derby.

ELMER. White? An' he got by me!

FLOSSIE. Oh, I'm only puttin' that in to make this guy think. He rings her every night at seven-ten, an' he ain't got no more regard for a op'rator's feelin's than Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, but — Hello? No, sir; she didn't leave a messitch. I really kin not tell you; the guests is above confidin' where they're goin' to me, though the very people that have came in an' slipped me a home-made half is the ones got most scorn for us toilers, who — Hello? You don't want to hear my sorrows? Am I astin' you to remain on that wire? Oh, indeed?

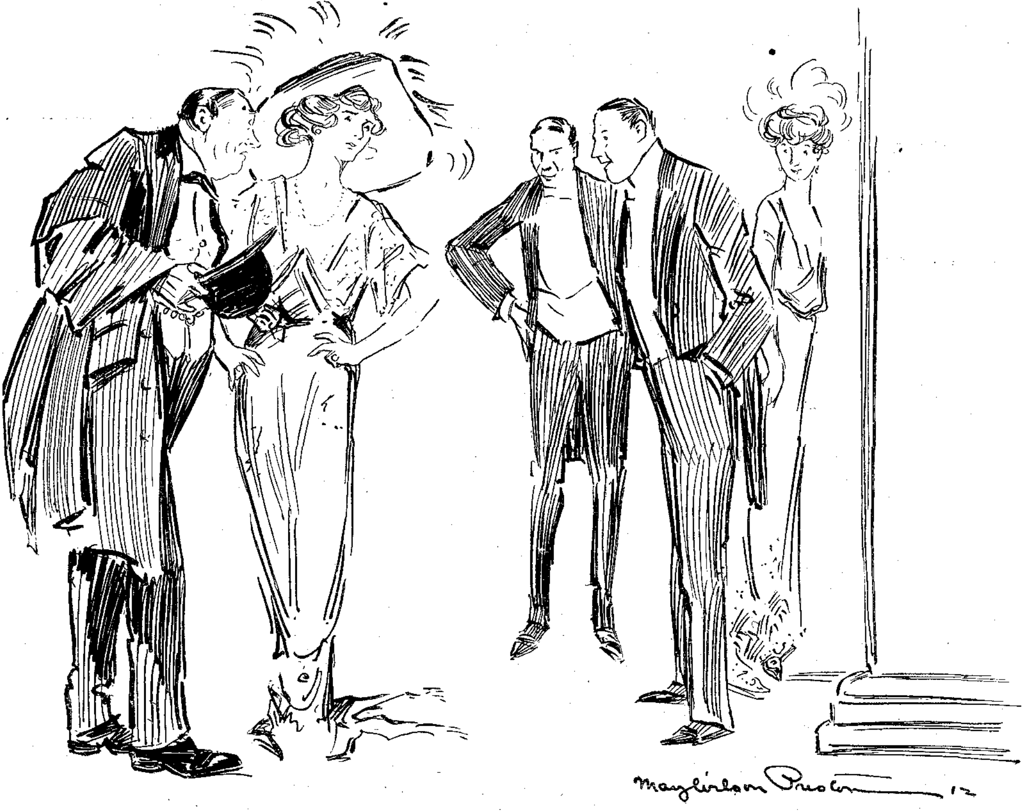
Huh! He says this whole hotel runs like a souvenir clock. I'm glad he missed her.

ELMER. Well, I s'pose plenty'd envy us our jobs an' knowin' the inside of every divorce on Broadway, but it's hard to keep your manners genteel, comin' so much in contact with modern society. It musta been grand in the ancient days of Rome! Layin' on banks of roses, an' slaves hikin' around, fillin' the jooled goblets of rare wines, an' if you got a grouch on ag'in' a pal you throwed a purse of gold to a husky, with orders to put the rollers under *him*. The classes an' the masses got no business mixin', like they do now. I wonder was those wines really so swell?

FLOSSIE. I read where — ain't that little Marie Murphy, that had the news-stand last year?

ELMER [*darting forward*]. Coat, sir? Ladies' check-room to the right, madam. Where'd you git the sassy wardrobe, kiddo? Are you married? Oh, excuse *me*, Miss Murphy!

It *was* her, Floss, an' she gimme the ice-pitcher; yet, when that girl first went to work here, she'd *never saw a duck press!* I took her to Sherry's oncet, an' when she seen the price of *partridge en casserole* she was too awed to speak! An' I done it outa pity, because I realized how



"'THERE I WAS IN MY CLOTH-OF-GOLD GOWN AN' ALL MY RINGS, AN' HIM WITH A TURN-DOWN COLLAR AN' A DERBY, AN' DIDN'T EVEN KNOW LILLIAN RUSSELL WAS MARRIED—HE WAS THAT ILLITERATE'" tough it is to git in Dutch, as she showed her pitiful ignorance so plain. An' now she cuts me. But the guy with her left a couple regalias in his coat, an' them are what I smoke myself. Still — golly, there's the boss! Make out I'm gittin' a number for a guest. Him an' his wife was a-battlin' again when I went by their suite a while ago. An' it's only him havin' family trouble makes me tolerate him, for I pay too high for the check-room privilege for him to can me; but if he thought I was hangin' around here he might git to talkin', at that.

FLOSSIE. The world's very censorious, Elmer. They never think a lady an' gelman can be simply true fr'en's. Oh, I just adore culture, an' them what lacks it I despise, like the mob around here.

ELMER. You bet. Did you ever notice how some people — I'll take your hat 'n' stick, sir! Check, sir? Just a second an' I'll bring 'em.

Thank you, sir! . . . Twenty cents for three hats! An' I s'pose he's down to his last million. There was a feller named Galen from Butte stoppin' here — *he* gimme a buck every time he come in or out. But he went to Seattle. A high-minded gelman like that is wasted on them raw towns.

Sir? Yes, sir, I *have* saw Mr. Flo Ziegfeld to-night — he's in the shop gittin' his dial broomed right now. *Thank* you! . . . It's comin' pretty fair this evenin', only it ain't easy to act bright an' gay when I'm thinkin' of that bunch up to my flat, for — pipe! It's Frieda! She said she'd come here for dinner; an' I said if she did, an' brought her folks, her an' me would split, an' she — she's done it, Floss. But that's a swell wrap, ain't it? It set me back three hundred round iron men. It ain't the money — what's *money?*

FLOSSIE. Is the fat little man your pa-in-law? An' the big lady the ma? Elmer, g'wan an' assert yourself — there's one your own boys takin' their things! If you told her, make her do it. An' listen, kid! Us women only respects a boss! Do you git me?

[*Elmer strides toward a party of three, led by a handsome young woman. They are advancing toward the restaurant entrance, across which a red velvet rope is stretched. A suave head waiter welcomes them, and a smiling page unhooks the rope.*]

FLOSSIE. Oh, mercy, he won't *dare!* Look at that minx laffin' in his face, an' her ma sassin' Elmer, too. Poor boy! He loves the ground she walks on; but some are born to be slaves, an' I guess he — he's makin' 'em git their coats again!

He-hello? Uh-huh, 8888. What's the name? Just a minute an' I'll — bully for Elmer! — see. Hello? He's talkin' on another wire; you'll have to wait'll he's through. Drat these guests!

Hello? Oh, I wisht I could hear what Elmer's sayin' to 'em — he's cert'nly made her mother dog it.

Ma'am? I kin not look up numbers, but there's the book. The other girl ust to? I know nothin' of her habits, 'ceptin' that the day she left the drawer was eighty cents shy, an' I was nicked for it — which, while I accuse nobody, if you was her dearest fr'en' I would still repeat I was very differently brang up pers'nally, though if she considers it the part of a lady, leave her do so.

I showed that despotic doll I ain't to be imposed on, if she has got a pearl tiara. They needn't come smilin' at me. . . . There's your party, madam — number five, in the booth.

ELMER [*panting*]. She'll stick to home, like she's told, next time! You gotta be a man or a mouse, an' I guess all of 'em got me tagged now, though I come near weakenin' when she gimme one of her lovin' looks. Do you think I done right?

FLOSSIE. Elmer, gimme your mit! You win a noble victory.

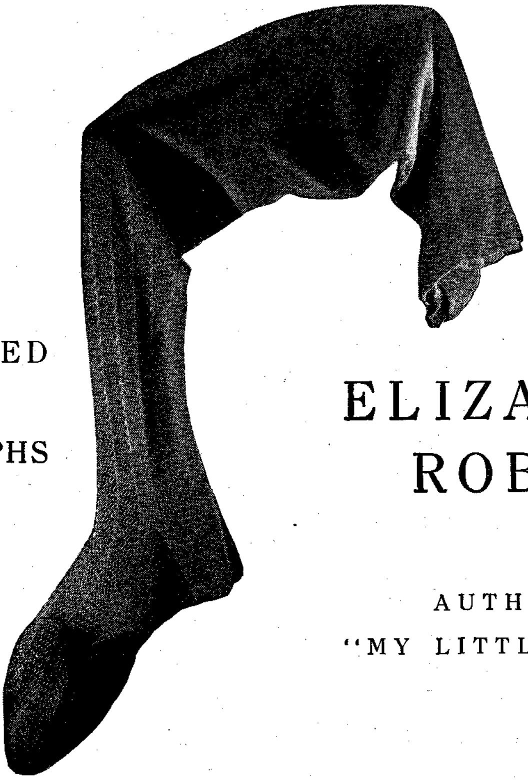
ELMER. I only hope I didn't hurt her feelin's, for she's tender as a dove; but bein' a Lancelot don't git no results on Broadway. Lookit this mob comin' — *nine hats!* I won't be back for a while!

In this number Burton J. Hendrick describes the extraordinary financial success of the Jews in America. Following this article McCLURE'S *will begin in April a series of articles entitled* **"Confessions of an American Jew."** *These articles will tell with autobiographical authority, yet with startling frankness, exactly what American liberty means to the Jewish race and what Jewish liberty means to America.*

WOMAN'S WAR

A Defense of Militant Suffrage

ILLUSTRATED
WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS



Hammer concealed in a stocking, found in the middle of the road in Regent Street, London; an emblematic weapon of militant suffrage

BY

ELIZABETH
ROBINS

AUTHOR OF
"MY LITTLE SISTER"

For seven years the world has watched with curious interest the strange and sensational duel which has been in progress in that eminently man-ruled and conservative country, Great Britain—the duel between the militant advocates of votes for women and the unrelenting ministers of government.

From heckling political speakers, these "crusaders" have passed to breaking windows; from breaking windows to imprisonment; from imprisonment to hunger strikes; and with each fresh outburst the American public has wondered why such methods were employed: whether violence really was effective; if such acts as the destruction of public mail-boxes did not do the Suffrage cause more harm than good. The entire campaign has been an enigma to the United States.

In the following article one of the leading advocates of Woman Suffrage in England answers these questions for American readers.

THE recent history of the woman's movement in England will be more readily recalled than circumstances which furnish the key to the later happenings. Minds at once retentive and unprejudiced will recall how Englishwomen passed from stage to stage, trying all peaceful measures, trying them over and over with a persistence and a hopefulness that in the retrospect moves us to marvel, not that some women sometimes showed impatience, but that so many for so long repressed impatience.

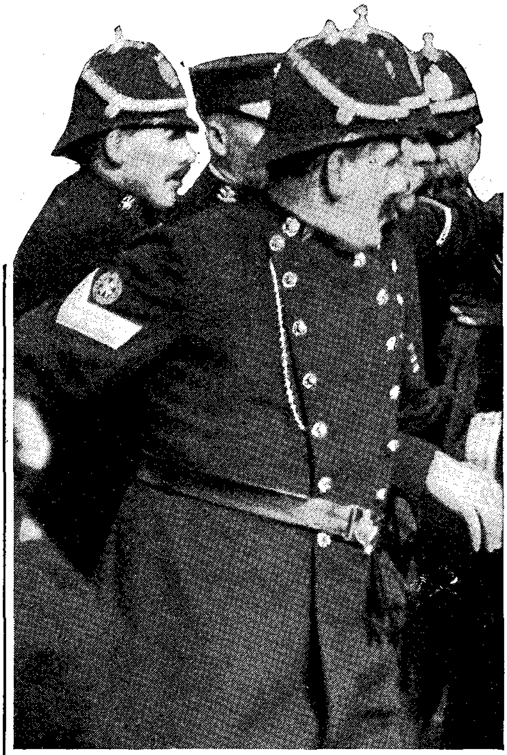
And what, finally, has been the effect alike of patience and impatience?

The vote is not yet won. It is irrevocably coming, as its opponents know and frequently admit. In despair at relinquishing their hope to do more than delay Woman Suffrage for a space, the Antis are filling the void with Cassandra prophecies of the evils that Suffrage will bring. They point to manifestations that militancy has made common among women as heralds of the bitter days to be.

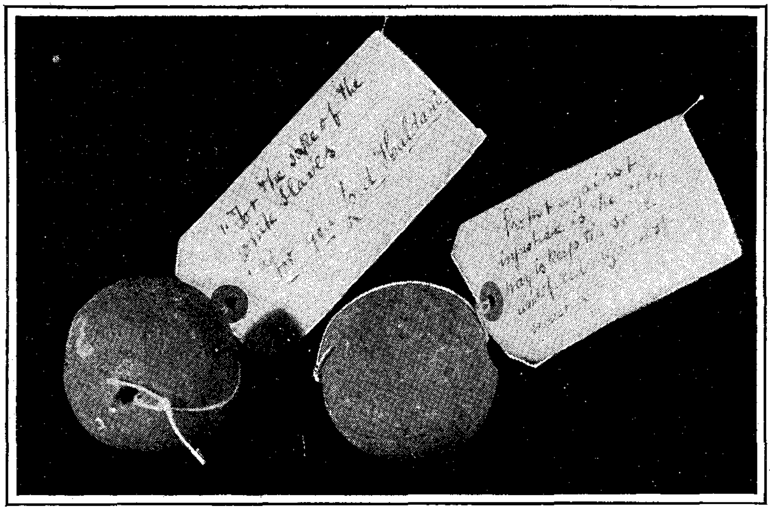
We do not deny that women are changed. They are more changed than their critics know.

Let us consider some of the more obvious changes wrought by militancy, first upon the individual, and second upon the generality.

Take the effect upon individual women. These years of conflict — of severance from friends, of brutalities suffered in the streets and at public meetings, of torture undergone in prison — have for their immediate effect upon the individual the strengthening of many a soul and the shattering of a good many bodies. In addition to this, some observers think they see the marks of the long strain upon the public policy, and in the private relationships between certain of the workers. To have escaped some such result of a struggle so protracted and kept at so high a pitch, women must needs have ceased to be human. So far as concerns the active militants themselves, women who were so concerned to know that government offices were empty before they sent stones through the windows in June, were less concerned in November for the bodily safety of those within. Why was that? Not solely because women *en bloc* are very much like men *en bloc*, nor merely because all women will not turn the other cheek any more than will all men. The consideration that urged the militants on was that the officials nominally behind government windows were found to be in no danger so great as the danger of remaining indifferent to, or ignorant of, their non-performance of public duty. No public servant, however unfaithful, had suffered, or was likely to suffer, as scores of women had been made to suffer. We do not deny that the earlier concern for the bodily safety of officials became secondary to a concern for Suffragists, after seeing them come out of prison sick and broken from the disgusting struggle with prison authority armed with hose-pipes and unclean nasal-tubes.



EJECTION OF ONE OF THE SUFFRAGETTES AT INGS MOST TALKED ABOUT FOR THE BRU-



MISSILES THROWN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE WAR OFFICE IN WHITEHALL. THE ONE ON THE LEFT WAS THROWN INTO LORD HALDANE'S PRIVATE ROOM

Each individual woman who went through the horror of

LLANISTUMDWY. THIS WAS ONE OF THE MEET-TALITY WITH WHICH WOMEN WERE TREATED

such experience became a center of enlightenment for all whom she might thereafter reach. Never again for her, or for her friends, any cobweb left of that old illusion as to the chivalry of the average official. "This and this they did to me rather than admit my purpose honest, rather than treat me as decently as they treat men convicted of the baser crimes."

Is it rational to expect these experiences to leave a woman unchanged? If she were to remain unchanged, would she not prove herself more insensate than the brutes?

People who would insist that such things shall leave a woman unmoved are not merely those who would deny her right to the ballot: they would deny her right to the feelings of a human being.

What Women Will Not Forget of Men

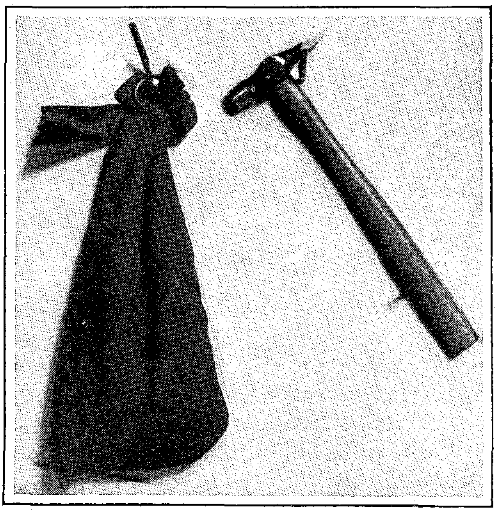
A great deal of water will flow under Westminster Bridge before women forget what men were willing to see them suffer rather than see them voters; before they forget the forbearance shown to malcontents in Ulster and at Tonypandy, as contrasted with the brutality shown malcontents at Wrexham and Llanistumdwy. Much as we desire to see understanding and good will between the sexes — do we *want* women to forget these lessons?

Let us be frank about this.

Let us recognize that many a woman who took no part in it owes to the public struggle her first knowledge of those struggles carried on for ages out of the public eye. This dear-bought knowledge has changed the intellectual outlook on the world for many a woman who has no fault to find with her own individual lot, or with the attitude toward herself of the men she has known best. The first shrinking realization of what kind of a world this is to tens of thousands of women, has brought many a happy and peace-loving soul to wonder whether the fiery ordeal in the open, and the lonely battle in the jails, may not have been needed to set free the spirit of a sex limited for ages to those small garden-plots of life — to stray outside which was to fall upon dishonor.

The most ardent pacifist will hesitate to deny the truth of that militant saying: "Few of us believe in peace at any price." Who, seeing a little child attacked or in need of protection from violence, who of us would withhold help, even if help (to effect its end) involved our using physical force? Tolstoy told a friend that even in such a case he would refrain. Few other men, I think; and few women.

Those who thought it permissible only in men to defy tyranny, had said that nothing but evil could come of women's expressing moral indignation with all their might and as variously as men have done at every crisis in



THE WEAPON USED BY THE LONDON MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES IN THEIR WINDOW-SMASHING RAIDS — A HAMMER CONCEALED IN A "DOROTHY BAG" history. Only evil could come of it? One of the best things in civilization has come of it. Proof of moral and physical courage in women, not as a rare exception, here or there, at call of motherhood or of *any* personal devotion, but as a basis in character — to be looked for, counted on.

The militant campaign has not yet won votes? No. But the militants have campaigned to such purpose that there are to-day more free women in England than anywhere else in the world — free with a freedom of which the ballot will be a symbol, but which the ballot can not in itself endue with the essence of liberty, or charge with effective authority.

Had the powers that be as much foresight as they have inflexibility, they would have granted a meager instalment of Woman Suffrage as soon as the demand became earnest. Deprived of the main ground of complaint (since the principle would have been conceded), the majority even of enfranchised women would have looked upon the vote with so little realization of its power that the weapon would have lain in their hands, little used, perhaps for a generation.

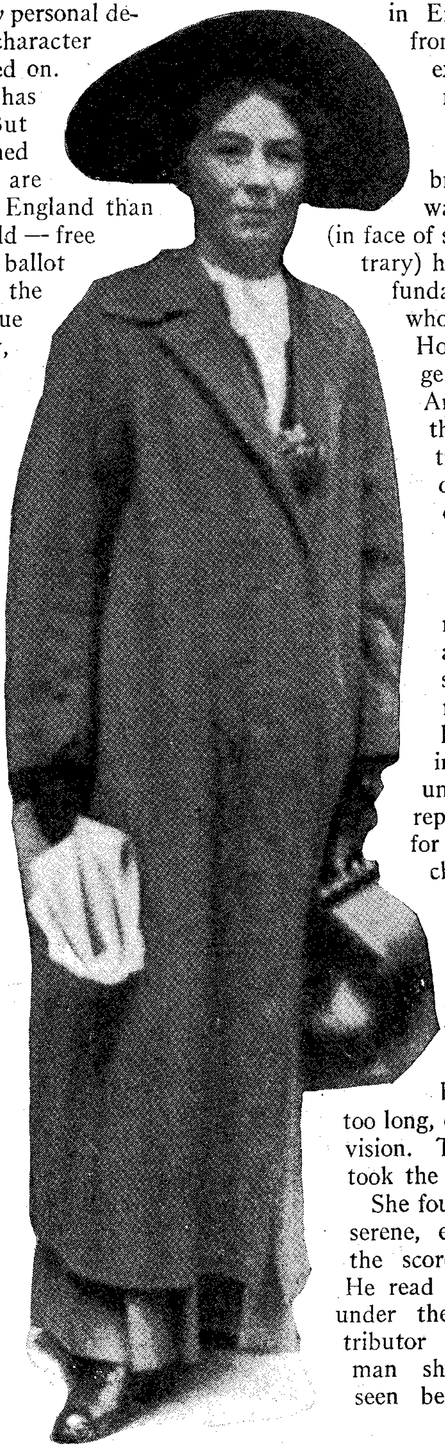
The longer all the women of Great Britain are denied the vote, the wider must be the door that ultimately admits them, and the greater the changes which will be effected by their entrance on the scene.

Those who have watched the chains fall from one after another, during these last half dozen years, will understand. Persons from whom these moral and spiritual experiences have been hidden may allow me, in a page or two, to illustrate what has been happening.

One object lesson came at a time of such need that, if it can be passed on faithfully enough, it may hearten others.

At perhaps the most crucial hour in the history of the struggle for the vote in England certain politicians from whom better things were expected had made a grave mistake — through lack of information, as some women believed. How to bring that information home, was the concern of those who (in face of some evidence to the contrary) held to their faith in men's fundamental fairness. Those who spend their lives in the House of Commons could not get this information there. And, at the time I speak of, they could not get information from the press, since, owing to the tension, that often open door was closed. To a woman lying ill, word was brought that letters to the papers were being refused, or held back. An appeal was made that she should set down a statement of how the matter looked to women. The first impulse, to call such an undertaking impossible, was repressed. An article destined for an editor wide-minded, chivalrous, was finally undertaken at what cost need not be insisted on. Time was the great factor. The editor had telegraphed that he would reserve space. The article was finished; but it might be thought too long, or in some detail need revision. The writer left her bed and took the article to London.

She found the editor genial and serene, even a little jocular on the score of the eternal theme. He read the first paragraph, and under the eyes of his old contributor became a stranger — a man she had not only never seen before but never guessed at. What he said was less illuminating than what he looked.


MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE, FOR WHOM A SEARCH WAS MADE IN TWO CONTINENTS BY DETECTIVES OF SCOTLAND YARD

What! To wish to talk about the motive behind deeds that called for nothing but wholesale condemnation? "And this—this stone-throwing! *You* justify . . . !"

"I explain it," she answered.

"Isn't it possible for you to understand? An article like this would bring down a charge of conspiracy on any one who signed it."

The contributor's readiness to take the risk was fuel on the flame. Any editor who published such opinions would be indictable! He stood up with that changed face, repeating, "Stones"!—"and people like you"— etc., pelting the contributor again and yet again with "stones"!

Only for unadulterated blame and execration of militancy was any admittance there or anywhere else—according to the most open-minded of editors.

The initial "conspiracy," then (that of the authorities to deny fair hearing to their women opponents), was, as we had been told, matched by conspiracy in the press. The public was to be shut out from so much as a chance of hearing the other side.

MISS EDITH CRAIG, DAUGHTER OF ELLEN TERRY, AND AN ARDENT SUFFRAGETTE, WAITING TO SPEAK TO MR. ASQUITH

The spare hour before train-time was spent at a confectioner's near the station. No one else in the tea-room behind the shop. The repulsed contributor drew up, shivering, to the fire, going over what had happened. She had come far to try to help a little toward better understanding. All she had achieved was a realization that better understanding wasn't wanted. The mere attempt at it had been resented as mortal offense.

The worst of what had happened was that the experience did not stand alone. Better women had fared worse. If those in prison could be so profoundly misunderstood, how was understanding ever to come? A sense of the immensity of the undertaking that Suffragists had shouldered overwhelmed her; she sat bowed down.

Presently a consciousness that some one had come in. Not the waitress — she had been and gone. The woman by the fire lifted her head to see a girl standing near, straightening her hat at the over-mantel glass, touching the hair that showed intensely dark against her smooth forehead. As the girl looked at herself, the woman looked at her too. Genus: shop-girl, sixteen or seventeen, not very refined; a round face, heavily pretty; full lips, showing the scarlet of health; not the least made up; her clothes noticeably poor, with an effort at being in the mode. While the girl and the woman both looked at the young face in the glass, the young face changed, and turned to confront a man who evidently counted on meeting her in this dull, eminently respectable place. The man was of a superior class; forty-odd; fattish, thick-necked, slightly bald, very sleek and well turned out. They sat down at the nearest table. He ordered tea. The woman by the fire, full of other thoughts, forgot them, till presently an accent in the man's voice reached her. He was urging some point. The girl said little. The woman looked again in the fire. The fragments of talk that forced their way to her inattentive ear seemed to take the form of questions: "Didn't you go?" "Why didn't you go?" "Don't you ever go anywhere?" "Why don't you?" The girl was gaining confidence. She answered with growing assurance and a poor little flirtatiousness which he, leaning to her, encouraged with eye and smile. The usual hour for tea was past. No one there but a tired, abstracted woman and those two. The man made no effort to disguise his quest. The woman made no effort to catch even the general drift of what was passing, thinking still of those girl teachers, women doctors, poor-law guardians, and social workers shut up in Holloway, and why some of them had gone there. Presently the woman (whose different way of helping had failed) found that between the mental vision of the stone-thrower in her cell the picture at the tea-table had forced its way: the cheap little cockney beauty, bridling, only half reluctant, wholly provocative, excited — sixteen! The man of forty, his thick neck red below the thin, brilliantined hair, arms on table, head thrust forward turtle-like, the low, educated voice coaxing the ill-paid, ill-educated girl. The gulf between that girl and the women in prison — so wide, so deep, thought itself was balked to bridge it.

The Flirt and the Voice from Prison

Even the wayfarer by the fire was too far away. What could the sick, disheartened woman say? What had she to offer this poor, pretty creature, so plainly marked out for treading the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire?

To have reached her one must have found her before to-day, in time to make her demand more of life than — this.

Then, in the little space of time needed for drawing on a glove, a well-nigh incredible fact in the psychology of the times was presented and made clearer than could have been done by a library of books.

The "fact" was that the women shut up in prison had got into communication with this girl.

"A previous engagement, have you?" — the man was laughing at the excuse. "Who with?" And then, softly: "Who's going to take care of you?"

"Lottie and me are going to see after ourselves."

"You can't. You must let me ——"

"Oh, you think we can't do anything except what *you* say." She put up her chin. Then in the heavily pretty face an odd flash. "Haven't you heard," she said, "that we can break windows?"

The turtle-head drew in as though one of the stones had struck it.

"Stones!" The wayfarer heard the editor's voice. "An educated, decent woman throwing a stone!"

The man at the tea-table was not more surprised than the woman by the fire, at seeing what strange shores the widening ripples reached. In the girl's face an instant's reflection of the daring. A Bond Street window! — the Paradise of such as she, where the windows flash with jewels and blossom with laces and silk — a window smashed in the face of all that luxury, was, to this poor fly struggling in the meaner web, the type of a courage she would never know.

I am afraid the women in Holloway Gaol, or out, were too late to save that girl. But the women in Holloway had given her a glimpse, at least, of a possible defiance hurled at evil — one flash of that bright weapon in the air before the dark of yielding.

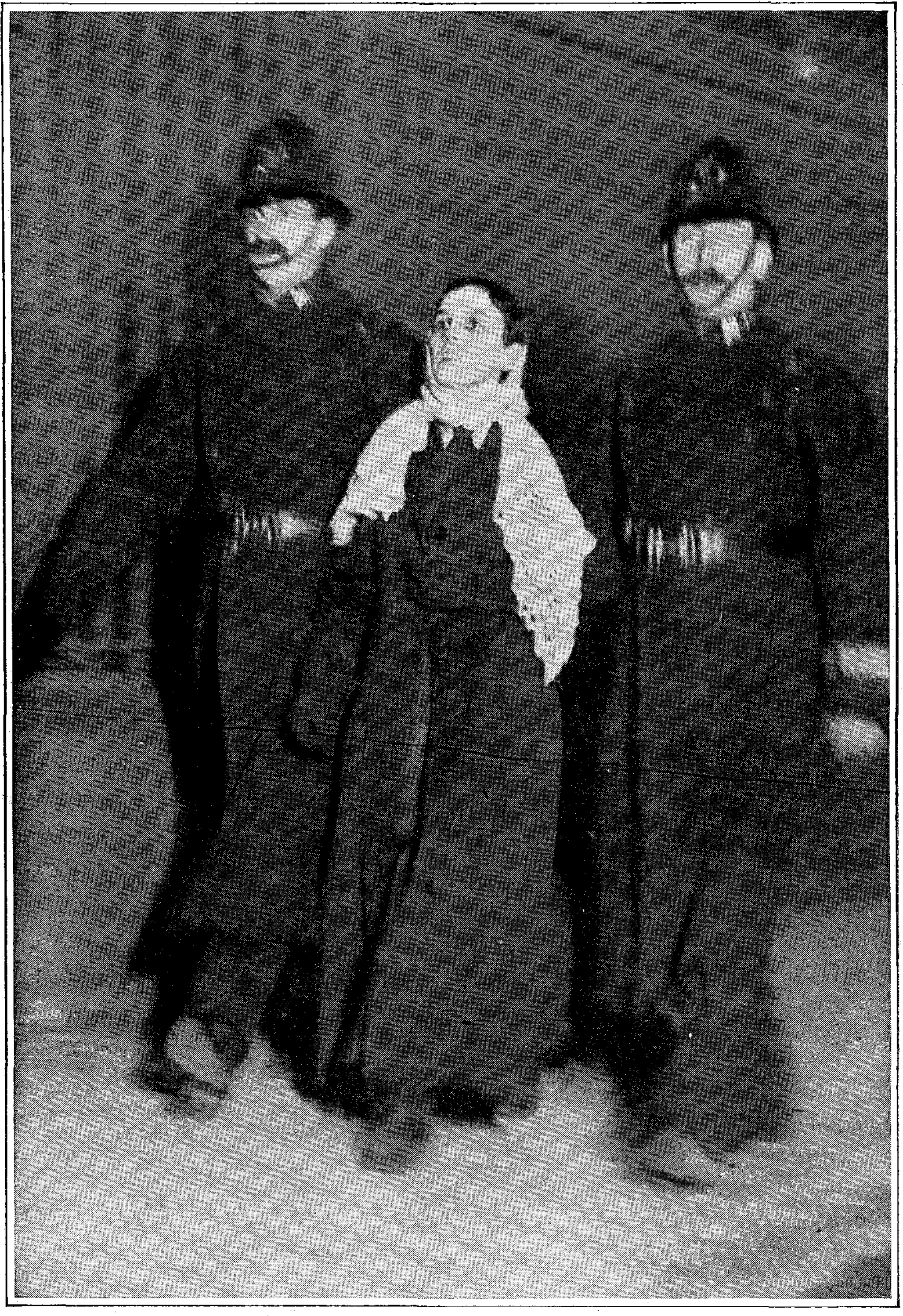
I am fully aware that this object lesson would mean very little to many. In the first place, it presents a concatenation of circumstance too common. In the second, it has been too often sentimentalized clean out of sight of its gruesome end. Men (women too) who have looked on undisturbed at that sort of thing are full of honest horror at the stone-thrower.

The School-Girl and the Official Male Mind

One could almost sympathize with those officials who, all unprepared, were called on to deal with militant women. Men trained to govern and dominate; brought up from their school-days to think of women as a race apart — creatures for drudgery, or for smiling and the coy assent in youth; for crooning lullabies through later years. What wonder the militant women not only angered but dumfounded the official mind to bewilderment's verge, and toppled it over the verge into the pit of persecution?

Nothing out of the way in a middle-aged man's having a little flirtation with a work-girl over a cup of tea! But a thing monstrous that girls should be demanding different conditions in industry, a different wage-scale, a different sort of attention from "kind" gentlemen. And when the kind gentlemen refuse, if, instead of acquiescence, in some hands a stone — the end of the world is at hand unless these "maenads" are severely punished.

You will search history in vain for a spectacle more tragi-comic than the juxtaposition of the



A LONDON SUFFRAGETTE, ARRESTED IN ONE OF THE RIOTS, BEING ESCORTED TO THE POLICE STATION BY TWO LONDON "BOBBIES" old-fashioned official and the girl in college cap and gown — so innocent-looking as seeming to invite the paternal pat on shoulder — until the firm voice puts the highly embarrassing interrogatory about her friend in Abergavenny Gaol. Bad enough to have old or middle-aged women asking inconvenient questions, without having some one who looks the very type of

> Prim little scholars —
> Trained to stand in rows, and asking if they please —

standing up at a public meeting to ask: "Why do you sentimentalize about benevolence instead of doing justice?" "Why do you talk of making the franchise truly representative when you leave out the women?"

The "kind gentleman" presiding over a Liberal meeting at Nottingham, the other day, not only left women out of his "truly representative scheme"— he let them be thrust out before his eyes — after appealing to them to be quiet and "sweet."

Sweet! People steeled by knowledge of what women are compelled to bear in factories, in sweat-shops, and in prisons, were to save their own skins by dint of being "sweet"! The recommendation has a somewhat musty smell. Upon the women's failure to accept it, let us hope, for sake of the Liberal gentleman looking on at the subsequent hustling, dragging, gagging, and throwing out — let us hope that not too plain was his satisfaction at the penalty inflicted upon women who decline to be "sweet."

"Two Weren't Enough"

"Why did you go?" was asked of the well-born, educated girl lying broken in bed after Llanistumdwy. "You were warned what to expect."

"That was why we went," came the answer.

And then an excuse supplied by a local critic of Women's Social and Political Union autocracy: "You were sent, I suppose?"

"No," the girl said; "we happened to be near on our holiday."

She and her friend heard that two women were going to make a protest against a minister's offering the public a gift, when an over-due public debt remained unpaid. For that protest, "two weren't enough," the girl said, "so we thought we'd better go too."

She stopped the flow of pity for her wounds by a feeble attempt to burlesque the trouble she would have, when she was better, in doing her hair so as to cover the bare place where a handful had been wrenched out. She refused to be commiserated for that, and worse. "It wasn't so bad. I did hear the voices shouting horrible things. I saw the distorted faces, fists, and sticks in the air. *But I never felt the blows.* I remembered the women at Wrexham. I'd do it again."

And here I come to the chief gain that emerges from these years, next after (or perhaps

MISS ALICE PAUL, A DAUGHTER OF THE OLD PAUL FAMILY OF PHILADELPHIA, WHO WAS ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED IN ENGLAND BECAUSE OF HER MILITANT DEMONSTRATIONS even before) those lessons in the protection afforded by the vote. People make much of division among Suffragists. Division among politicians is not new in the world. What is new is the passion of impersonal loyalty which the fuller knowledge has evoked amongst rank and file.

Women of the past were never aware to the extent that we are now aware of the penalty other women pay for our mean content with a better lot.

No one has been able to say that, in the evil days behind, any body of independent women realized the price other women had to pay for the supineness of the fortunate. If woman's loyalty to her sisters were to fail now, that failure would be a stigma upon all concerted effort of the future; a weight to drag down the hope of all the women (and through them all the men) yet to be born. If this newly awakened conscience were waked in vain,— if it ever slept again,— then indeed might women (and men too) despair.

Believing as we do in the impossibility of that, women are full of hope. And men? Beyond a doubt some men are very angry. Beyond a doubt, the sufferings of the militant women — who, if not most in earnest, have paid heaviest for their share in instructing us all — beyond a doubt these sufferings, in welding women together, have (by no wish of their own — often with pain and grief and irretrievable loss) ranged women against those men most determined to crush out the revolt.

Men's Sex-Antagonism Uncovered

The resultant irritation of men has not by any manner of means been wholly evil. It has pricked many to knowledge, and some to enlightened action.

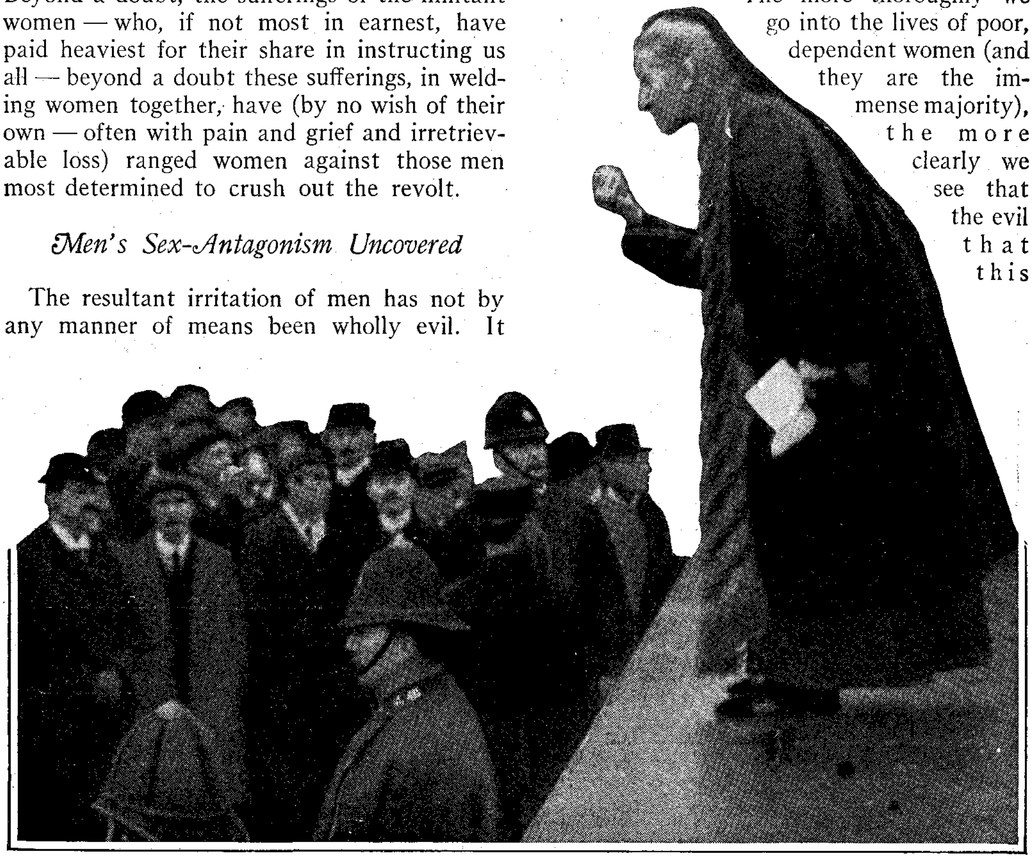
Unable to see "the other side of the shield," some women (not consciously weighing their private difficulties against the public good) have been unduly disturbed.

They would agree with Mrs. Creighton that the vote may be a small thing, but that the refusal of the vote has been a very serious thing. Mrs. Creighton did not seem to mean by that what the militant means. She seemed to glance at a regrettable change in the relationships between men and women.

I believe that many, like myself, were much more troubled at the beginning of the conflict by the mere hint of sex-antagonism (at a time when so little of that feeling was expressed, or, as we thought, felt) than later, since men have shown us how great was the sex-antagonism already operant in the world.

Well, why are we not appalled?

For two good reasons. First, because such proof of sex-antagonism as comes our way is not created by the Suffrage agitation. The Suffrage agitation has brought it out of hiding. The more thoroughly we go into the lives of poor, dependent women (and they are the immense majority), the more clearly we see that the evil that this



MRS. DESPARD, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE SUFFRAGETTES IN ENGLAND, ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF MEN ON THE WOMEN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT BILL. MRS. DESPARD WAS ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE STRIKING SCOTTISH MINERS

MISS KENNEY, A LONDON SUFFRAGETTE, WHO DISGUISED HERSELF AS A MESSENGER TO GET A PETITION TO MR. ASQUITH

contest has brought to the surface was always there. The condition of its remaining there, to foster and to breed its myriad progeny, the sole condition upon which it could continue, was that it should not be brought to the surface. The evil of bad relationship between the sexes is not the new thing. The attack upon it is the new thing.

If not for us individually, that sex-contempt was there. The active Suffragist feels that she can bear it better than those for whom it was formerly reserved.

The second reason we are not appalled, but rather consoled and heartened, is that precisely through this struggle we have been taught more faith both in man nature and in woman-nature—which is to say, in that human nature which alike they share.

AN ENGLISH MILITANT ON HER WAY TO PRISON. SHE WAS ARRESTED FOR CREATING A DISTURBANCE BY SHOUTING, "I REPRESENT TIPPERARY"

The New Awakening of Men

The more generous-minded among men (or the better instructed) have responded generously, understandingly, to the new claims made by women. I will not dwell on the more obvious marks left on society and laws by men's response to the newly awakened spirit among women. With militancy in the air, the reactionaries on the Divorce Commission had

MRS. PANKHURST AND HER DAUGHTER CHRISTABEL IN PRISON UNIFORM not the courage to press for their advocacy of the double moral standard. This fruitful cause of injustice and race degeneracy has only in these last months been given an effectual *coup de grâce.* There were men serving on that Commission who had admitted no flaw, had seen no flaw, in the divorce laws until — well, until the last few years.

Never in all the years of women's wandering in the political wilderness, never before militancy did men form societies to help women to win freedom. Before history was written, men, as the songs and sagas tell us, did battle for women, ostensibly for some "faire ladye," often in reality for the excitement of the tourney and the honor of the knight. Until these days of the new militancy, few were the men who entered the lists to do battle for women in grim, unpicturesque need, women who could never reward these latter-day knights and were not asked for reward.

Never, before the days of militancy, have men for such a cause given up valuable posts, risked livelihood, sacrificed ambition, faced private ridicule and public execration, blows, broken limbs, gone to prison — all that is since militancy.

OPENING ONE OF THE PILLAR MAIL-BOXES INTO WHICH ACID WAS POURED BY MILITANT ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MAILS IS ONE OF THEIR MOST RECENT METHODS OF AGGRESSION

In a hundred ways the sensitive observer will mark the effect of the new influence upon men. They begin to speak of women in public with less flummery; they write of women with an accent less cock-sure, and yet more worthy of assurance. "The Twelve-Pound Look" is since militancy, and many a glance less shrewdly directed toward masculine fatuity.

The Old Superciliousness Dies Slowly

But we must not expect to see the scales fall over-soon from the general eye. The old superciliousness will be long in dying. Women will mark it still in its thousand forms, especially in the elderly-minded. Men will go on naïvely crowning one another, bestowing on one another all the lucrative and power-conferring posts and all the sinecures. They will sit sole sex on the great committees, controlling art and science, as well as law and administrative government.

They will dine in fullness, and permit women to come in afterward like the good children — save that, unlike the children, women will be bidden to sit apart and not speak, but listen — feeding upon the manna of masculine eloquence.

The Root-Idea of Militancy

But these are all very little things in comparison with the respect that must in the near future be given to the essentials — as women see life; to the reverence shown children and the very old of both sexes; to education and care for the public health. The rest can wait.

What could not wait was acceptance of the root-idea of this thing called militancy. The root-idea is: the application to women of the duty to rise up against evil; the baseness of lying down under evil. Women see, at last, that they must share that duty with men, or else with men share the waste and ruin of evasion.

We do not deny that women have put into their politics a passion not usual with men. We may even think that this duty of revolt against evil may sound a sterner call to women. With men these things are largely intellectual gymnastics, exercises in the theory and practice of government, expression of this or that school of philosophy or (un)applied science.

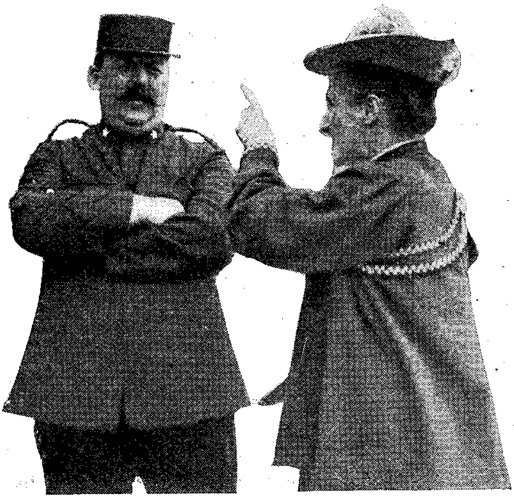
With women these matters are the stuff of existence, their daily bread.

Men, in dealing with social abuses, are "cabined and confined" by formulae, doctrines, laws, by parliamentary procedure — by this intellectual fetich or that.

In the case of women, the practical end is kept in sight by no keener conscience than men's, and certainly by no clearer apprehension of the abstract good. The end is kept well in the sight of women by an admonishment which nature denied to man.

Why the Female is More Deadly than the Male

As women have shown, in their brief commerce with politics, an energy and a resolution that have astonished and bewildered male authority, let it be remembered that behind women's politics is a force peculiar to women. Among the majority, whether open or secret aiders and abettors of militancy, women have come (some consciously, some unconsciously) to feel that militant suffragism is the outgrowth of a fierce race-protecting passion. It is the expression of that mother-instinct which rules in the spirit as well as in the body of our half of the world. It is the force that does indeed make the female more deadly than the male, if she descries a menace to her charge — the future of the species.



The Freedom of the City of the Soul

Those who wished her to remain ignorant of the menace, those who wished to arrest the "uplift" of a vast submerged area of human possibility, or those who, less foolishly, wished it brought to light more gradually, and by a birth less fierce in labor-pain, had only one course to pursue: to eschew repression. The reactionary should not make too much of the fact that the women of the British Isles have not yet attained political liberty. Hundreds and thousands of them have been given the freedom of the City of the Soul.

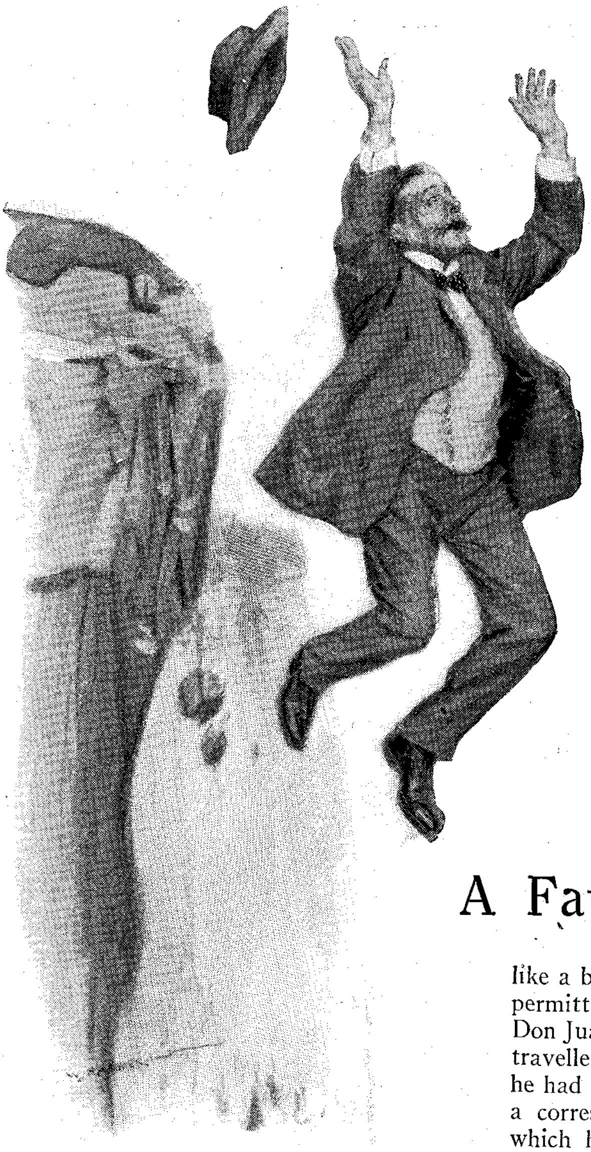
Any Suffragist who reviews the history of the militant movement and in any hour of discouragement between now and that sure day when the vote is yielded — any one who for a moment supposes the militant party to have failed, confesses to shallow thinking.

The Slow Rising of the Submerged Sex

In militancy (acting, as we are the first to admit, in conjunction with a world-wide tendency) a force was set to work six years ago that needed only counter-force, needed only ruthless repression, to develop an explosive power which should crack the crust of ages.

Of that immeasurable underlying region, only isolated peaks had hitherto appeared — lonely islets above the waters. Other peaks would have risen slowly, slowly the waters have receded, and the upward tendency have been spread over a wide extent of time — without thunder, rage, and cataclysm.

Like one of those vast, irresistible movements in physical nature that have sunk the old high places under inrushing seas, and from the seat of internal fires have forced up mountain chains to cool their heads in snow, so have the deeps of the submerged sex been upborne to light, to the bright danger of the peaks, by those very forces that sought to hold her down.



THE PARADISE OF THIEVES

BY

GILBERT K CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
WILLIAM HATHERELL

A Father Brown Story

THE great Muscari, most original of the young Tuscan poets, walked swiftly into his favourite restaurant, which overlooked the Mediterranean, was covered by an awning and fenced by little lemon and orange trees. Waiters in white aprons were already laying out on white tables the insignia of an early and elegant lunch; and this seemed to increase a satisfaction that already touched the top of swagger. Muscari had an eagle nose like Dante, his hair and neckerchief were dark and flowing; he carried a black cloak and might almost have carried a black mask, so much did he bear with him a sort of Venetian melodrama. He acted as if a troubadour had still a definite social office, like a bishop. He went as near as his century permitted to walking the world literally like Don Juan, with rapier and guitar. For he never travelled without a case of swords, with which he had fought many brilliant duels, or without a corresponding case for his mandolin, with which he had actually serenaded Miss Ethel Harrogate, the highly conventional daughter of a Yorkshire banker on a holiday. Yet he was neither a charlatan nor a child; but a hot, logical Latin who liked a certain thing and was it. His poetry was as straightforward as any one else's prose. He desired fame or wine or the beauty of women with a torrid directness inconceivable among the cloudy ideals or cloudy compromises of the north: to vaguer races his intensity smelt of danger or even crime. Like fire or the sea, he was too simple to be trusted.

The banker and his beautiful English daughter were staying at the hotel attached to Muscari's restaurant: that was why it was his favourite restaurant. A glance flashed round the room told him at once, however, that the English party had not yet descended. The restaurant was glittering still, but comparatively empty. Two priests were talking at a table in a corner, but Muscari (an ardent Catholic) took no more notice of them than of a couple of crows. But from a yet further seat, partly concealed behind a dwarf tree golden with oranges, there rose and advanced toward the poet a person whose costume was the most aggressive opposite to his own.

This figure was clad in tweeds of a piebald check, with a pink tie, a sharp white collar, and protuberant yellow boots. He contrived, in the true tradition of 'Arry at Margate, to look at once startling and commonplace. But, as the Cockney apparition drew nearer, Muscari was astounded to observe that the head was distinctly different from the body. It was an Italian head, fuzzy, swarthy, and very vivacious, that rose abruptly out of the standing collar like cardboard and the comic pink tie. In fact, it was a head he knew. He recognised it, above all the dire erection of English holiday array, as the face of an old but forgotten friend named Ezza. This youth had been a prodigy at college, and European fame was promised him when he was barely fifteen; but when he appeared in the world he failed, first publicly as a dramatist and a demagogue, and then privately for years on end as an actor, a traveller, a commission agent, or a journalist. Muscari had known him last behind the footlights: he was but too well attuned to the excitements of that profession, and it was believed that some moral calamity had swallowed him up.

"Ezza!" cried the poet, rising and shaking hands in a pleasant astonishment. "Well, I've seen you in many costumes in the green-room; but I never expected to see you dressed up as an Englishman."

"This," answered Ezza gravely, "is not the costume of an Englishman, but of the Italian of the future."

"In that case," remarked Muscari, "I confess I prefer the Italian of the past."

"That is your old mistake, Muscari," said the man in tweeds, shaking his head, "and the mistake of Italy. In the sixteenth century we Tuscans made the morning; we had the newest steel, the newest carving, the newest chemisty. Why should we not now have the newest factories, the newest motors, the newest finance, and the newest clothes?"

"Because they are not worth having," answered Muscari. "You can not make Italians really progressive: they are too intelligent. Men who see the short cut to good living will never go by the new elaborate roads."

"Well, to me Marconi, not d'Annunzio, is the star of Italy," said the other, rising. "That is why I have become a futurist — and a courier."

"A courier!" cried Muscari, laughing. "Is that the last of your list of trades? And whom are you conducting?"

"Oh, a man of the name of Harrogate and his family, I believe."

"Not the banker in this hotel?" enquired the poet, with some eagerness.

"That's the man," answered the courier.

"Does it pay well?" asked the troubadour innocently.

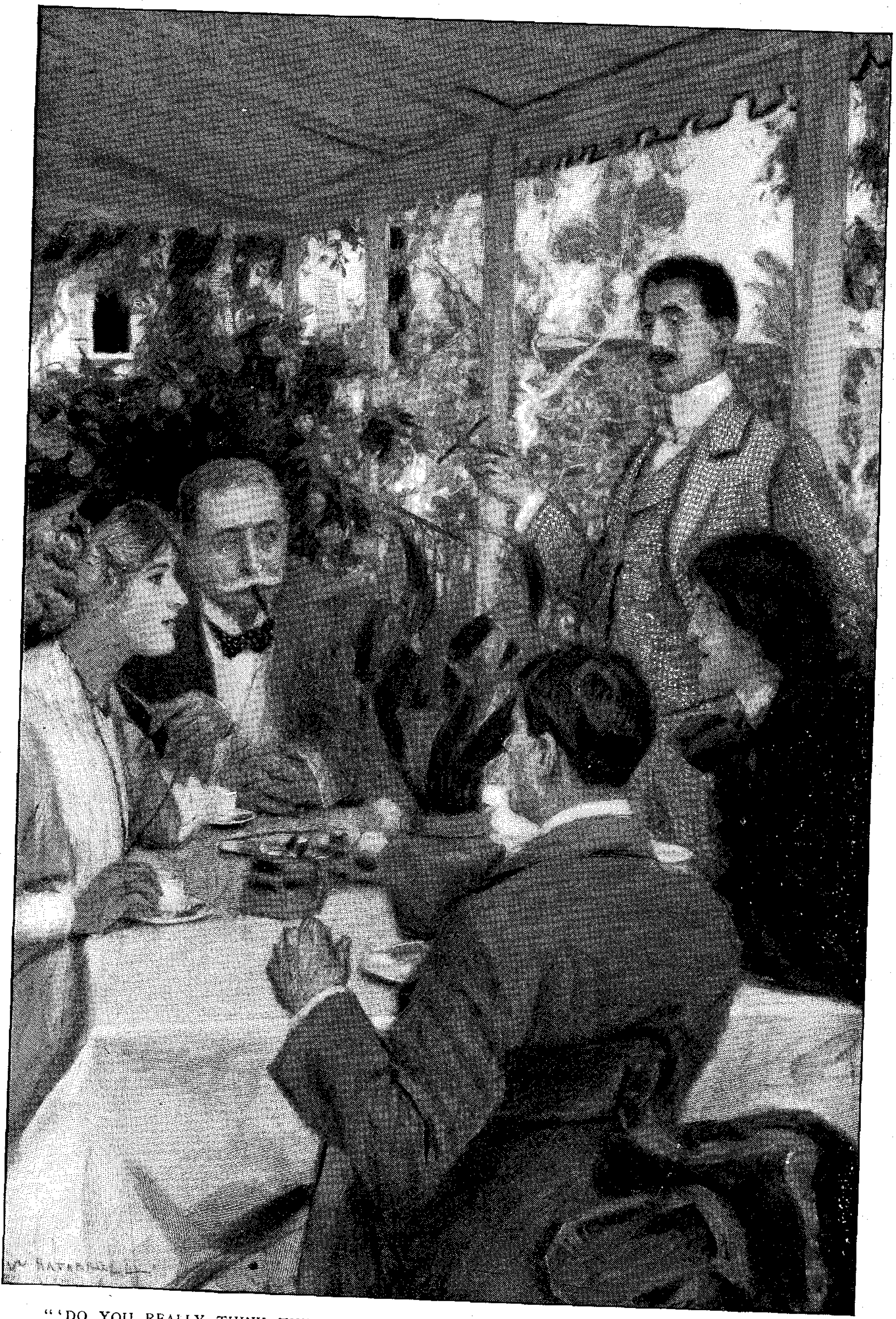
"It will pay me," said Ezza, with a very enigmatic smile. "But I am a rather curious sort of courier." Then, as if changing the subject, he said abruptly: "He has a daughter — and a son."

"The daughter is divine," affirmed Muscari; "the father and son are, I suppose, human. But, granted his harmless qualities, doesn't that banker strike you as a splendid instance of my argument? Harrogate has millions in his safes, and I have — the hole in my pocket. But you daren't say — you can't say — that he's cleverer than I, or bolder than I, or even more energetic. He's not clever; he's got eyes like blue buttons; he's not energetic; he moves from chair to chair like a paralytic. He's a conscientious, kindly old blockhead: but he's got money simply because he collects money, as a boy collects stamps. You're too strong-minded for business, Ezza. You won't get on. To be clever enough to get all that money, one must be stupid enough to want it."

"I'm stupid enough for that," said Ezza gloomily. "But I should suggest a suspension of your critique of the banker; for here he comes."

Mr. Harrogate, the great financier, did indeed enter the room; but nobody looked at him. He was a massive, elderly man with a boiled blue eye and faded grey-sandy moustaches: but for his heavy stoop he might have been a colonel. He carried several unopened letters in his hand. His son Frank was a really fine lad, curly-haired, sunburnt, and strenuous; but nobody looked at him either. All eyes, as usual, were rivetted instantaneously at least upon Ethel Harrogate, whose golden Greek head and colour of the dawn seemed set purposely above that sapphire sea, like a goddess's. The poet Muscari drew a deep breath as if he were drinking something; as indeed he was. He was drinking the classic, which his fathers made. Ezza studied her with a gaze equally intense and far more baffling.

Miss Harrogate was specially radiant and ready for conversation on this occasion; and her family had fallen into the easier Continental habit, allowing the stranger Muscari and even the courier Ezza to share their table and their talk. In Ethel Harrogate conventionality



“‘DO YOU REALLY THINK THE PASS IS DANGEROUS?’ SHE CRIED, TURNING ON HIM HER GLORIOUS EYES. ‘I KNOW IT IS DANGEROUS,’ HE SAID. ‘I AM CROSSING IT TO-MORROW’” crowned itself with a perfection and splendour of its own. Proud of her father's prosperity, fond of her fashionable pleasures, a fond daughter but an arrant flirt, she was all these things with a sort of golden good nature that made her very pride pleasing and her worldly respectability a fresh and hearty thing.

They were in an eddy of excitement about some alleged peril in the mountain path they were to attempt that week. The danger was not from rock and avalanche, but from something yet more romantic; Ethel had been earnestly assured that brigands, the true cutthroats of the modern legend, still haunted that ridge and held that pass of the Appennines.

"They say," she cried, with the awful relish of a school-girl, "that all that country isn't ruled by the King of Italy, but by the King of Thieves. Who is the King of Thieves?"

"A great man," replied Muscari, "worthy to rank with your own Robin Hood, Signorina. Montano, the King of Thieves, was first heard of in the mountains some ten years ago, when people said brigands were extinct. But his wild authority spread with the swiftness of a silent revolution. Men found his fierce proclamations nailed in every mountain village; his sentinels, gun in hand, in every mountain ravine. Six times the Italian government tried to dislodge him; and was defeated in six pitched battles as if by Napoleon."

"Now that sort of thing," observed the banker weightily, "would never be allowed in England; perhaps, after all, we had better choose another route. But the courier thought it perfectly safe."

"It is perfectly safe," said the courier contemptuously. "I have been over it twenty times. There may have been some old gaol-bird called a king in the time of our grandmothers; but he belongs to history, if not to fable. Brigandage is utterly stamped out."

"It can never be utterly stamped out," Muscari answered, "because armed revolt is a reaction natural to southerners. Our peasants are like the mountains, rich in grace and green gaiety, but with the fires beneath. There is a point of human despair where the northern poor take to drink — and our own poor take to daggers."

"A poet is privileged," replied Ezza, with a sneer. "If Signor Muscari were English he would still be looking for highwaymen in Wandsworth. Believe me, there is no more danger of being captured in Italy than of being scalped in Boston."

"Then you propose to attempt it?" asked Mr. Harrogate, frowning.

"Oh, it sounds rather dreadful," cried the girl, turning her glorious eyes on Muscari. "Do you really think the pass is dangerous?"

Muscari threw back his black mane.

"I know it is dangerous," he said. "I am crossing it to-morrow."

The younger Harrogate was left behind for a moment, emptying a glass of white wine and lighting a cigarette, as the beauty retired with the banker, the courier, and the poet, distributing peals of silvery satire. At about the same instant the two priests in the corner rose — the taller, a white-haired Italian, taking his leave. The shorter priest turned and walked towards the banker's son; and the latter was astonished to realise that, though a Roman priest, the man was an Englishman. He vaguely remembered meeting the priest at the social crushes of some of his Catholic friends. But the man spoke before his memories could collect themselves.

"Mr. Frank Harrogate, I think," he said. "I have had an introduction, but I do not mean to presume on it. The odd thing I have to say will come far better from a stranger. Mr. Harrogate, I say one word and go: take care of your sister in her great sorrow."

Even for Frank's truly fraternal indifference the radiance and derision of his sister still seemed to sparkle and ring; he could hear her laughter still from the garden of the hotel; and he stared at his sombre adviser in entire puzzledom.

"Do you mean the brigands?" he asked; and then, remembering a vague fear of his own, "or can you be thinking of Muscari?"

"One is never thinking of the real sorrow," said the strange priest. "One can only be kind when it comes."

And he passed promptly from the room, leaving the other almost with his mouth open.

The next day a coach containing the company was really crawling and staggering up the spurs of the menacing mountain range. Between Ezza's cheery denial of the danger and Muscari's boisterous defiance of it, the financial family were firm in their original purpose; and Muscari made his mountain journey coincide with theirs. A more surprising feature was the appearance at the coast-town station of the little priest of the restaurant; he alleged merely that business led him also to cross the mountains of the midland. But young Harrogate could not but connect his presence with the mystical fears and warnings of yesterday.

The coach was a kind of commodious wagonette, invented by the modernist talent of the courier, who dominated the expedition with his scientific activity and breezy wit. The theory of danger from thieves was banished from thought and speech; though so far conceded in formal act that some slight protection was employed. The courier and the young banker carried loaded revolvers, and Muscari (with much boyish gratification) buckled on a kind of cutlass under his black cloak.

He had planted his person, at a flying leap, next to the lovely Englishwoman; on the other side of her sat the priest, whose name was Brown and who was, fortunately, a silent individual; the courier and the father and son were on the *banc* behind. Muscari was in towering spirits, seriously believing in the peril, and his talk to Ethel might well have made her think him a maniac. But there was something in the crazy and gorgeous ascent amid crags like peaks, loaded with woods like orchards, that dragged her spirit up along with his into purple preposterous heavens with wheeling suns. The white road climbed like a white cat; it spanned sunless chasms like a tight-rope; it was flung round far-off headlands like a lasso. And yet, however high they went, the desert still blossomed like the rose; the fields were burnished in sun and wind with the colour of kingfisher and parrot and hummingbird; the hues of a hundred flowering flowers. There are no lovelier meadows and woodlands than the English; no nobler crests or chasms than those of Snowdon and Glencoe. But Ethel Harrogate had never before seen the southern parks tilted on the splintered northern peaks; the gorge of Glencoe laden with the fruits of Kent. There was nothing here of that chill and desolation that in Britain one associates with high and wild scenery. It was rather like a mosaic palace rent with earthquakes; or like a Dutch tulip garden blown to the stars with dynamite.

"It's like Kew Gardens on Beachy Head," said Ethel.

"It is our secret," answered he, "the secret of the volcano; that is also the secret of the revolution: that a thing can be violent and yet fruitful."

"You are rather violent yourself," and she smiled at him.

"And yet rather fruitless," he admitted; "if I die to-night I die unmarried and a fool."

"It is not my fault if you have come," she said, after a difficult silence.

"It is never your fault," answered Muscari; "it was not your fault that Troy fell."

As he spoke they came under overwhelming cliffs that spread almost like wings above a corner of peculiar peril. Shocked by the big shadow on the narrow ledge, the horses stirred doubtfully. The driver leapt to the earth to hold their heads, and they became ungovernable. One horse reared up to his full height — the titanic and terrifying height of a horse when he becomes a biped. It was just enough to alter the equilibrium; the whole coach heeled over like a ship, and crashed through the fringe of bushes over the cliff. Muscari threw an arm round Ethel, who clung to him, and shouted aloud. It was for such moments that he lived.

At the moment when the gorgeous mountain walls went round the poet's head like a purple windmill, a thing happened that was superficially even more startling. The elderly and lethargic banker sprang erect in the coach and leapt over the precipice before the tilted vehicle could take him there. In the first flash it looked as wild as suicide; but in the second it was as sensible as a safe investment. The Yorkshireman had evidently more promptitude as well as more sagacity than Muscari had given him credit for. For he landed in a lap of land which might have been specially padded with turf and clover to receive him. As it happened, indeed, the whole company were equally lucky, if less dignified in their form of ejection. Immediately under this abrupt turn of the road was a grassy and flowery hollow like a sunken meadow, a sort of green velvet pocket in the long green trailing garments of the hills. Into this they were all tipped or tumbled with little damage, save that their smallest baggage and even the contents of their pockets were scattered in the grass around them. The wrecked coach still hung above, entangled in the tough hedge, and the horses plunged painfully down the slope. The first to sit up was the little priest, who scratched his head, with a face of foolish wonder; Frank Harrogate heard him say to himself, "Now why on earth have we fallen just here?"

He blinked at the litter around him, and recovered his own very clumsy umbrella. Beyond it lay the broad sombrero fallen from the head of Muscari, and beside it a sealed business letter, which, after a glance at the address, he returned to the elder Harrogate. On the other side of him the grass partly hid Miss Ethel's sunshade, and just beyond it lay a curious little glass bottle hardly two inches long. The priest picked it up; in a quick, unobtrusive manner he uncorked and sniffed it, and his heavy face turned the colour of clay.

"Christ deliver us," he muttered, "it can't be hers! Has her sorrow come on her already?" He slipped it into his own waistcoat pocket. "I think I'm justified," he said, "till I know a little more."

He gazed painfully at the girl, at that moment being raised out of the flowers by Muscari, who was saying: "We have fallen into heaven; it is a sign. Mortals climb up and they fall down; but it is only gods and goddesses who can fall upwards."

And indeed she rose out of the sea of colours so beautiful and happy a vision that the priest felt his suspicions shaken and shifted. "After all," he thought, "perhaps the poison isn't hers; perhaps it's one of Muscari's melodramatic tricks."

Muscari set the lady lightly on her feet, made her an absurdly theatrical bow, and then, drawing his cutlass, hacked hard at the taut reins of the horses, so that they scrambled to their feet and stood in the grass, trembling. When he had done so a most remarkable thing occurred. A very quiet man, very poorly dressed and extremely sunburnt, came out of the bushes and took hold of the horses' heads. He had a queer-shaped knife, very broad and crooked, buckled on his belt; there was nothing else remarkable about him except his sudden and silent appearance. The poet asked him who he was, and he did not answer.

Looking around him at the confused and startled group in the hollow, Muscari then perceived that another tanned and tattered man, with a short gun under his arm, was looking at them from the ledge just below, leaning his elbows on the edge of the turf. Then he looked up at the road from which they had fallen, and saw, looking down on them, the muzzles of four other carbines and four other brown faces with bright but quite motionless eyes.

"The brigands!" cried Muscari, with a kind of monstrous gaiety. "This was a trap. Ezza, if you will oblige me by shooting the coachman first, we can cut our way out yet. There are only six of them."

"The coachman," said Ezza, who was standing grimly with his hands in his pockets, "happens to be a servant of Mr. Harrogate's."

"Then shoot him all the more," cried the poet impatiently. "He was bribed to upset his master. Then put the lady in the middle, and we will break the line up there — with a rush."

And, wading in wild grass and flowers, he advanced fearlessly on the four carbines; but, finding that no one followed except young Harrogate, he turned, brandishing his cutlass, to wave the others on. He beheld the courier still standing slightly astride in the center of the grassy ring, his hands in his pockets; and his lean ironical Italian face seemed to grow longer and longer in the evening light.

"You thought, Muscari, I was the failure among our schoolfellows," he said, "and you thought you were the success. But I have succeeded more than you and fill a bigger place in history. I have been acting epics while you have been writing them."

"Come on, I tell you!" thundered Muscari from above. "Will you stand there talking nonsense about yourself, with a woman to save and three strong men to help you? What do you call yourself?"

"I call myself Montano," cried the strange courier, in a voice equally loud and full. "I am the King of Thieves, and I welcome you all to my summer palace."

And even as he spoke five more silent men with weapons ready came out of the bushes and looked towards him for their orders. One of them held a large paper in his hand.

"This pretty little nest where we are all picnicking," went on the courier-brigand, with the same easy yet sinister smile, "is, together with some caves underneath it, known by the name of the Paradise of Thieves. It is my principal stronghold on these hills; for (as you have doubtless noticed) the eyrie is invisible both from the road above and from the valley below. It is something better than impregnable: it is unnoticeable. Here I mostly live, and here I shall certainly die, if the gendarmes ever track me here. I am not the kind of criminal that 'reserves his defence'; but the better kind that reserves his last bullet."

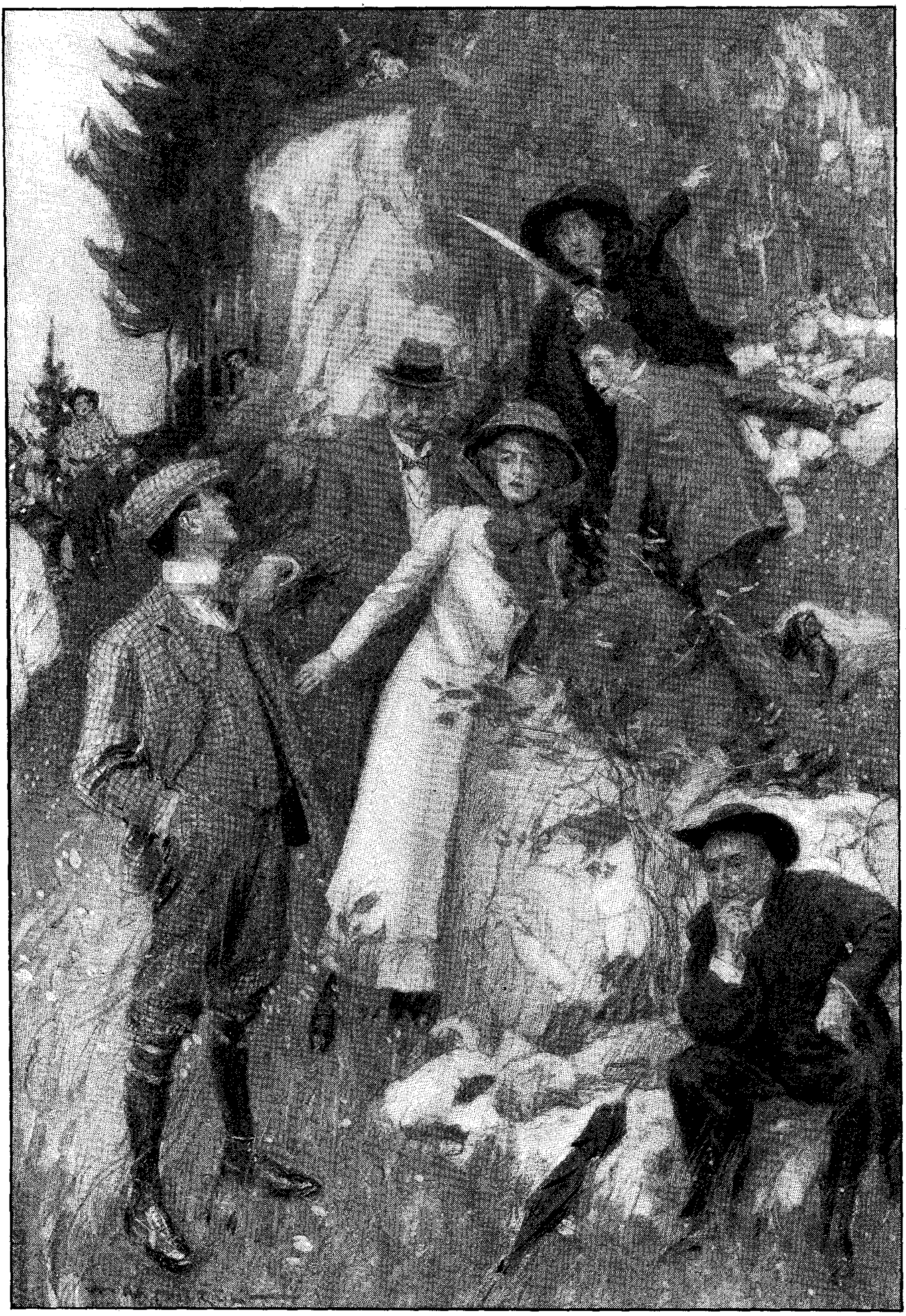
All were staring at him, thunder-struck and still, except Father Brown, who heaved a huge sigh as of relief, and fingered the little phial in his pocket.

"Thank God," he muttered; "that's much more probable. The poison belongs to this robber-chief, of course. He carries it so that he may never be captured, like Cato."

The King of Thieves was, however, continuing his address with the same kind of dangerous politeness. "It only remains for me," he said, "to explain to my guests the social conditions upon which I have the pleasure of entertaining them. I need not expound the quaint old ritual of ransom which it is incumbent upon me to keep up; and even this only applies to a part of the company. The Reverend Father Brown and the celebrated Signor Muscari I shall release to-morrow at dawn and escort to my outposts. Poets and priests — if you will pardon my simplicity of speech — never have any money. And so (since it is impossible to get anything out of them) let us seize the opportunity to show our admiration for classic literature and our reverence for Holy Church."

He paused, with an unpleasant smile; and Father Brown blinked repeatedly at him and seemed suddenly to be listening with great attention. The brigand captain took the large paper from the attendant brigand and, glancing it over, continued:

"My other intentions are clearly set forth in



"'I AM THE KING OF THIEVES,' HE CRIED IN A LOUD, FULL VOICE, 'AND I WELCOME YOU ALL TO MY SUMMER PALACE'" this public document, which I will hand round in a moment, and which after that will be posted on a tree by every village in the valley and every crossroad in the hills. I will not weary you with the verbalism, since you will be able to check it; the substance of my proclamation is this: I announce first that I have captured the English millionaire, the colossus of finance, Mr. Samuel Harrogate. I next announce that I have found on his person notes and bonds for two thousand pounds, which he has given up to me. Now, since it would be really immoral to announce such a thing to a credulous public if it had not occurred, I suggest that it should occur without further delay. I suggest that Mr. Harrogate senior should now give me the two thousand pounds in his pocket."

The banker looked at him under lowering brows, red-faced and sulky, but seemingly cowed. That leap from the falling carriage seemed to have used up his last virility. He had hung back in a hang-dog style when his son and Muscari had made a bold movement to break out of the brigand trap. And now his red and trembling hand went reluctantly to his breast-pocket and passed a bundle of papers and envelopes to the brigand.

"Excellent!" cried that outlaw gaily. "So far we are all cosy. I resume the points of my proclamation, so soon to be published to all Italy. The third item is that of ransom. I am asking from the friends of the Harrogate family a ransom of three thousand pounds; which I am sure is almost insulting to that family in its moderate estimate of their importance. Who would not pay triple this sum for another day's association with such a domestic circle? I will not conceal from you that the document ends with certain legal phrases about the unpleasant things that may happen if the money is not paid; but meanwhile, ladies and gentlemen, let me assure you that I am comfortably off here for accommodation, wine, and cigars, and bid you for the present a sportsmanlike welcome to the luxuries of the Paradise of Thieves."

All the time that he had been speaking the dubious-looking men with carbines and dirty slouch hats had been gathering silently in such preponderating numbers that even Muscari was compelled to recognise his sally with the sword as hopeless. He glanced around him; but the girl had already gone over to soothe and comfort her father; for her natural affection for his person was as strong or stronger than her somewhat snobbish pride in his success. Muscari, with the illogicality of a lover, admired this filial devotion and yet was irritated by it. He slapped his sword back in the scabbard, and went and flung himself somewhat sulkily on one of the green banks. The priest sat down within a yard or two, and Muscari turned his aquiline eye and nose on him in an instantaneous irritation.

"Well," said the poet tartly, "do people still think me too romantic? Are there, I wonder, any brigands left in the mountains?"

"There may be," said Father Brown agnostically.

"What do you mean?" asked the other sharply.

"I mean I am puzzled," replied the priest. "I am puzzled about Ezza or Montano or whatever his name is. He seems to me much more inexplicable as a brigand even than he was as a courier."

"But in what way?" persisted his companion. "Santa Maria! I should have thought the brigand was plain enough."

"I find three curious difficulties," said the priest in a quiet voice. "I should like to have your opinion on them. First of all I must tell you I was lunching in that restaurant at the seaside. As four of you left the room, you and Miss Harrogate went ahead, talking and laughing; the banker and the courier came behind, speaking sparely and rather low. But I could not help hearing Ezza say these words: 'Well, let her have a little fun; you know, the blow may smash her any minute.' Mr. Harrogate answered nothing; so the words must have had some meaning. On the impulse of the moment I warned her brother that she might be in peril; I said nothing of its nature, for I did not know. But if it meant this capture in the hills, the thing is nonsense. Why should the brigand-courier warn his patron, even by a hint, when it was his whole purpose to lure him into the mountain mouse-trap? It could not have meant that. But, if not, what is this other disaster, known both to courier and banker, which hangs over Miss Harrogate's head?"

"Disaster to Miss Harrogate!" ejaculated the poet, sitting up with some ferocity. "Explain yourself; go on."

"All my riddles, however, revolve round our bandit chief," resumed the priest reflectively. "And here is the second of them! Why did he put so prominently, in his demand for ransom, the fact that he had taken two thousand pounds from his victim on the spot? It had no faintest tendency to evoke the ransom. Quite the other way, in fact. Harrogate's friends would be far likelier to fear for his fate if they thought the thieves were poor and desperate. Yet the spoliation on the spot was emphasised and even put first in the demand. Why should Ezza-Montano want so specially to tell all Europe that he had picked the pockets before he levied the blackmail?"

"I can not imagine," said Muscari, rubbing up his black hair for once with an unaffected gesture. "You may think you enlighten me, but you are leading me deeper in the dark. What may be the third objection to the King of the Thieves?"

"The third objection," said Father Brown, still in meditation, "is the bank we are sitting on. Why does our brigand-courier call this his chief fortress and the Paradise of Thieves? It is certainly a soft spot to fall on and a sweet spot to look at. It is also quite true, as he says, that it is invisible from valley and peak, and is therefore a hiding-place. But it is not a fortress. It never could be a fortress. I think it would be the worst fortress in the world. For it is actually commanded from above by the common high-road across the mountains — the very place where the police would most probably pass. Why, five shabby short guns held us helpless here about half an hour ago. The quarter of a company of any kind of soldiers could have blown us over the precipice. Whatever is the meaning of this odd little nook of grass and flowers, it is not an entrenched position. It is something else; it has some other strange sort of importance, some value that I do not understand. It is more like an accidental theatre or a natural green-room; it is like the scene for some romantic comedy; it is like ——"

As the little priest's words lengthened and lost themselves in a dull and dreamy sincerity, Muscari, whose animal senses were alert and impatient, heard a new noise in the mountains. Even for him the sound was as yet very small and faint; but he could have sworn the evening breeze bore with it something like the pulsation of horses' hoofs and a distant halloing.

At the same moment, and long before the vibration had touched the less experienced English ears, Montano, the brigand, ran up the bank above them and stood in the broken hedge, steadying himself against a tree and peering down the road. He was a strange figure as he stood there; for he had assumed a flapped fantastic hat and swinging baldric and cutlass in his capacity of bandit king, but the bright prosaic tweeds of the courier showed through in patches all over him.

The next moment he turned his olive sneering face and made a movement with his hand. The brigands scattered at the signal, not in confusion, but in what was evidently a kind of guerrilla discipline. Instead of occupying the road along the ridge, they sprinkled themselves along the side of it behind the trees and the hedge, as if watching unseen for an enemy. The noise beyond grew stronger, beginning to shake the mountain road; and a voice could be clearly heard calling out orders. The brigands swayed and huddled, cursing and whispering, and the evening air was full of little metallic noises as they cocked their pistols or loosened their knives or trailed their scabbards over the stones. Then the noises from both quarters seemed to meet on the road above: branches broke; horses neighed; men cried out.

"A rescue!" cried Muscari, springing to his feet and waving his hat. "The gendarmes are on them! Now for freedom and a blow for it! Now to be rebels against robbers! Come, don't let us leave everything to the police; that is so dreadfully modern. Fall on the rear of these ruffians! The gendarmes are rescuing us. Come, friends, let us rescue the gendarmes!"

And, throwing his hat over the trees, he drew his cutlass once more and began to escalade the slope up to the road. Frank Harrogate jumped up and ran across to help him, revolver in hand, but was astounded to hear himself imperatively recalled by the raucous voice of his father, who seemed to be in great agitation.

"I won't have it," said the banker in a choking voice; "I command you not to interfere."

"But, father," said Frank warmly, "an Italian gentleman has led the way. You wouldn't have it said that the English hung back."

"It is useless," said the older man, who was trembling violently. "It is hopeless. We must submit to our lot."

Father Brown looked at the banker; then he put his hand instinctively as if on his heart, but really on the little bottle of poison; and a great light came into his face, like the light of the revelation of death.

Muscari meanwhile, without waiting for support, had crested the bank up to the road and struck the brigand king heavily on the shoulder, causing him to stagger and swing round. Montano also had his cutlass unsheathed, and Muscari, without further speech, sent a slash at his head which he was compelled to catch and parry. But, even as the two short blades crossed and clashed, the King of Thieves deliberately dropped his point and laughed.

"What's the good, old man?" he said in spirited Italian slang. "This farce will soon be over."

"What do you mean, you shuffler?" panted the fire-eating poet. "Is your courage a sham as well as your honesty?"

"Everything about me is a sham," responded the ex-courier, in complete good humor. "I am an actor; and if I ever had a private character, I have forgotten it. I am no more a genuine brigand than I am a genuine courier. I am only a bundle of masks, and you can't fight a duel with that." And he laughed with boyish pleasure, and fell into his old straddling attitude, with his back to the skirmish up the road.

Darkness was deepening under the mountain walls, and it was not easy to discern much of the progress of the struggle, save that tall men were pushing their horses' nozzles through a clinging crowd of brigands, who seemed more inclined to harass and hustle the invaders than to kill them. Just as he was rolling his eyes in bewilderment, the poet felt a touch on his elbow, and found the odd little priest standing there, like a small Noah with a large hat, and requesting the favor of a word or two.

"Signor Muscari," said the cleric, "in this queer crisis personalities may be pardoned. You will permit me the impertinent intimacy. But do you care about that girl — care enough to marry her and make her a good husband, I mean?"

"Yes," said the poet quite simply.

"Does she care about you?"

"I think so," was the equally grave reply.

"Then go over there and offer yourself," said the priest. "Offer her everything you can; offer her heaven and earth if you've got them. The time is short."

"Why?" asked the astonished man of letters.

"Because," said Father Brown, "her doom is coming up the road."

Almost as he spoke the hedges were broken all along the ridge by a rush of the escaping brigands. They dived into bushes and thick grass like defeated men pursued; and the great cocked hats of the mounted gendarmerie were seen passing along above the broken hedge. Another order was given; there was a noise of dismounting, and a tall officer with a cocked hat, a grey imperial, and a paper in his hand, appeared in the gap that was the gate of the Paradise of Thieves. There was a momentary silence, broken in an extraordinary way by the banker, who cried out in a strangled voice:

"Robbed! I've been robbed!"

"Why, that was hours ago," cried his son in astonishment — "when you were robbed of two thousand pounds."

"Not of two thousand pounds," said the financier, with an abrupt and terrible composure; "only of a small bottle."

The policeman with the grey imperial was striding across the green hollow. Encountering the King of the Thieves in his path, he clapped him on the shoulder with something between a caress and a buffet, and gave him a push that sent him staggering away.

"You'll get into trouble too," he said, "if you play these tricks."

Again, to Muscari's artistic eye, it seemed scarcely like the capture of a great outlaw at bay. Passing on, the policeman halted before the Harrogate group and said:

"Samuel Harrogate, I arrest you, in the name of the law, for embezzlement of the funds of the Hull and Huddersfield Bank."

The great banker nodded with an odd air of business assent, seemed to reflect a moment, and before they could interpose took a half turn and a step that brought him to the edge of the outer mountain wall. Then, flinging up his hands, he leapt, exactly as he had leapt out of the coach. But this time he did not fall into a little meadow just beneath, but fell a thousand feet below, a wreck of bones in the valley.

The anger of the Italian policeman, which he expressed volubly to Father Brown, was largely mixed with admiration. "It was like him to escape us at last," he said. "*He* was a great brigand, if you like. This last trick of his I believe to be absolutely unprecedented. He fled with the company's money to Italy, and actually got himself captured by sham brigands in his own pay, so as to explain both the disappearance of the money and the disappearance of himself. That demand for ransom was really taken seriously by most of the police. But for years he's been doing things as good as that — quite as good as that. He will be a serious loss to his family."

Muscari was leading away the unhappy daughter, who held hard to him, as she did for many a year after. But even in that tragic wreck he could not help having a smile and a hand of half mocking friendship for the indefensible Ezza-Montano.

"And where are you going next?" he asked him over his shoulder.

"Birmingham," answered the actor, puffing a cigarette. "Didn't I tell you I was a futurist? I really do believe in those things, if I believe in anything. Change, bustle, and new things every morning. I am going to Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Huddersfield, Glasgow, Chicago — in short, to enlightened, energetic, civilized society!"

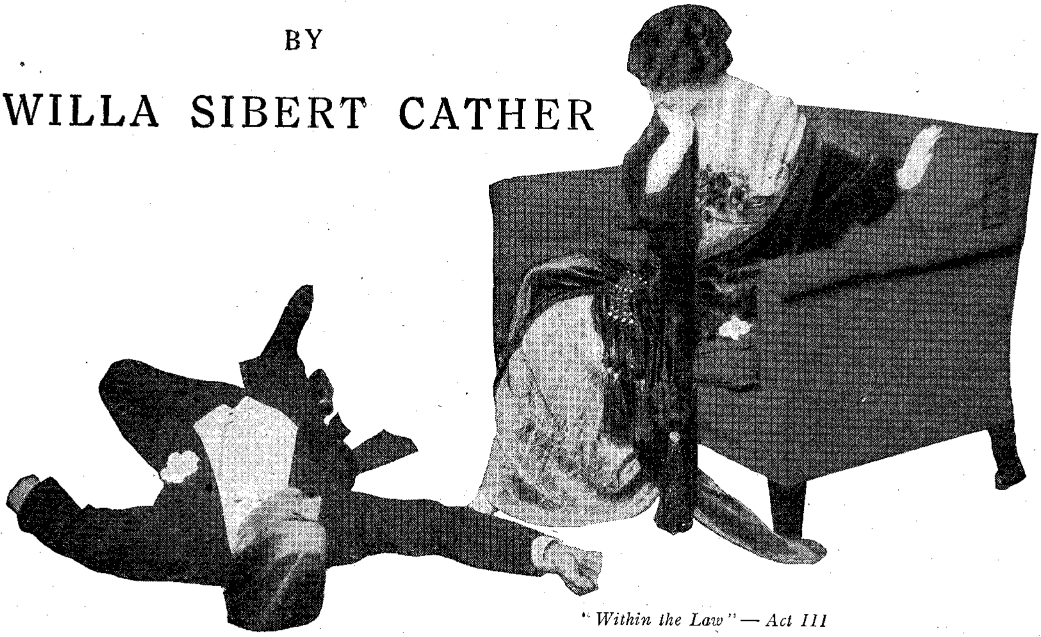
"In short," said Muscari, "to the real Paradise of Thieves."

Another Father Brown story, by Gilbert K. Chesterton— **"The Man in the Passage"** *—will appear in the April* McClure's.

PLAYS OF REAL LIFE

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER



"Within the Law" — Act III

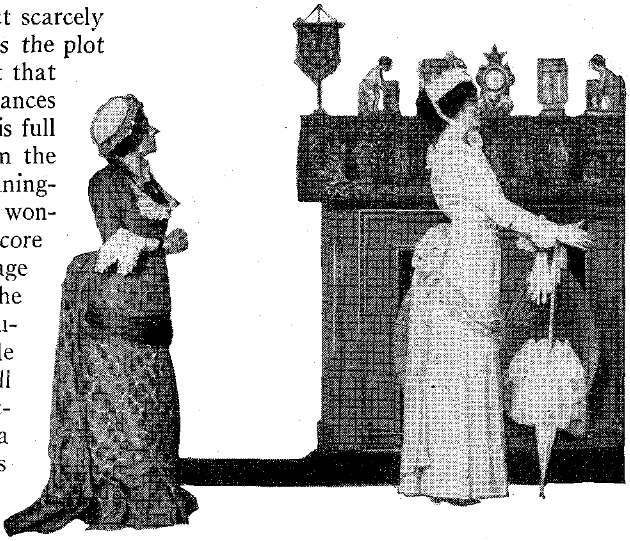
"English Eddie" and Mary Turner. Jane Cowl as the heroine made one of the most successful impersonations of the season

UNQUESTIONABLY the most interesting plays produced in New York this winter before the first of January were "Milestones," "Fanny's First Play," "Hindle Wakes," and "The Mind the Paint Girl." A dramatic season that presents four pieces so fresh and unhackneyed must be accounted a good one.

Sir Arthur Pinero's "The Mind the Paint Girl" seems to have been suggested by the fact that marriages between young English noblemen and music-hall favorites are growing more and more usual, and it deals with the attraction that musical-comedy girls have for young men of Lord Farncombe's class. Since the girls themselves are only a part of this attraction,— a good deal of it lies in their atmosphere, the highly colored world in which they live and do or do not "mind the paint,"— the play is primarily a picture of a kind of life, a kind which young men of gentle breeding find irresistibly alluring.

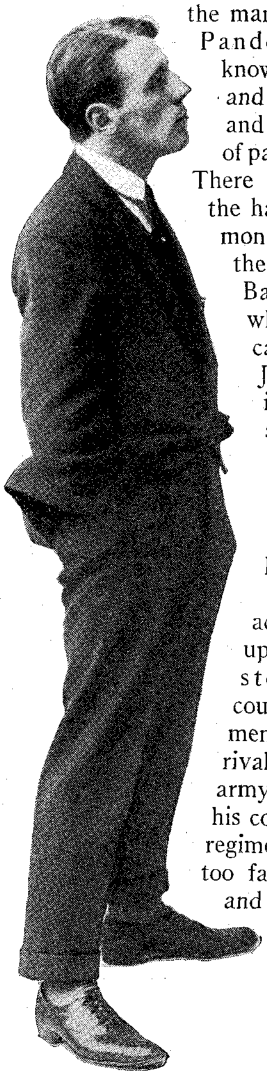
The story is slight: Lily Parradell — born in a little grocery shop across the river, work-girl in a factory when she was ten, taught out of charity by an old dancing master — has fought her way up until she is the reigning favorite at the Pandora, the foremost musical-comedy theater in London. Young Viscount Farncombe is in love with her and wishes to marry her. On the one hand there is Farncombe, not at all a fast boy, rather dull, rather timid, rather bored, but thoroughly decent and so little of a snob that he is not daunted by Lily's old mother, who has not changed in the least since she kept the grocery shop. On the other hand there is Lily Parradell and her "world," into which the well-behaved young lord wistfully gazes. To say that the play is diffuse is superficial. Its object is to depict this "world" of musical comedy — the girls who shine in it, the men who finance it, live on it, write for it, hang about it. The large cast, the brilliant ensemble scenes, every line of the dialogue, go to construct this picture. The story of what actually happened between Lily Parradell and Farncombe is scarcely more than a pretext upon which we are introduced into the life and atmosphere of "The Mind the Paint Girl" and her kind.

Lily Parradell has heeded the warning of the song in which she made her first success, has minded the paint, and, to the great satisfaction of her old mother, has "kept herself respectable." In the first act we are introduced to Lily on her birthday, when her friends are calling to offer their congratulations. The second act presents a birthday dance and supper given for her by the management in the green-room of the Pandora, with Pinero's long cast of characters artfully massed and managed, and with all the persons and motives of the music-hall world in motion. Here Pinero's intimate knowledge of



SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "MILESTONES," IN WHICH TO MARRY

this world makes itself felt. The act scarcely advances the story at all; in so far as the plot is concerned, nothing happens, except that Lily gives Farncombe a few more dances than she had meant to. Yet the act is full of movement and color. Read from the page, it would seem confused and meaningless. The dialogue is contrapuntal, wonderfully orchestrated, spoken by a score of persons who rush upon the stage *en masse* or weave in and out of the picture in couples, presenting and actualizing a kind of society. The people who make up this society are so well known to Pinero that he can characterize them by a line, a gesture, a grimace. There is the manager of the Pandora, who knows his girls and his public and the value of patrons like Farncombe. There are Lily's colleagues: the hard one who wrings a month at Ostend out of the agonized German Baron, and the soft one who purrs a new motor-car out of the lisping Jew, De Castro. There is Vincent Bland, the song-writer, and Lal Roper, stout and middle-aged, who has a business in the City and lives to follow the lights of the Pandora.



ROLAND YOUNG AS ALAN JEFFCOTE, THE MILL-OWNER'S SON, IN "HINDLE WAKES"

The two remaining acts of the play take up and put through the story of Farncombe's courtship, and the retirement in his favor of his rival, Captain Jeyes, an army officer who resigned his commission because his regimental duties took him too far from the Pandora, and who for six years has hung about London to take Lily Parradell to and from the theater, and to suffer tortures of jealousy every day of every week, as new worshipers came and went. Jeyes is a very significant figure of the Pandora world — the young man who insists upon being romantic and ruining himself, who seems to have been especially created to nourish the vanity of actresses. "Catnip men," a French actress once called them.

Miss Billie Burke, as the heroine, did much to give the play verisimilitude. She had the manifest advantage of being, in a sense, the character. If the part had been more warmly done, it would probably have been less true. The rather tight, dry style, with a little rasp in it, seems to be what is needed here. Both Miss Burke and Sir Arthur Pinero know what it is that "comes across" in the music-hall.

WHILE "Fanny's First Play" can by no means be ranked among Mr. George Bernard Shaw's best plays, it is one of the most amusing, and its unconventionality pleased the New York public. Mr. Shaw sets out to ridicule certain conventions — theatrical conventions, domestic and social conventions. Miss Fanny O'Dowda, a student at a woman's college in Cambridge and member of a socialist society, has written a play, and her father arranges to have it produced on her birthday — produced by a professional company, with the London critics in attendance to pass judgment upon the piece. Count O'Dowda, an esthetic survival of the eighteenth century, has not read the play himself, and probably would not have understood much of it if he had. The name of the author is withheld from the company and critics, as Miss O'Dowda wishes no allowance made for her youth and sex.

On the evening when the play is to be given,

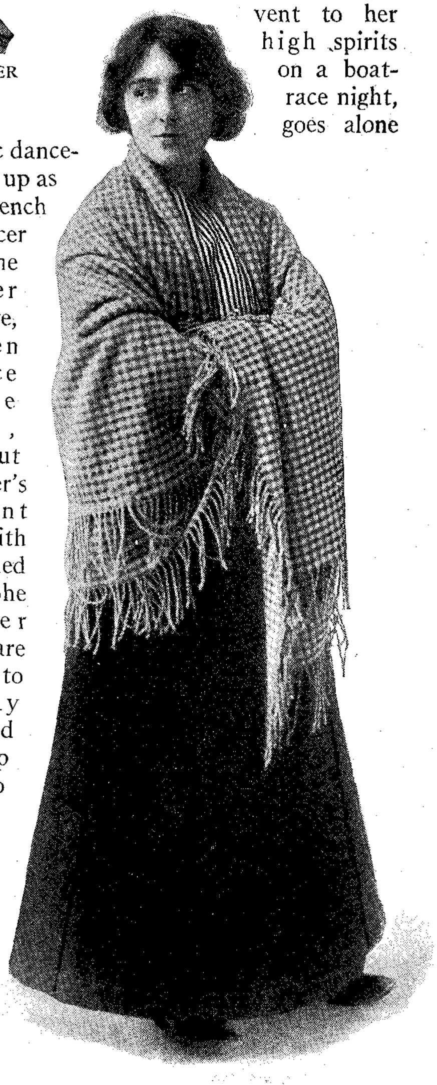
JOHN RHEAD'S DAUGHTER EMILY IS FORCED BY HER FATHER LORD MONKHURST

the critics meet at Count O'Dowda's house and before dinner deliver themselves upon plays and play-writing in general. They insist upon knowing the authorship of the play they have come to see. "How," says Gunn, "is one to know what to say about a play, if one doesn't know the author?" Says Bannel: "You wouldn't say the same thing about a Pinero play and one by Henry Arthur Jones." After this introduction follows Fanny O'Dowda's play, in three acts. When Fanny's play is over, the critics come forward and attempt to decide upon the authorship. In attempting to place the play in the right locker, the critics take up the best known English playwrights one after another, and, in their own way, define the work of Mr. Shaw and his contemporaries, tagging each playwright by some external and unimportant characteristic that has nothing to do with his real manner or method, much less with his dramatic purpose. They characterize each brand of modern play by comments which remind one of the woman who said she "could always tell Meredith's style, because there were so many parentheses."

This *divertissement* by the dramatic critics by no means exhausts the satiric humor of the piece, though it seems to have attracted more attention than anything else in the play, both here and in London. The complexion of Fanny's budding talents seems to have afforded Mr. Shaw a great deal of amusement; he fairly outdoes himself to be shocking in the play he makes Fanny write. He seems to relish the notion of attributing a flippant and rather "raw" burlesque on the respectable, middle-class English home to a young girl, gently bred. This, Mr. Shaw seems to chuckle, is the sort of thing young ladies who are impelled toward literature are thinking about to-day.

But to Fanny's own play. Knox and Gilbey are partners, drapers, most respectable. Margaret Knox is betrothed to Bobby Gilbey — both young people have been reared in the pure atmosphere of the British tradesman's home, and both are being carefully educated. Margaret, whose mother is a religious fanatic, has had rather more than her fair share of cant. But both young people, according to Fanny, are quite unregenerate, normal savages, absolutely untouched by the moral and social standards under which they apparently live. Margaret, to give vent to her high spirits on a boat-race night, goes alone to a public dance-hall, picks up as escort a French naval officer whom she has never seen before, and, when the police raid the place, knocks out an officer's two front teeth with a well aimed blow. She and her escort are taken to Holloway jail and locked up for two weeks.

Bobby goes out for a lark with "Darling Dora," a little girl who lives



FANNY HAWTHORN, THE REBELLIOUS HEROINE IN "HINDLE WAKES," AS PLAYED BY MISS EMELIE POLINI as she can and who has been in jail before. They go to a dance-hall, drink too much, exchange hats, and walk about the streets singing until they are sent to jail for disturbing the peace and resisting arrest. And yet these are all, as they say in New England, pleasant young people, not at all vicious or unattractive. Even "Darling Dora," Fanny thinks, is not in the least a degraded person. Here, says Fanny, we have the normal young of the species, expressing their healthy animal spirits. That they get locked up is, of course, an accident for the young people, a structural convenience for Fanny. But neither Fanny nor Bobby nor Margaret regard two weeks in jail as a retribution — the blush is for the jail!

When Margaret finds out that she likes liberty, she is honest about it; she says she enjoyed the dance-hall and the street fight; she conceals nothing about the policeman's teeth, not even the teeth themselves, which she keeps as a trophy; and she avows that she has long been in love with Bobby's butler. But living under a respectable roof, and expressing his youth under cover, has made a sad sneak of Bobby. He cuts his little Dora when he is out walking with his mother, and coaxes the butler to tell him how he can break his engagement and put all the blame of it on Margaret. And Fanny does manage to put the onus of Bobby's unattractive qualities on his respectable bringing up. He is certainly more likable in his natural unregenerateness than when he tries to conform to what he thinks respectable. One imagines that "Darling Dora" sees the best of him, when he "always imagines himself a kitten and bites her ankles coming up the stairs."

In the last act the old gods of the British hearthstone meet their twilight, crumble to dust at the thrust of Fanny's bold quill. Everybody takes down the Sunday shutters and lays bare the windows of his soul: Bobby declares that he will have nobody but his Dora; Margaret proclaims her love for the butler; the butler modestly confesses that he is the son of a duke, that his older brother has just died, and that he has succeeded to the title; Margaret's fanatical mother admits that she is not so sure about the "inner light," after all; and the two drapers, Knox and Gilbey, resolve to take a highball and be less respectable in the future. One can't help wondering whether Fanny would advise a similar relaxation in all British households, and where, if it occurred, she thinks we would come out. Fanny has her own engaging ideas to tie to; they will always keep her up to a certain pitch. But people without ideas must have something. The question is, whether Fanny might not find Knox and Gilbey less interesting, unrespectable than respectable; and Mrs. Knox's hysteria might easily take a more offensive form than religious mania.

A PLAY that every one hoped to find interesting was Mr. Edward Sheldon's "The High Road." This expectation seemed warranted both by the fact that Mrs. Fiske was to play the leading rôle and that the piece was the work of a young playwright of exceptional promise, who has many well-wishers. The play was, however, a disappointment, and left New York after a run of two months.

"The High Road" purports to deal with the new activities of women, and the kind of woman such activities develop.

The first act opens on an up-State farm, shut in by hills, where Mary Page is the drudge of a brutal old father who has worked his wife to death and is now grinding his daughter down in the same routine of farm chores. Young Alan Wilson, son of a millionaire, who has been sketching in the country and boarding at the farm-house, at the end of the first act persuades Mary to run away with him to see the world. Throughout the act the dramatist endeavors to disclose in her such unusual qualities of mind and feeling as to warrant this unusual behavior. But Mr. Sheldon sets about proving his point in exactly the wrong way. He makes the girl bookish; she talks too much and too glibly about what she has learned at school and observed in nature. Only Mrs. Fiske's natural and unemphatic acting saved the character from self-consciousness and artificiality. It would be hard to find a stronger instance of ineffective dramatic preparation.

Even in a novel, self-revelation of the kind the author has put upon Mary Page would be superficial and artificial. The character is not treated imaginatively; it is done from the outside. One feels no emotional depth in the girl. Her desire to see beyond the hills that shut in her father's farm, to find wider horizons where her soul can have room to grow, is the theme of the first act — indeed, of the play. But there is nothing here to convince one that this feeling is different from any little country girl's desire to see the world. In the long monologues that the author has set down for Mary, there is nothing to denote either strong feeling or the imaginative quality which he seems to wish her to possess. It is not the child who "makes up" things who is imaginative. The child who tells you she is always finding portraits and landscapes in the clouds, for example, is not an imaginative child, but a commonplace child. No young girl who had in her the feeblest germ of poetic feeling would, after reading "Romeo and Juliet" for

SCENE FROM "THE MIND THE PAINT GIRL." MISS BILLIE BURKE AND MR. HERBERT, WHO PLAYS CAPTAIN JEYES, THE JEALOUS LOVER WHO HAS THROWN BY HIS CAREER TO FOLLOW THE STAR OF THE PANDORA the first time, close the book and name her dog Romeo—a dog that was already named Abraham Lincoln! A girl who would do that would never do anything very rash. Any political aspirant would be safe in marrying her; she would have a spotless past.

Synge, in his little play "In the Shadow of the Glen," makes us feel the reality of such emotion and such imagination in an illiterate Irish peasant woman. When she walks off with the tramp in the end, we know there was nothing else for her to do.

The second act, three years later, finds Mary Page living as Alan Wilson's mistress in a sumptuous apartment on Riverside Drive, surrounded by Titians and Giorgiones. She has tired of idleness and luxury, and has decided to leave Alan and go to work in a shirt-waist factory for six dollars a week. Again Mr. Sheldon uses the external method. There is not one incident to show us that her present life has become intolerable to her, and nothing, beyond a marked volume of Karl Marx on her table, to show us that she has become interested in working-girls. Mary is left to explain her motives to Alan Wilson and to the audience. Many of her lines here are very moving, and Mrs. Fiske read them with great sincerity and beautiful feeling. But they were not enough. To be effective, this explanation with Alan should come after some incident which made us feel the birth of new sympathies and aspirations in Mary Page. An audience can not reach a sympathetic understanding of an emotional, much less a spiritual, revolt in a woman merely by hearing her argue her case, even though she argues well.

When Mary Page leaves Alan, she has done very little to prove that she is different from any other young woman who might have been found living in his apartment. Everything is before her to do; she has to make her own life, atone for a disastrous if not a fatal mistake. She has certainly something to make up to herself. But the eighteen years in which she accomplished this, in which she struggled and suffered and grew stronger, and began to help other struggling women, are a closed book to us. We do not meet Mary Page, from the night she left Alan Wilson's apartment, until we meet her in the Governor's office at Albany, a "public woman," president of the Women's Industrial League, author of many books dealing with industrial problems. Miss Page marries the Governor, assists him in his campaign when he is a candidate for the Presidency, and is threatened with exposure by a capitalist who once met her in Wilson's flat, and whose interests her husband's intended industrial reforms would jeopardize. This is all familiar dramatic material. These situations have been used for heroines of every sort, and they are not used here in a way that reveals anything of Mary Page's real nature. The third act brings us not much nearer to her than "Who's Who" would do; it is a mere inventory of her activities. In the fourth act she is caught in an old trap, and in the fifth she extricates herself in a way not new.

The growth of the girl who left Wilson's flat, that night, into a woman who works for other women, would be an interesting development to follow; and such a character, made real and living, would be fresh dramatic material. But Mr. Sheldon omits her struggle, everything

"Within the Law"—the thieving shop-girl who let Mary Turner go to prison on a false charge

EDWARD SHELDON'S "THE HIGH ROAD" AND BAY-
WITH WORKING-GIRLS. IN MR. SHELDON'S PLAY
AND "PUBLICIST"; IN MR. VEILLER'S
WHO SWINDLES WITH IMPUNITY

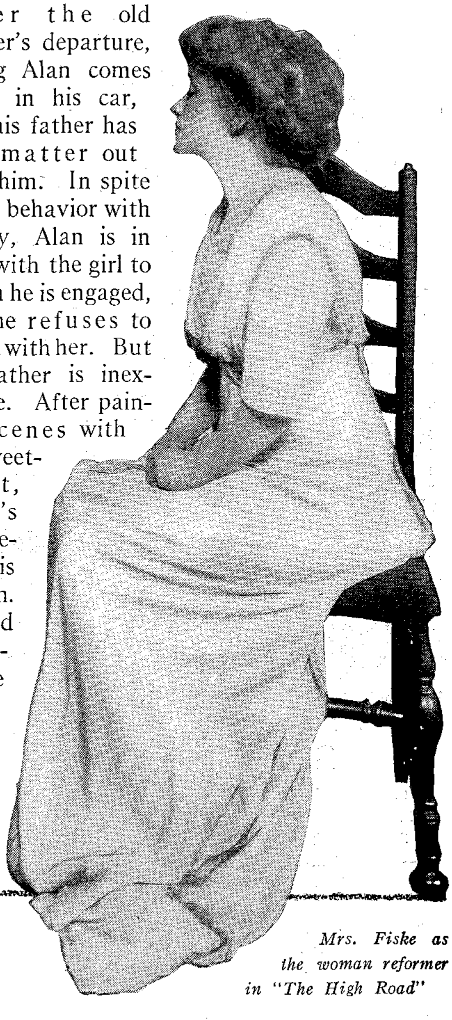
that made her what she was, and asks us to take the really dramatic part of her life for granted. When he brings her upon the stage again, a finished product, the situation with which she is confronted is such as might confront any woman who had something to conceal, and who had married a public man. The heroine in Mr. Fagan's "The Earth" (played by Lena Ashwell) was confronted by a situation almost identical, and she extricated herself in the same way. There is nothing in the action here to define Mary Page's character, any more than there is in the dialogue of the first acts. The curtain falls, and the woman reformer escapes unpresented.

THE working-girl seems to be a tempting bait to playwrights just now. Mr. Bayard Veiller, in his play "Within the Law," has taken a nibble at it. His play, though much less ambitious than Mr. Sheldon's, is, on the whole, more interesting and consistent. The story of the working-girl who is falsely charged with theft, who is imprisoned and afterward comes out to prey upon society, is not new; but Mr. Veiller has taken it up from a new angle and has told it in a stirring melodrama. When the injured girl is being sent away to prison, she breaks out in an appeal to her employer, revealing to him some of the hard conditions that drive shop-girls to steal. From the enthusiasm with which the audience received this speech night after night, one might predict that very substantial rewards await the man who is enough in sympathy with these things to write a play about real working-girls and their problems.

THE only play given in New York this season that touched upon the feminist movement or the industrial position of women at all vitally was Stanley Houghton's new play, "Hindle Wakes." The play did not meet here with a shadow of the success it had in London. It is written in the quiet tone popular among the younger English dramatists, who are so determined not to be artificially conclusive that they are sometimes more inconclusive than they need be. But they are certainly bringing to the stage fresh material; and, cutting into new cloth, they have the right to cut it to a new pattern. The plot is slight, but the characters are very real people, with clearly defined individuality, and the dialogue is living human speech, colored by strong human feelings.

The play begins in the cottage of a workman in the textile district of England. Old Christopher Hawthorn and his wife are awaiting the return of their daughter, Fanny, a weaver in the mills, who went away with her friend Mary to spend Bank-holiday in a neighboring town. The old couple have learned that Fanny left Mary, and has deceived them as to her whereabouts. When Fanny returns, she tries to stick to her deception; but when she learns that Mary was drowned by the capsizing of a pleasure boat, on the day she left her, Fanny breaks down and admits that she motored to Llandudno with Alan Jeffcote, the mill-owner's son, and spent the week-end with him there.

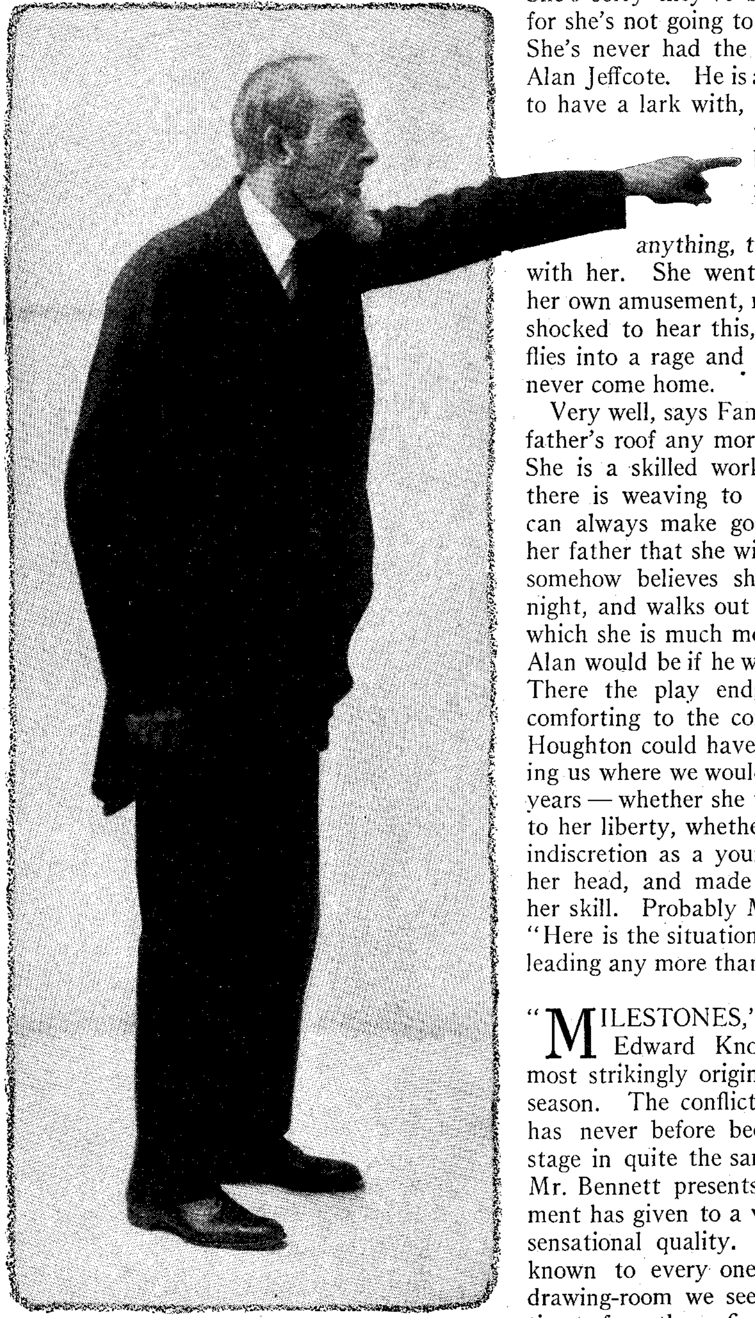
Old Christopher goes up to the mill-owner's house that night. Christopher and old Jeffcote had been workmen together when they were lads. In a splendid scene between these two old men — a scene that lets one into their natures and the story of their lives — Jeffcote promises Christopher that Alan shall break off his engagement to Sir Anthony Farrar's daughter and shall marry Fanny Hawthorn. After the old weaver's departure, young Alan comes home in his car, and his father has the matter out with him. In spite of his behavior with Fanny, Alan is in love with the girl to whom he is engaged, and he refuses to break with her. But his father is inexorable. After painful scenes with his sweetheart, Alan's engagement is broken. Old Jeffcote sends for



Mrs. Fiske as the woman reformer in "The High Road"

ARD VEILLER'S "WITHIN THE LAW" BOTH DEAL
THE WORKING-GIRL BECOMES A REFORMER
SHE BECOMES A CLEVER ADVENTURESS
BY KEEPING "WITHIN THE LAW"

Christopher Hawthorn to bring his wife and daughter up to the house and arrange for the marriage. Fanny comes in with her mill-girl's shawl over her head, sits down, and does not once open her mouth while the Hawthorns and Jeffcotes arrange the marriage. When they come to the question of whether the wedding shall be a large or small one, they ask her which she would prefer. Fanny begins to laugh and says she wonders that they should consult her. She's sorry they've been put to such trouble, for she's not going to have any wedding at all. She's never had the least notion of marrying Alan Jeffcote. He is a good fellow, well enough to have a lark with, but she means to have a very different sort of husband; she is not going to marry out of her class. Alan doesn't owe her anything, that he should be saddled with her. She went with him to Wales for her own amusement, not for his. Even Alan is shocked to hear this, and old Mrs. Hawthorn flies into a rage and tells Fanny that she can never come home.



NATHANIEL JEFFCOTE, THE OLD MILL-OWNER, THE STRONGEST FIGURE IN "HINDLE WAKES," WHO SWEARS THAT HIS SON SHALL MARRY THE MILL-GIRL HE HAS COMPROMISED

Very well, says Fanny. She doesn't need her father's roof any more than she needs Alan's. She is a skilled workwoman, and as long as there is weaving to be done in England, she can always make good wages. She promises her father that she will not disgrace him,—one somehow believes she means it,—says good night, and walks out to take care of herself—which she is much more capable of doing than Alan would be if he were driven out from home. There the play ends. It would have been comforting to the conventional-minded if Mr. Houghton could have added another act showing us where we would find Fanny in, say, five years—whether she was really able to live up to her liberty, whether she recovered from her indiscretion as a young workman would, kept her head, and made the most of her life and her skill. Probably Mr. Houghton would say: "Here is the situation; I don't know where it's leading any more than any one else does."

"MILESTONES," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, is certainly the most strikingly original play brought out this season. The conflict between youth and age has never before been introduced upon the stage in quite the same terse, direct way that Mr. Bennett presents it, and his novel treatment has given to a very quiet play an almost sensational quality. The plot is by this time known to every one. In the same London drawing-room we see three successive generations of youth, on fire with love, dreams, ideas, come up against the unimaginativeness, the fading mental vision, the cooling arteries, of age. We see each young man when he is big with the idea that is to register him in the world; either he must eat his grandfather or throttle his idea. Although the acts of the play are twenty-five years apart, the playwrights have, in effect, preserved the dramatic unities. The three acts occur in the same room of the same house,— done over to suit the fashion of each period,— and the playwrights are regarding time from the scientific standpoint, as always the same.

The objection has been made that in "Milestones" there is no progression, that the same thing happens over and over in each act, and that each act presents a new set of characters. But this is not the case. In each act the force of the new generation manifests itself in an entirely different manner from that of the generation before. It not only proposes to do something different: it behaves differently, has a tone and color of its own. Nor does each act introduce a new set of characters. John Rhead, splendidly impersonated by Mr. Leslie Faber, dominates the play from first to last; he remains the powerful personality, long after the fire has gone out of him. When we see him in the later acts, with his dull, burnt-out eyes, his imagination dead, his charge spent, we feel that he is still the finest figure among them. His teeming date is drunk up with time, and it is the young fellows who are doing things now. But his fruitful hour, while he had it, was richer than theirs, his dream was bigger, and it has left a noble stamp upon him. Even the Honorable Muriel, his Suffragette granddaughter, who has the most modern ideas about parental authority and often loses patience with her grandfather's domineering ways, admires him.

After all, old John had his way with two generations; in his youth, when he dreamed of iron ships, and in his middle age, when he bullied his daughter into marrying Lord Monkhurst. It takes the third generation to eat him! But in the Honorable Muriel he meets his match. She doesn't make scenes, but she isn't in the least afraid of them, and she won't be bullied. On his golden-wedding night she puts the old man in a fury by announcing her engagement to her cousin Dick. John's women-folk have always been his slaves. When he asked Rose to marry him, in his splendid youth, she told him that "he could never know how much she wanted to be his slave." His sister, Gertrude, broke off her engagement out of loyalty to John's idea, and remained a dependent spinster all her life, to be patronized and humiliated by her brother. John's daughter belonged to a soft period, when "The Mikado" was young, when Ouida's novels were called "light reading" and William Morris "solid reading." John had an easy victory with her. But the Honorable Muriel simply amazes him. She is so pretty, candid, truthful, so easy and sincere. None of the old sentimental tricks,

EDITH BARWELL, WHO DOES A SPLENDID CHARACTER BIT IN "MILESTONES" AS NANCY, THE TYPEWRITER GIRL FROM YORKSHIRE, WHOM CONSERVATIVE MR. SIBLEY MARRIES by which daughters and granddaughters are usually worsted in argument, have any effect upon her. She remains calm and reasonable and unshaken. She will marry Dick because they can't give her any good reason why she shouldn't.

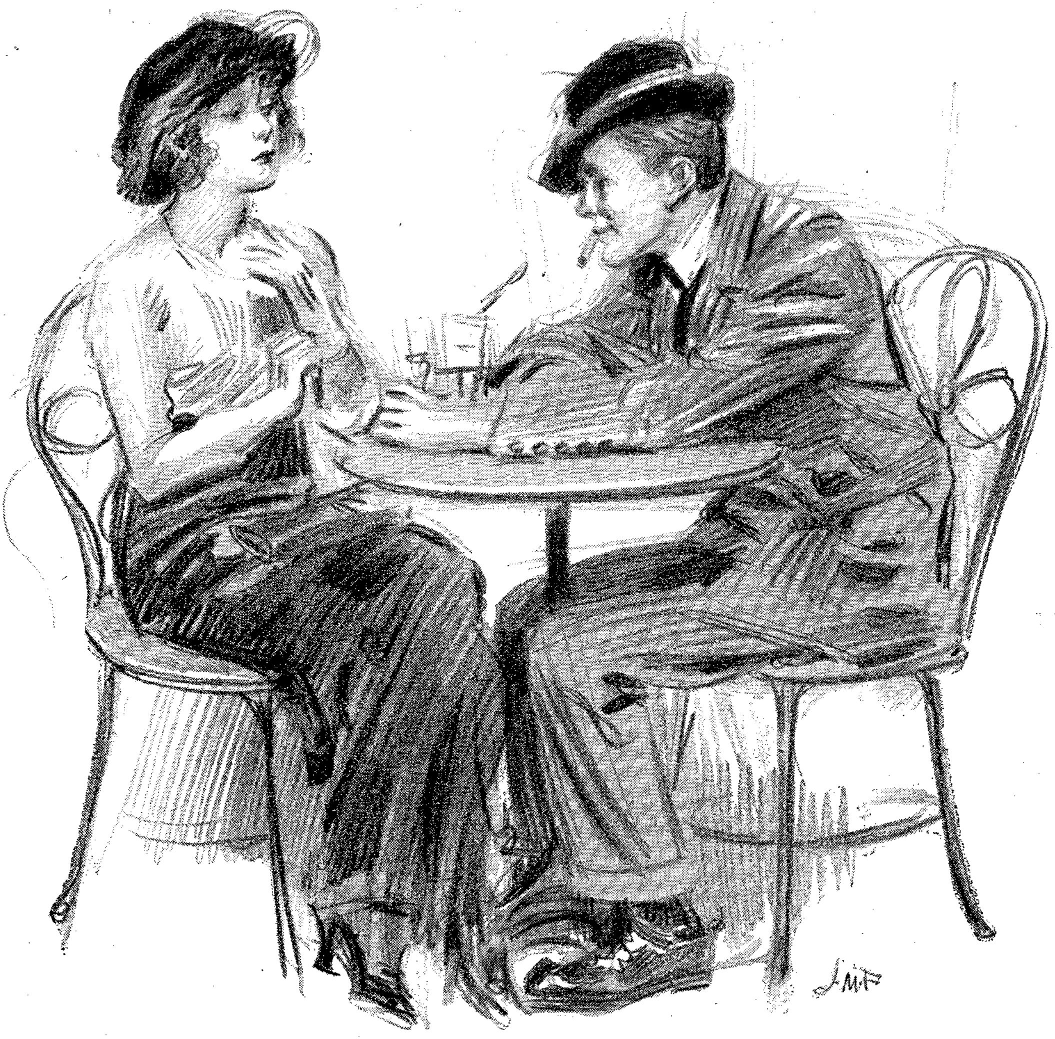
No wonder that, as John Rhead sits by the fire that night, with the old wife whom he has loved and ruled for fifty years, listening to the cracked singing of the old sister whom he has bullied ever since she was born, he says: "All the same, I have said it before and I say it again: the women aren't what they were in my young day. They lack" — with an inclination toward his old wife — "they lack charm!" At this moment the door opens and Muriel comes softly in to make it up to the old man whom she has vexed. Then comes one of those moments which occur so seldom on the stage, and which are remembered so long and so gratefully. Not a word is spoken. The girl goes up to the old man, leans over him, and holds her cheek against his. Then she takes a rose she is wearing, kisses the heart of the flower, and leaves it in her grandfather's hand. Old John's eyes follow her retreating figure, and when the door closes he shakes his head and murmurs to his wife: "We live and learn, we live and learn." Fortunate the play that has such an ending!

The play is almost without apparent "construction." One never hears the click of its machinery. There are no "big scenes" artificially brought about for their dramatic effectiveness, no overheard conversations, no accidental meetings or unlikely coincidences. The inherent vigor of the motive carries the play through. It is like a spiral spring; once released, it will go its length without any prodding. The dialogue, too, is simple. There are no brilliant speeches. The lines are homely, commonplace in themselves, the plain speech of living people. But they are intensely dramatic, none the less, because of the situations that lie behind them. And the situations are dramatic, not in themselves, but because one is interested in the characters concerned in them. All good plays begin with the author's power of creating character. If his people are real enough and interesting enough, anything that happens to them is interesting. If his characters are thin, then his ingenuity must be great to hold our attention at all. People, not an order of events, are the real excitement of the drama. One might almost say that on the stage only the intensely personal and the strongly individual is really interesting. The dramatist outlives his plays.

Of course, the fundamental reason that "Milestones" is a good play is that Mr. Arnold Bennett is a very individual writer, with certain very clearly marked sympathies. His literary personality is the living breath that animates the play. The themes of this play are the same as those in his best novels — his sympathy with women, for example, as the burden-bearers of the social order and of the old sentimental ideals of family life. That solid old institution, the middle-class family, he regards as a sort of sullen idol that can be propitiated and kept smiling only by the sacrifices of women: of the servant who drudges herself into a sexless machine in the kitchen; of the spinster who is condemned to a parasitic existence under some roof where she must help to keep the big god bright; of the young girls who are kept at home and cheated of their chance to live in order that they may minister to the comfort of the old and the unfeeling.

The major theme of the play is that which Mr. Bennett treated with so much sympathy and insight in his novel "The Old Wives' Tale" — the conflict between youth and age, the unintentional, unavoidable cruelty of the old toward the young, and of the young toward the old. No writer, except Tolstoy, has ever treated this relation so truthfully or so understandingly. Mr. Bennett takes the biologist's rather than the poet's view of both youth and age. Youth is the only really valuable thing in the world, not because it is "youth," a pretty name, a charming quality, but because it is force, potency, a physiological fact. A kind of power can be extracted from youth that can be obtained nowhere else in the world — or in the stars; and this is the only power that will drive the world ahead. It makes the new machine, the new commerce, the new drama, the new generation; it is Fecundity. The individual possesses this power for only a little while, a few years. He is sent into the world charged with it, but he can't keep it a day beyond its allotted time. He has his hour when he can do, live, become. If he devotes these years to self-sacrifice, to caring for an aged parent or helping to support his brother's children, God may reward him, but Nature will not forgive him. The kind of self-sacrifice that has so long been accounted a virtue, which is the very corner-stone of the old family ideal, Nature punishes more cruelly than she does any other mistake.

Nobody has dealt more feelingly and appreciatively than Mr. Bennett with the charm of age, and nowhere has he made it more felt than in "Milestones." People are in many ways more interesting after they have lost their rocket quality. But the world *could* get on without the old; without the young it can not.



"'YOU CAN GET TWO SUNDAES FOR TWO BITS IN THIS JOINT — TOTAL SAVING, A NICKEL. THAT JUST SHOWS THE ECONOMY OF MARRIAGE'"

THE LITTLE BOOSTER

Two Skyscrapers and Mrs. Casey

BY WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HAD Leonidas advertised for a lady helper to assist in defending the pass at Thermopylae against any number of invading Persians, he could not have done better than to have chosen Mrs. Mary Casey. Also, she would have been useful for holding bridges with Horatius; for it was she who, by her single-handed prowess, held a gap between two tall buildings against the strongest army of real-estate speculators ever assembled in the city of San Bruno, State of California. No name in the directory was more hated of land brokers than was hers, no ground more coveted than the 100 x 150 foot plot on which her tiny, shabby cottage crouched stubbornly between those lofty commercial towers which, like fabled giants, had suddenly risen out of nothing to overcome her. On the right it was the new Insoluble Trust Building, on the left the sky-aspiring department-store of Nathan Rosewasser.

These buildings were the commercial pride of booming San Bruno; and that Mrs. Casey's lot was wanted as the site for a still more imposing structure was a secret so open that it was shouted daily over every other telephone in town. Yet Mrs. Casey continued to raise chickens on her priceless holdings — two dozen scrawny Plymouth Rocks, whose daily egg-songs vied with the click of typewriters in the offices on either side. Every little while some undiscouraged agent would enter her domain prepared to offer her as high as a quarter of a million dollars for her place; and, like the hero in the ballad, said agent would always "walk right in, and turn right round, and walk right out again." If he did not walk, he ran; for Mrs. Casey was taller and broader than most men, and at short range her dish-pan was a deadly weapon.

C. W. Ketchum, from his window on the tenth floor, cast an evil eye upon the widow's roof. He knew how to clear half a million by buying that lot within thirty days, and he could have murdered the big woman for her mulishness. Like many another great sinner, he was an eager stone-thrower. He hated Mrs. Casey's stubborn resistance; yet his own dog-in-the-manger attitude concerning the sale of certain property to the City Park was common talk among the honest Boosters. But it was Ketchum's way. And, as he yearned for Mrs. Casey's lot with a great passion, he resolved to make life so miserable for her that she would have to move. So Brian Boru Blaney happened upon her persecutions.

Anybody would have noticed Brian crossing Central Square that morning, because he wore a suit that rivaled the blue jay in its vivid coloring. In his pocket he jingled his last hundred dollars, the rest of his profits on the Healthy View sale having faded into Utopia Addition. He was thinking hard. Being in love, instinct urged him to ask an uncertain question of a certain girl. Then he fingered the sparse coinage between his thumb and forefinger, and pondered the fallacy of matrimony without patrimony.

"Somp'n' burnin'," said Brian, sniffing the odor of hot rags. Looking across the square, he saw a vast smudge of smoke rising from the street and pouring through the gut between the Insoluble and the Rosewasser buildings. A woman's voice hurled invective in the tone of outdoor Suffrage oratory.

"They're smokin' Mary out again," said Policeman Jones of the Park squad.

"I don't hear any riot call. Are y' blind on that side?" asked Brian.

"It's off me beat," replied Jones, retreating with that air of virtue peculiar to policemen in New York, Sodom, and other centers of graft and culture.

Brian pulled his green velvet hat over his eyes and raced across the square in the direction of the smudge. The gap between the two vast buildings formed a natural flue which drew the smoke straight across Mrs. Casey's house. A vicious circle of spectators had formed about the small but exciting drama, framing a picture which Brian saw from an elbow-space in the front row.

A seedy workman, going about it with all the dignity of a high priest performing a sacred rite, stood shoveling street litter on the pyre. Another workman, smoking a pipe, stood amusingly receiving the volleying abuse that flamed from the lips of a huge Irishwoman who carried a bucket in either hand, setting one down occasionally to add a telling gesture to some lofty flight of Billingsgate.

"Look at him, wud ye, th' dirthy I. W. W. — too lazy to raise th' hand av him to honest worruk, so he must be afther buildin' foires on th' dure-step av a lone woman. Take that grin off yer mug!"

Mrs. Casey suddenly reached for the offending grin, and came sufficiently near the mark to knock the workman's pipe several feet across the cleared space. (Laughter and applause.)

"Who sint ye here on this divil's errand?" she demanded.

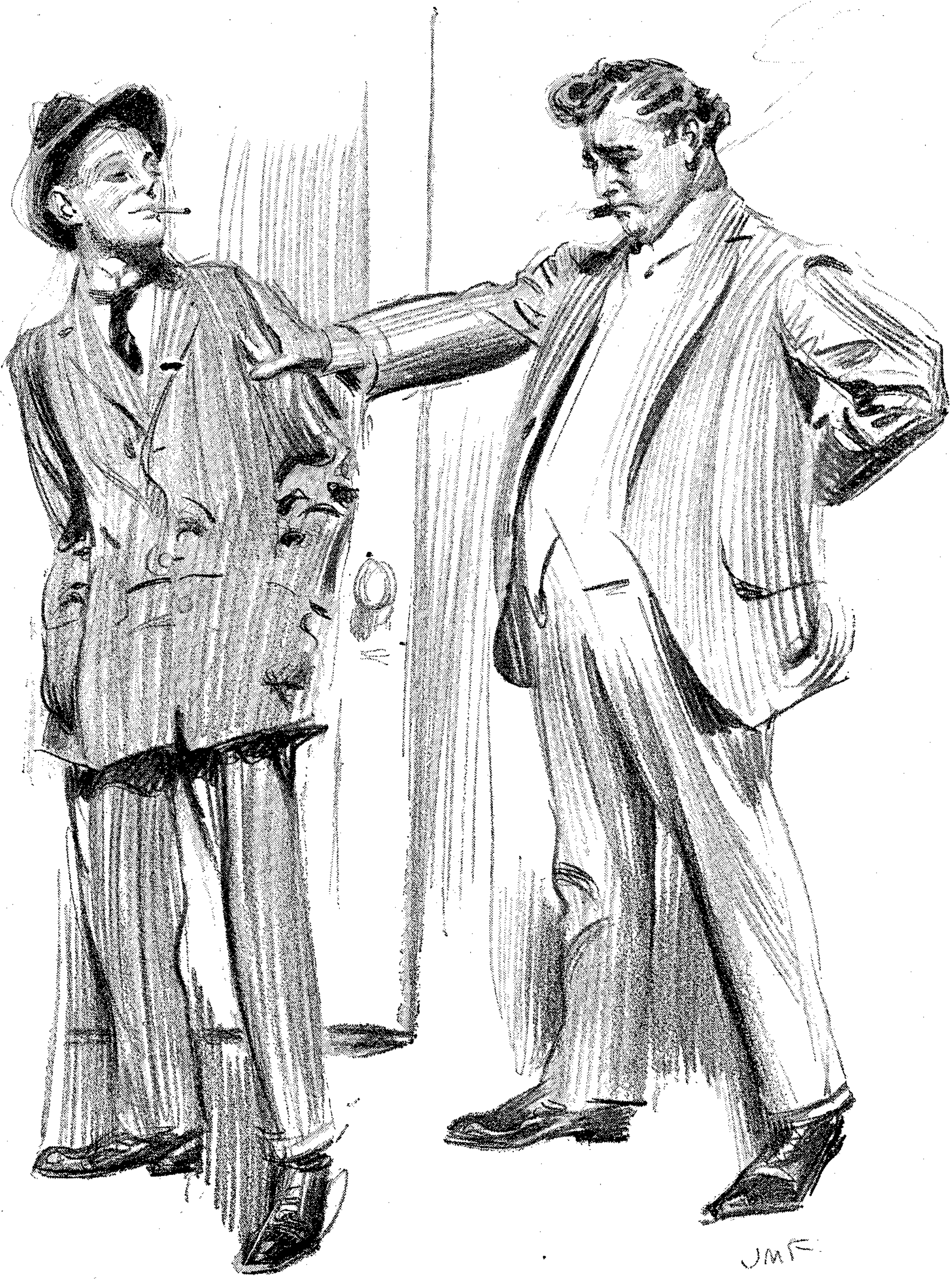
"Orders from the Board o' Health, lady," said the workman, mending his pipe.

"Th' Board o' Pesthouses, ye mean! I know who's back o' this job — Ketchum an' Sellers, bad cess to ther black sowls!"

Her red forefinger pointed to a gilt sign on the tenth floor of the Insoluble.

"May the mold rot ther dirthy money an' th' itch come to thim that counts it!" she shrieked.

And, as a sort of emotional climax to her curse, she seized a bucket of water and turned it over the head of the nearest workman. Taking advantage of the confusion, she made for the fire with the other bucket, and was about to empty it when the second workman jumped forward and defended the sacred flame with a shovel held bayonet fashion. Mrs. Casey



"'GEE!' WHISPERED BRIAN BORU. 'AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A BOOSTER!'. . . 'GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!' HE SHOUTED" gripped him by the hair, the workman rapped her knuckles with the handle of the shovel, and the crowd laughed.

Brian Boru Blaney, a bright-hued streak of wrath, shot forth from the crowd and wrenched the shovel from the man's hands. The embattled foemen stood aghast at this unexpected appearance of the Blue Knight.

"Look here, Neroo," said he, his Celtic eyes showing gun-metal blue as he held the spade like a baseball bat a convenient distance from the workman's nose, "I guess this burlesque show's gone about an act too far. Chuck the douse on Little Vesuvius, Mrs. Casey!"

"God bless ye for a man!" sobbed the fat woman, as the water struck the smudge with a great hiss.

"It's the boss's orders," whined the man.

"Carry 'em out!" suggested Brian, shaving the man's chin with the cutting edge of the tool.

The workman looked round for his companion. He was gone. So he withdrew in a flame of profanity, while the crowd giggled.

"You're a soft bunch o' rubber, ain't you!" sneered the Little Booster to the audience in general.

"There's a rale gintleman alive — saints be praised for th' miracle!"

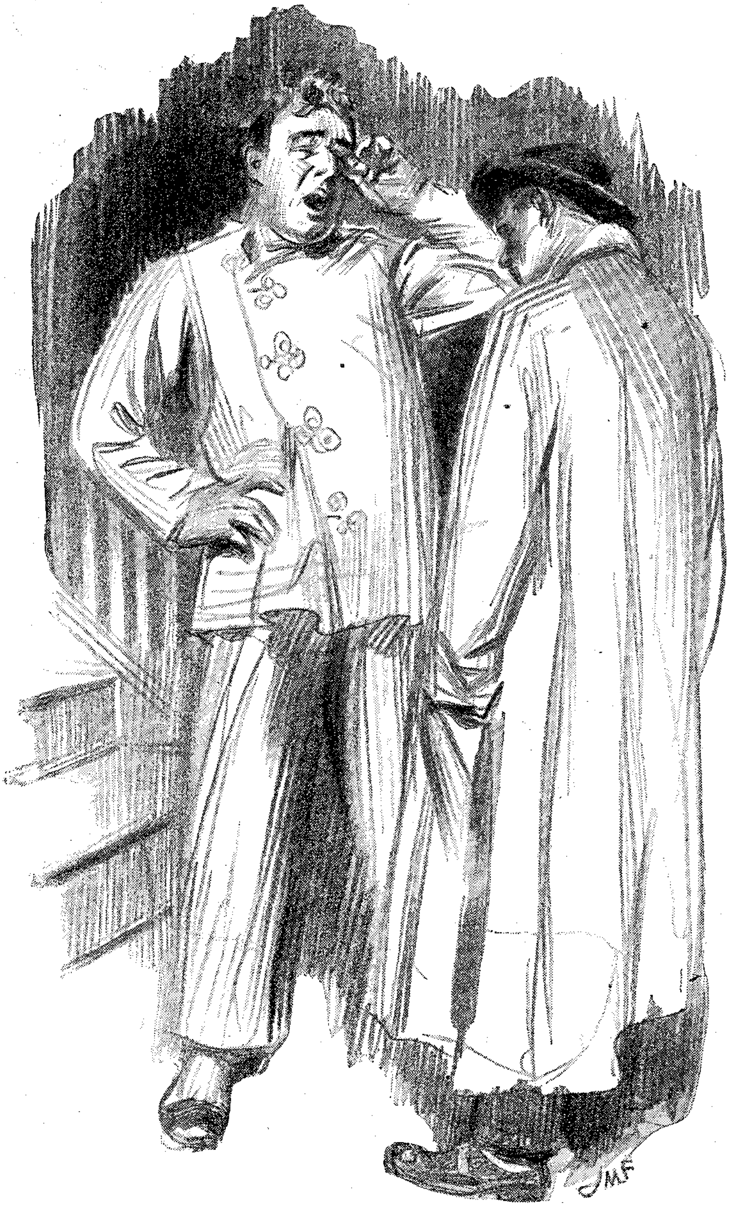
The big woman advanced on Brian with arms outstretched. His blushes vying with his carroty hair, he escaped through the mob and hurried away to the offices of Ketchum & Sellers.

C. W. Ketchum, the Big Booster, was still at his window on the tenth floor when the Little Booster came in. Ketchum, who was a fattish man with the general appearance of an old-fashioned tragedian, looked up at Brian's entrance and scowled. The two had not spoken since the day of Brian's abrupt discharge.

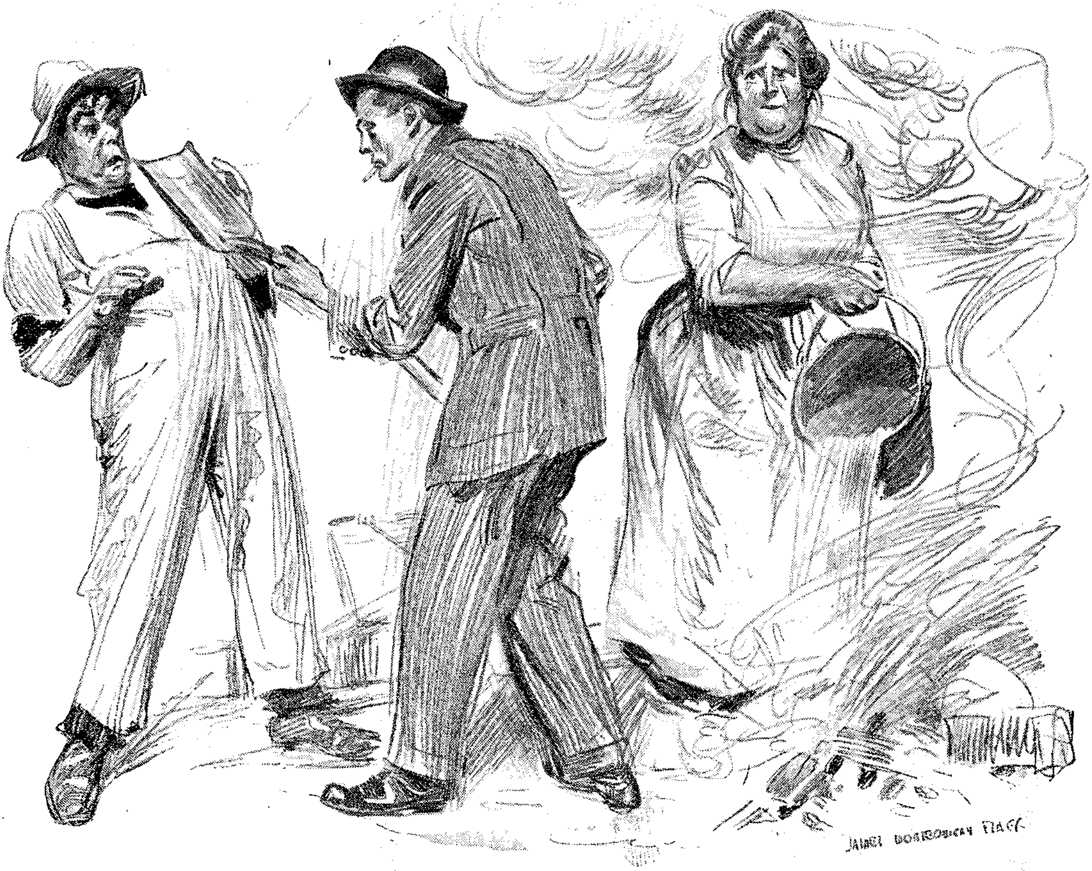
"What were you mixing up in *that* for?" asked the Big Booster savagely, pointing to the blackened scrap-heap in front of the cottage below.

"A couple o' hired gunmen were tryin' to smoke the old lady out of her home, and I did the Dustin Farnum act," said Brian.

"Those gunmen were hired by *me*," snapped C. W. Ketchum. "Keep your hands off. They're my gunmen,— see?— not yours. That Casey woman is driving me to distraction. I offer her two hundred thousand for the piece — what does she say?"



"THE BIG BOOSTER HIMSELF OPENED THE DOOR. HE WORE PINK PONGEE PAJAMAS. 'WHAT'S THE FOOL PROPOSITION NOW?' HE DEMANDED"



"'LOOK HERE, NEROO, I GUESS THIS BURLESQUE SHOW'S GONE ABOUT AN ACT TOO FAR!'"

Ketchum arose and pressed his nose almost against Brian's.

"What does she say?" he repeated. "Says she won't sell for a quintrillion dollars. Why? Because, forsooth, she wants land to raise hens on. Ye gods, it's sacrilege! To maintain a hen-coop on a lot where there might be a national bank building!"

"So you're trying to smoke her out?" inquired Brian, lighting one of Ketchum's rather offensive cigars.

"In the last three weeks we've done everything short of burning the house to convince her that this is not a homelike neighborhood. We've hired the janitor of the Insoluble to dump dust and tin cans from the roof into her yard. We've had the draymen from Rosewasser's store load crates against her fence, so she can't get in or out. In mending our mains we've — accidentally — shut off her water supply. One of our agents thought of the bonfire scheme." Ketchum chuckled in the manner of a stout and well-fed Cassius. "It wasn't our fault, was it, that the Board of Health selected the spot in front of her house as a trash crematorium?"

"Gee!" almost whispered Brian Boru. "And you call yourself a Booster!" A fella like you's enough to drive the tourists back to Los Angeles."

"Get out of my office!" bellowed Ketchum.

"In a minute," said the Little Booster, shifting the cigar to the other side of his mouth, but making no other move.

"I suppose you got lots of time, now you're out of a job," Ketchum said.

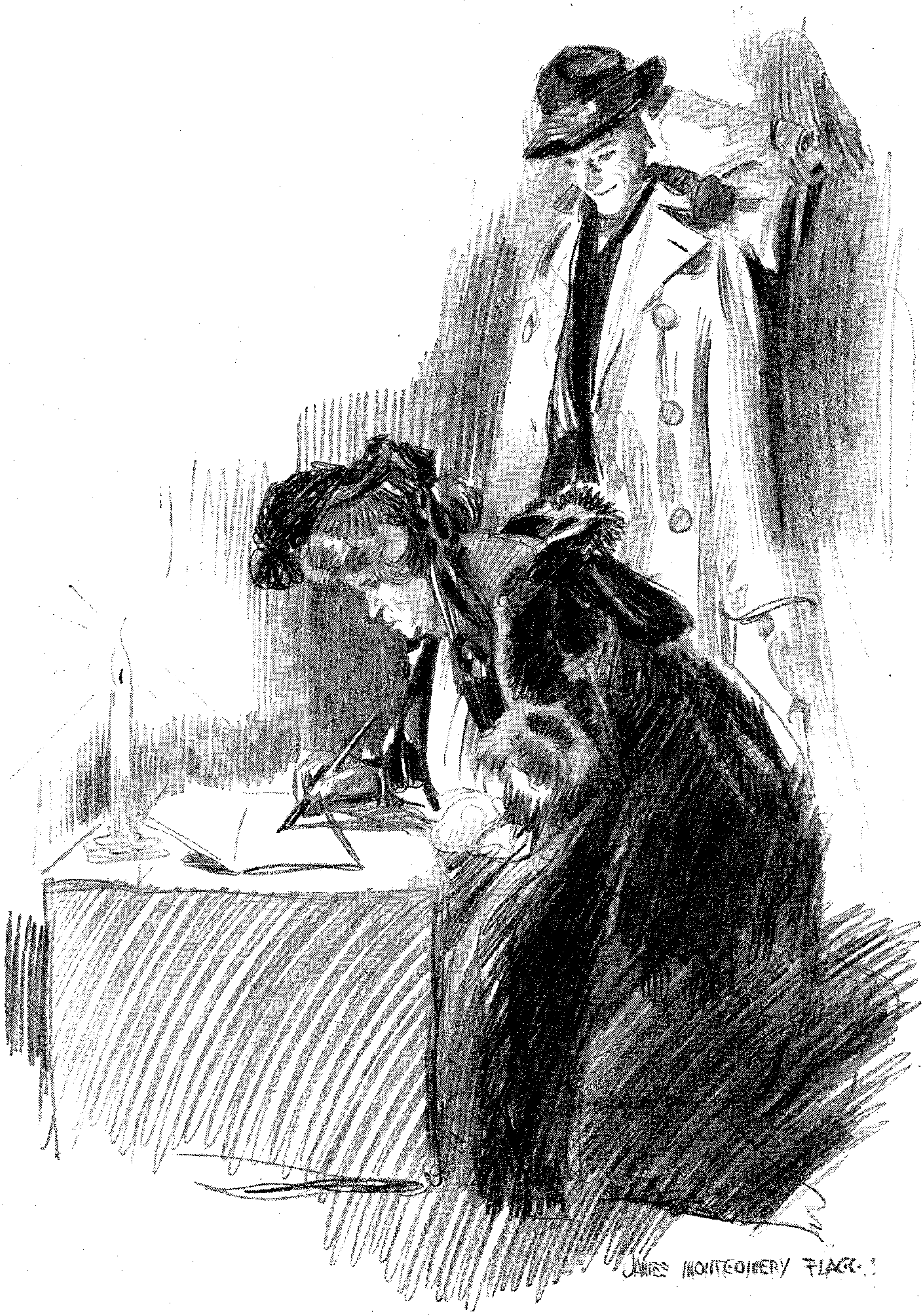
"I ain't out of a job."

"What darn fool are you workin' for now?"

"Mrs. Casey," replied Brian calmly. "She don't know I'm working for her, but I am."

"I hope you'll begin by teaching her some public spirit. For the selfish whim of a female mule, she's blocking the progress of the whole town. It's a hold-up."

"She ain't got a corner on the hold-up business." Brian suddenly stood and leaned over Ketchum. "Now look here, old kiddo, I happen to know that you're tryin' to hold up the Park Commission for fifty thousand dollars on six lots that ain't worth three. Because the city wants that strip for their new gateway on


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"'FOR ME BABIES!' WHISPERED MRS. CASEY, AS SHE KNELT UNDER THE CANDLE-LIGHT AND AFFIXED HER SIGNATURE"

Ocean Boulevard, you think you can stick 'em like a porous plaster. You're spoilin' a public park by your graft — but I ain't goin' to let you do that. Before the week's up I'll make you give that property to the city for what it's worth."

"What I do with my property is none o' your business," snarled the Big Booster.

"That's just what the Widdy Casey says. Unreasonable woman! But before you smoke Mrs. Casey out of her lots I bet I smoke you off your park property so hard you'll be spittin' cinders the rest o' your natural life."

"Dream on, Nemo!" quoth the Big Booster sweetly, as he shoved the Little Booster out into the hall and locked the door on the inside.

As Mrs. Casey had never given any sane excuse for resisting the offers of plutocrats and sticking to her miserable hut, Brian set forth to find an explanation; and he took the most direct course by applying to Mrs. Casey herself. It was not without misgivings that he swung the little picket gate between the two skyscrapers and approached the dwarfish house. In physique he knew he was no match for the Amazon who had scalded many ambassadors from rival real-estate dealers and put mourning-bands around the eyes of several more.

He was rather relieved, indeed, when he observed a padlock on the front door of the cottage; but a pungent smell of baking apprised him of the worst: Mrs. Casey was at home. Passing through the scraggly garden in the side-yard, he startled half a dozen hens out of their forenoon repose.

"Who are ye?" suddenly inquired a harsh contralto from the screen door.

"A friend," said Brian, halting dead in his tracks.

"Ar-r-e ye a real-estater?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then *that* for yer friendship!" The screen door suddenly popped open, and a mop, hurled javelin fashion, whizzed less than six inches from his right ear. A flying tea-kettle smote him in the elbow, and Brian halted the advance long enough to nurse his wounds and consider the advisability of carrying the door by assault, when hostilities suddenly ceased, and Mrs. Casey, her great arms akimbo at her broad waist, stood before him.

"Ye wud be comin' afther —" she began. Then her expression suddenly cleared. "Head o' Saint Dinnis!" she cried. "If I ain't been tryin' to kill the only gintleman in San Bruno!"

"Mrs. Casey," Brian began, standing within easy dodging distance of a tree-trunk, yet removing his hat with considerable grace, "I value your appreciation!" He picked up the mop and handed it to her.

"Ye're Irish, God bless ye!" said Mrs. Casey, accepting the weapon.

"My name is Brian Boru Blaney," said he. "The greenest blood of Ireland flows through my veins. My mother was a Casey and I won't go home till I've had a talk with you."

"Ye can't drive me," she said, making a show of stubbornness.

"You can't get the Irish anywheres by jabbin' 'em with a sharp stick," said he affably. "The English have tried that stunt for a hundred years — and what have they got out of it? God loves the Irish, and it's God's way to lead 'em with love."

"Come in," cried Mrs. Casey, opening wide the door. The room he entered was a broad, neat redwood kitchen. An advertisement representing a pretty child playing with a cake of soap was pinned to a beam beside the window. An insurance lithograph showing an impossibly idealized infant picking daisies occupied a place of honor over the stove.

"Have a cooky!" Mrs. Casey proffered a wooden bowl filled with crisp, golden disks, replicas of a batch now toasting in the oven.

"Yum! Grandma's ginger snaps! O you childhood!" Brian seized six, and smacked ecstatically.

"It's manny's th' day since I've had a man to ate me cookies," mourned Mrs. Casey, sitting ponderously in a kitchen chair and covering her red hands with her apron. "Lonesome I am — the persecuted av spalpeens, wid niver chick nor child ——"

She raised both hands to the lowering skyscrapers on either side.

"Here I set in me withered home between thim divil's crags, like a sick clam in the Giant's Causeway. Wirra th' day!"

She began to weep loudly into her checkered calico apron. Brian rose and laid a sympathetic hand on her shapeless shoulder.

"Honest, it's too bad," he said. "But you're playin' an awful long shot, Mrs. Casey — a million to one against you. But it means a fortune to you to-morrow if you move. Why don't you beat it for pastures new?"

"Me?" Mrs. Casey bounced to her feet, a mountain of indignant fire. "Niver will I move — not till their feet rot away wid waitin'. D'ye think I'd sell out an' give *him*, th' dirthy Scandinavian Swade, th' half o' me profit?"

"Who's the Scandinavian Swede?" asked Brian, leaping to the crucial question.

"Ye're a gintleman, though in a bad business," answered Mrs. Casey. "Be that token, I'll tell ye what no man knows.

Siventeen years ago I was married be th' priest to wan Martin Casey, and come to live in this house. Martin was a good man except whin dhrunk, which was most o' th' time. Five years we lived widout child, whin wan day Martin, who was drivin' a sprinklin'-cart,— more shame to th' wather! — fell from th' seat an' expired in his alcohol."

Mrs. Casey gazed at the pretty child in the advertising placard. Tears again filled her eyes.

"What sin had I done, that th' blissed Virgin sint no child to me bosom?" she cried.

"In thim days this house stood in th' midst o' fields. I owned no more than th' lot I live on, wid th' little shack out back, now used as a hin-coop. Wan day along comes a fella name av Oscar Hansen, a white-faced divil av a handsome Swade, thin worrukin' as motorman on th' San Pedro trolley. Th' shack where me hins now roost I sold him for th' price of wan hundhred dollars — great wealth to me in thim days. Th' deed fer th' whole lot was still in me name, but we made a conthract be th' lawyer that we was to share th' profit half an' half if we iver sold it. Thin what did that divil Oscar do but come a-courtin' av me, wid his china-blue eyes an' white heart. Crazy fool that I was for lovin' him — they're wonderful ladies' min, thim Swades. So we was pledged to be married be th' priest. Beware o' thim milk-faced blonds, me lad!" said Mrs. Casey, wiping her eyes.

"All that's milk is not pure," suggested Brian.

"Me an' Oscar was to wed on a Thursdah, Hinry Eagan av th' Gripman's Union to stand for th' groom. It was on Wednesdah marnin' whin along comes Hinry Eagan wid a face longer 'n me father's chimney. 'Mrs. Casey,' he says, says he, 'prepare for th' wor-r-rst.' 'I am that,' says I; 'I'm preparin' to git married.' 'Naw, ye ain't,' says Eagan. 'Explain yersilf,' I says, says I. At which wor-r-ruds Hinry Eagan stands twistin' th' rusty brass buttons av his coat. 'Mrs. Casey,' says he, 'if it's th' truth ye must know, Oscar Hansen ran off last night wid a gilt-roofed biscuit-shooter from th' Trolley's End Restaurant; an' they was married be th' justice.' I hurled th' lie in his face, an' followed it wid a pan o' hot mush. But it was th' God's truth he told me."

"So Oscar flew his kites with the blonde?" asked Brian.

"Where he wint God knows, and how long he'll shtay th' divil cares," she muttered. "But wan thing I know. White coward that he is, he'll niver dare show his mushroom face at me door to claim th' half av his property from th' Widdy Casey."

"So *that's* why you won't sell! You're holdin' on to spite Oscar."

"Ask me nawthin'!" She made a sudden dash at a smudge of smoke that came trickling through the chinks in the oven door. "And now I've burnt me cookies to a heathen sacrifice while gabbin' here for th' good av nayther av us!" she snorted. "G'wan wid yez, befoor I heap th' cinders on yer red head!"

"If you sold your lots, you could hire a cook to cook your cookies," said Brian blandly at the door.

"A mother's shpankin' wud av saved yer manners," she sniffed, as she dumped a pan of blackened cookies out of the window.

Brian dashed down D Street and bolted up the Courthouse steps and into the Hall of Records, where the archives of every deed and misdeed of every citizen in the city and county of San Bruno were filed away in funereal pigeonholes. To seek for the name Hansen over the accumulated records of fifteen years would have required a week of diligence. He delved steadily in dust between the hours of eleven and three; then he abruptly gave up the long search and turned to the Coroner's Office, where he sought the mortuary files under the charge of Bill Hodge, the deputy. The Courthouse clock pointed three-thirty when Brian, archipelagos of dust smirching the oceanic blue of his new Norfolk coat, repaired to the stand of Nick Tony, the bootblack.

A small girl wearing a red hat entered Snell's Pompeian Ice Cream Parlors across the way.

"I didn't come here to take a bath," said Brian to Tony, who was conscientiously sponging a sleeve. "Gimme six zings with the broom and turn me loose."

Betsy Spencer was at the Pompeian's cash window, searching her purse for the price of a nut sundae. A blue sleeve crossed her shoulder and deposited a fifty-cent piece.

"Make it two," said Brian to the cashier.

"Well! You take a lot for granted!" Betsy perked up her nose and tried to look severe.

"I got to take you some way," replied Brian humbly. "Besides, you can get two sundaes for two bits in this joint — total saving, a nickel. That just shows the economy of marriage ——"

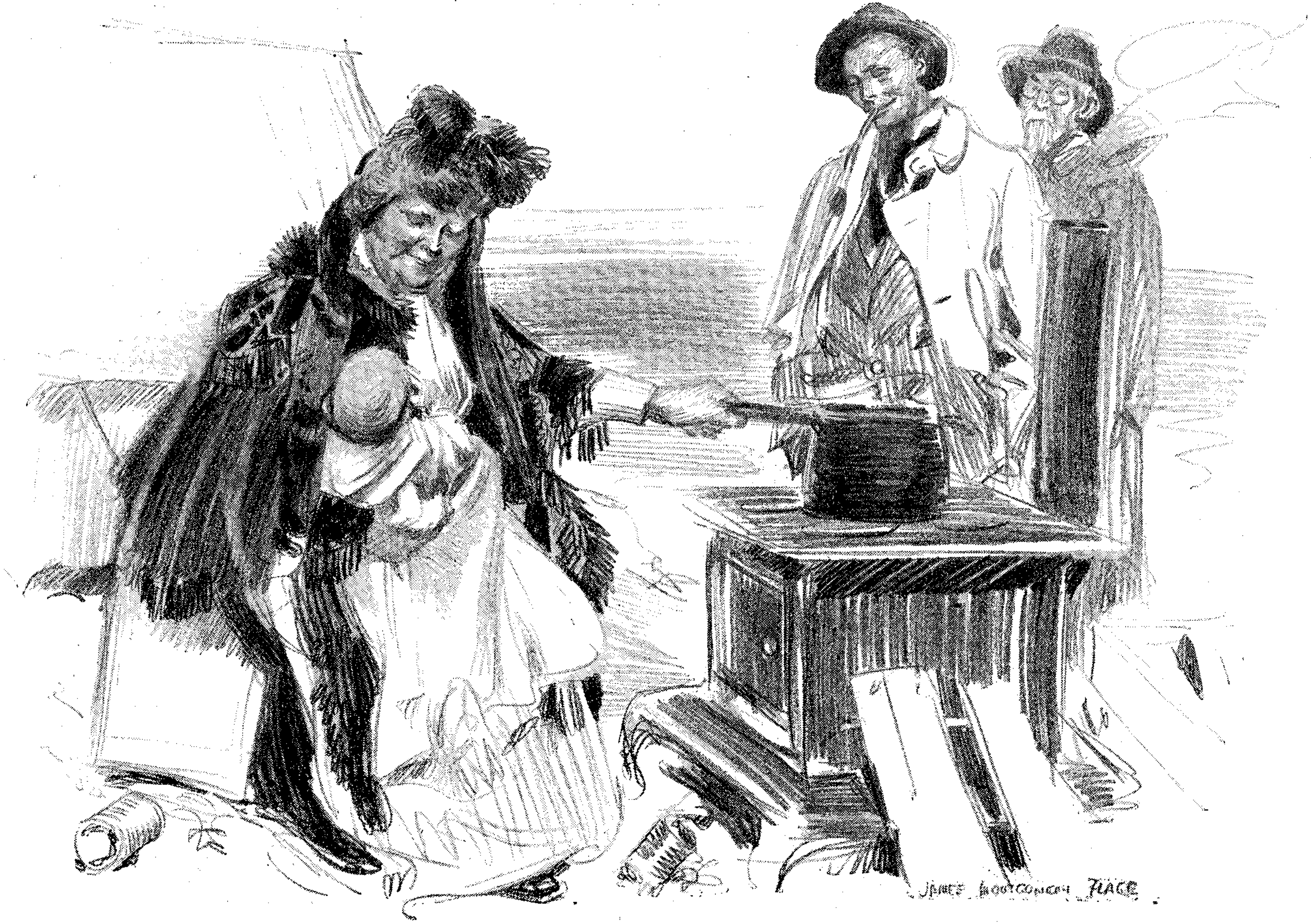
"We might as well sit down, if you're going to begin an argument." Betsy, followed by her admirer, crossed over to one of the wire-legged tables.

"How's your grandpa?" he asked.

"He spends all his time now hanging around Healthy View. The old-age cranks there are thinking of running him for mayor."

Brian finished the last morsel of his ice and scraped the dish enthusiastically. However, he was looking at Betsy most of the time.

"Just sweet enough to take the chill off," he said.


James Montgomery Flagg

"THE BOOSTER BEHELD A STRANGE SIGHT—MRS. CASEY HEATING WATER ON A STOVE IN THE YARD, WHILE WITH HER GOOD RIGHT FOREARM SHE SUPPORTED A SLEEPING CHILD"

"I like 'em that way, don't you?"

"Sure," he replied. "Especially when they got black eyes and stand about your height."

"Smarty!" She began buttoning her gloves.

"Say — goin' home now?"

"Yes. Grandpa's waiting for me."

"Great! Let me take y' out in my auto."

"*Your* auto?" Her look was cynical.

"Hired. Come on. I got to look up a certain party at Ocean Terrace, less 'n a crow's hop from where you live."

"You don't expect to find anybody alive in Ocean Terrace, do you?"

"I hope not. The fella I'm lookin' for can't be too dead to suit me."

"I don't know as I care to ride with such a cannibal." Being crazy to go with him, she put on an air of extreme indifference.

"I need your advice, girlie," he said quite seriously. "I'm on the track of a big bear." So he led her to the Liberty Garage and put her aboard an iron-gray monster with seats for two.

The coaxing out of Mrs. Casey, during the few days following, was a process involving much roundabout diplomacy, which Brian finally accomplished by laying siege to her better nature. Although she had known few children in the flesh, her love of childhood as an idea amounted to a monomania. So Brian called frequently, bearing gifts catering to her saving weakness. Once it was an ostentatious gilt-framed chromo labeled "Tiny Toddlers"; again, a cheap lithograph portrait of the Czarina of Russia surrounded by a mosquito fleet of little princesses. Brian patiently scanned the daily papers for bright sayings of children with which to interlard his conversation.

Mrs. Casey's garrulity, corked up for years, gushed forth in a flood of complaints and confidences. At last, when she lamented her sleepless nights and fits of depression, Brian saw his chance, and said:

"What you need's fresh air."

"Fresh air don't cure a sick heart," she moaned.

"California air'll cure anything from corns to cancers," he replied with optimism. "Come, take a jog in my auto."

"I ain't got no clothes," she objected.

"Wear a table-cloth and be comfortable," he suggested. "I'll be around in an hour with a runabout built for two."

"A beau at *my* age!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey.

Prompt to the minute, Brian drove his hired car up to the gate. Mrs. Casey had attired herself in an alpaca dress of other, slimmer days. The sleeves clung sausage-tight to her fat arms, and a complicated series of ruffles climbed her circular skirt like a winding staircase around the Tower of Babel.

"I ain't in style," she announced, timidly straightening her tiny plush hat, which perked up at the corners in the manner of a Chinese pagoda.

"Cheer up! You will be next year!" her guardian reassured her.

So they were off with a honk, Mrs. Casey in a palsy of nervousness, and Brian never looking up as they drove down the main street of San Bruno.

Their passing constituted a serious flurry in the real-estate market. Clerks in the windows of various offices exclaimed: "Mrs. Casey!" in dread unison. C. Pitman Pike, standing under the gold sign bearing his name, dropped his cigar and forgot to pick it up. And in the office of the Sunland Improvement Company, C. B. Brinkhaus, president, rushed to the telephone and shrieked to his junior partner: "Blaney's running off with Mrs. Casey. For gosh sake —" Then he dropped the receiver, dumb with the thought that the precious widow had already disappeared in a cloud of dust wearing toward the declining sun.

To avoid publicity, Brian purposely took his course through bumpy and illusive by-paths.

"Th' inside av me is churned entirely," moaned Mrs. Casey, holding on.

"It gives you that wealthy feeling," replied her escort at the wheel.

"There do be some pleasures in poverty," she philosophized.

But as they swung into the smooth State road she expanded into smiles, her face assuming the hypnotized expression peculiar to the chronic motorist. The ocean breeze stirred old desires in her heart. She pointed out a broken wharf where her husband had taken her to fish in their courting days. A flock of pelicans swung across the mists in imitation of a Hokasai print.

"I well remimber th' time me husband shot wan o' thim bur-r-rds an' ——"

"Something's wrong with the engine," said Brian grimly. The car was noticeably slowing down. A few hundred yards ahead appeared the desolate, box-like shanties of Ocean Terrace. They were approaching an untidy, ragged tent which stood, like the outcast of beggars, a respectful distance from the settlement. The car stopped dead.

"What's th' matther av it?" asked Mrs. Casey.

"Differentials tangled in the hub," said Brian vaguely, gazing into the hood.

Two towheads peeped curiously out from a flap in the tent beside the road. A baby's cry could be heard from behind the canvas.

"Th' little darlints!" cried Mrs. Casey rapturously. "Come here, childer, an' talk to yer Aunt Mary!"

A barefooted boy of about ten approached the car and turned a pair of scared blue eyes upon the big woman.

"Ma's awful sick," he said, pointing to the tent. Brian jumped suddenly, and knocked his head against the flap of the hood.

"Sick!" said Mrs. Casey, getting down ponderously.

"She's got a little baby, an' she was took with a spell when she got up to do the washin', an' pa's dead."

"I'll run and hustle a doc," exclaimed Brian, cranking up the supposedly helpless car and starting away in a miraculous jiffy. The boy took Mrs. Casey's big red hand and led her into the tent.

A thin woman lay moaning on a confused pile of bedclothes in a corner. A very small girl was attempting to lift a red-faced bundle of squalls, while the boy stooped to tuck a blanket around his mother.

"Doctor!" said the woman faintly, as Mrs. Casey leaned over her.

"There's wan on th' way, dearie," the widow reassured her, as she raised the woman's head on the pillow and arranged her faded yellow hair.

When Brian returned with a doctor from the village, he beheld a strange sight — Mrs. Casey heating water on a stove in the yard, while with her good right forearm she supported a sleeping child against her broad, sterile bosom.

"This place makes the fresh air smell kind o' close," said Brian, indicating the rubbish that surrounded the tent. "A widow with three kids — down and out — ain't it fierce!"

"Ther's groceries in the cupboard," Mrs. Casey informed him. "But what do these cherubs know about cookin'?"

Brian handed a dollar to the boy.

"Rush the milk-can to the grocer's," he said, "and brace Heine Schmalz for a dozen lamb chops."

The doctor, with the usual offended air of needy country doctors on charity cases, emerged from the tent.

"Why won't these women stay under orders?" he snapped. "Out of the County Hospital three weeks — what does she want to get up and do a day's washing for?"

"Because she don't know how to play golf, maybe," suggested Brian.

"Perhaps," said the doctor dryly. "I don't think she would have enough to eat, except for an order of groceries some one sent her from town last week. Her husband was drowned off the wharf Fourth of July. At any rate, she's got to stay in bed and be nursed for a month."

"I'll be th' nurse," Mrs. Casey volunteered.

"You're on!" said Brian.

"I'll have a word with you about the case," remarked the doctor, beckoning Mrs. Casey into the tent.

"Twenty-seven acres of ripe tin cans and the happiest tribe o' flies I ever met!" Brian mused, as he hunted up an old shovel and began digging a trench to bury the litter in the yard.

The doctor administered an opiate to the mother and left her sleeping. The two visitors, assisted by the small boy, performed the labors of Hercules in making the place habitable. Brian held the baby in various attitudes, while Mrs. Casey washed clothes and the boy turned the wringer. Then Mrs. Casey would snatch the baby from imminent death and set Brian to sweeping, repairing holes in the tent, and splicing the clothes-line. Mrs. Casey, feeding the baby from a bottle, lavished upon it a thousand endearing terms in a voice no mortal had ever heard her use before.

"Gee! you can talk the language," said Brian admiringly.

"Th' pity av it!" sighed Mrs. Casey. "Her a-layin' there starvin' in th' midst av threasures!"

"Them that has ain't got," he philosophized.

"If I was rich, what a home I could give these childer an' ther ma!" She pressed the baby savagely against her shoulder.

"You'd be richer 'n Hetty if you sold your lots," Brian hinted.

"Yes. An' if I cut off me feet I could walk on me hands," she sniffed. Then, as the child began to double its fists and pucker its nose: "Hoosh, darlint chunk av moonbeam! Johnny, there's a good boy, run an' put another bit av wood in th' shtove!"

They had supper on a box under the pepper trees. The doctor's medicine came from the village, and, as the moon rose over the sage, the invalid awoke long enough to take a little broth.

"He was good to me!" she babbled as she fell asleep.

"Shpeakin' av 'er husband!" said Mrs. Casey, tears on her black lashes.

Brian took a list of household necessities required in town; then he went over to his car and lit the headlights. When he returned to the tent he saw Mrs. Casey's massive form crouching on a block of wood in the door. One hand rested protectingly on the cracker-box where the baby had been put to sleep. The little girl also slept, her blond, rather homely little face resting against the Irishwoman's knee. The boy was arguing the subject of bicycles, man fashion.

"Johnny, see how fast you can run over to the car and find my gloves," said Brian. Then, when he was out of hearing, "Mrs. Casey," he whispered, "do you know why you're here?"

"Yer car-r-r busted down an' ——"

"It busted accidentally on purpose," he confessed. "I've got you on this job because it's your last call to the kindergarten. Do you want to help these kids, or don't you?"

"Mary Mother knows how I want to!"

"Mary Mother wants you to have 'em, Mrs. Casey. But you're a blind and stubborn woman — now don't blow up till I finish my spiel. To spite the memory of Oscar Hansen you're making yourself and every one else miserable. If you did the right thing by these purps, you could send that boy to college — either Yale or Business; you could buy those two babies silk petticoats, give their mother a home with all the refinements from Paris to pianola. But no! You prefer to raise hens."

"What can I do?" she asked humbly, lifting the sleeping girl.

Brian promptly unfolded a typewritten paper before her eyes.

"This is an option on your property, sale price two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Sign here, please. To-night I can offer it to any one of twenty dealers."

"Will they take it?"

"Will a cat steal fish?" Brian shook out a fountain-pen.

"For me babies!" whispered Mrs. Casey, as she knelt under the candle-light and affixed her scraggly signature.

She was silent like the southern stars as, still carrying the sleeping child, she followed Brian out to the car. He took his place at the wheel.

"Be th' way, what's th' name o' that sick woman in there?" she asked in a low tone.

"She's the widow of Oscar Hansen," said Brian distinctly.

"God's will!" whispered Mrs. Casey as she turned away. The little girl, half waking, threw her arms around the big woman's neck.

Lights glimmered from bedroom windows in a prosperous residence district of San Bruno as Brian stopped his car in front of a white stucco villa and rang at the oaken door.

"Who's there?" The voice of C. W. Ketchum grated from above.

"B. B. Blaney's my name and every B in it stands for Business," the voice from below bubbled.

"Can't your business wait till to-morrow?"

"Sure. It can wait till Alton Parker's elected. *You*'re the one that's got to get a move on." Brian started to stroll away.

"Hey! I'll be down!"

The Big Booster himself opened the door. He wore pink pongee pajamas.

"What's the fool proposition now?" He rubbed his eyes.

"A ten-day option on Mrs. Casey's property at two hundred and fifty thou'," announced Brian in a small, tired voice.

"What!" Ketchum's hands clutched imaginary values. "Sell it to me!"

"It's got strings on it, ol' man. You know what I told you the other day — I'd smoke you out of your property before you smoked the widow out o' hers. Well, here comes the tar-boiler!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'll sell you this option dirt cheap, provided you're a good boy and do what I say. I want you to sit down and write a letter to the Park Board, offering that park strip for six thousand dollars."

"It's an outrage!" said Ketchum.

"Sure it is. The strip's only worth three."

Ketchum went to a desk and wrote the letter to the Board.

"I'll take it with me," said Brian, reaching for the letter. "The Board meets to-morrow at ten. "I'll get Robbins to rush it through, and when the bill of sale is in my hands, I get my commission — five thousand dollars."

"You might trust me a little," said the Big Booster.

"I might," agreed the Little Booster, putting the letter safely away.

And next day, after the deal was closed for all parties, Ketchum handed Brian his commission, and laughed in rare good humor.

"You might have asked five times that amount."

"I know," rippled the optimist, "but I got my money's worth."

A new Booster Story, with illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg, in the April number—out March 15

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

Preceding instalments.—John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a valuable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and her guests help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. As they seat themselves at supper, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair has the doors locked and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Young Beecher engages the services of the famous detective McKenna; while he is telling him the story, word comes that Majendie's Trust Company has gone down, and that the great panic is on. Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, one of the guests under suspicion, has made preparations to elope with Majendie, but on the eve of the elopement Majendie commits suicide. Beecher discovers that Nan Charters has allowed Garraboy, a broker of uncertain reputation, to invest her small fortune in stocks. He induces her to give him an order on Garraboy for the shares, but she later withdraws the order, thus creating a breach between herself and Beecher. Mrs. Kildair manoeuvers to delay Detective McKenna's activities, which are embarrassing her. She announces her belief that the ring will shortly be returned. Slade's affairs reach a crisis. On the night that his fate is to be decided Mrs. Kildair is the guest of Mrs. Fontaine at an opera box-party.

CHAPTER XVII

MRS. CRAIG FONTAINE'S box was in the lower grand tier, in that favored circle which, in the present struggle for social supremacy, is the ultimate battle-field. Her entrance was one of the six important arrivals of the night. Besides Gunther and Beecher, there were in her party Lady Fitzhugh Mowbray, a young woman of the striking English blonde type, and the Duke de Taleza-Conti, of the royal house of Italy, a cosmopolite, dry, frail in body, affecting the English monocle, with a perpetual introspective smile on his keen lips.

The absence of Mrs. Kildair had left Mrs. Fontaine in very bad humor. Not only did she consider an invitation to her box as a sort of royal command, that should take precedence over all calamities and render accidents impossible, but she felt that she would miss the effect that her well balanced party had promised. Fortunately, at the last moment the door opened and Mrs. Kildair entered.

"My dear Mrs. Fontaine," she said immediately, in a voice that could not be heard by the rest, "the explanation I sent you is not true. It was not a question of a breakdown. There are crises in our lives that can not be put off. I can tell you no more than this, but I know you will understand that nothing except a matter of supreme importance would ever make me miss an invitation of yours."

Mrs. Fontaine looked at her, and, seeing beyond the surface calm the fires of a profound agitation, was pleased that Mrs. Kildair had not sought an easy excuse, but had thrown herself on her woman's generosity. She smiled, pressed her guest's hand sympathetically, and signaled to Gunther, who removed her wrap. She signed to him to take the seat behind hers, placing Beecher back of Mrs. Kildair; and, while the rest of her party immediately swept the house with their opera-glasses, she remained quiet, conscious of the sudden focus, unwilling to show herself curious of other women.

"Look," said Mrs. Kildair to Beecher, in a low aside; "Mrs. Bloodgood is in her box. What daring!" she added, after a moment's examination. "She has dressed herself in black."

Beecher, following her directions, beheld Mrs. Bloodgood, without a single jewel or a relieving touch of color, sitting proudly, looking fixedly at the stage, disdainful of the stir and gossip that her dramatic appearance occasioned. Behind, in the crowded box, Mr. Bloodgood was standing, smiling and contented, showing himself with a malicious enjoyment.

"How can she do it?" said Beecher.

"After the first act," said Mrs. Kildair, with a sudden impulse of generosity, "go and see her. Take Mr. Gunther. It will give her strength."

She took up her glasses, turning them haphazard.

"I shall never be able to sit through this," she said to herself, leaning forward. "If I only knew! Give me Slade and twenty millions, even," she said to herself, with a great intaking of breath, "and I could do anything! I will dominate this in five years." But, the more violently burned the fire of her desire, the more weak and faltering was her hope. "Ah, will he win out? Can he? How is it possible!" she said bitterly. "Oh, what a gamble it all is! And I must sit here — continue to sit here like a stone — while in an hour it may all be decided."

Gunther touched Beecher on the arm. "Friends of yours over there, Ted."

"Who?"

"The Cheevers — little to your right — row above. Hello," he added suddenly. "See who's with them."

"Who?" said Beecher, who did not recognize the rest of the party.

Gunther placed his finger on his lips, with a warning glance at Mrs. Kildair, and then, bending forward, said:

"I say, Mrs. Kildair, who is that tall, rather black chap in the box with the Stanley Cheevers? He's looking this way now."

Mrs. Kildair raised her glasses.

"Mr. Mapleson," she said directly.

"He's the head of Sontag & Company, the jewelers, isn't he?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Queer-looking chap — ever know him?"

"Yes. Why?"

She turned, looking at the questioner with a fixity that told him she was not entirely ignorant of his real interest.

"He must have been in Paris when you were," he said quickly. "I hear he had quite a career there."

She turned away with indifference, gazed once more through her glasses, and said:

"Yes; there were quite a number of stories about his rise. He is a man with a genius for friendships."

"Rather attentive to Mrs. Cheever, isn't he?" persisted Gunther.

"I didn't know it."

All at once the lights went out and the first act was on. The entrance of Emma Fornez was eagerly awaited as a new sensation to an audience that must be served yearly with the novel and startling. It had been rumored that her impersonation was even a bit shocking; and the house, stirred by the expectation, waited hopefully. At the end of the act opinions were divided. The galleries applauded frantically, moved by the sure magnetism of a great artist; but the boxes and most of the orchestra waited, undecided.

Beecher and Gunther rose, giving their places to arriving visitors, and went into the corridors on their rounds. Beecher was thoughtful. He had perceived Miss Charters in the orchestra; but he had not succeeded in seeing who was her companion.

"I'd give a good deal to know how well Mrs. Cheever knows Mapleson," said Gunther eagerly.

"I say, what did you mean by poking me?" said Beecher suddenly.

"Didn't you get on? Mapleson is the head of Sontag & Company. Sontag & Company sold the ring to Slade. Now, if Mapleson and Mrs. Cheever are intimate, it's possible — just a chance — Mrs. Cheever may have known the facts. See?"

Beecher shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a long shot."

"But a chance. I'll pick up some one here in five minutes who can tell me."

Beecher entered the Bloodgood box, and, making his way to the front, gave his hand to Mrs. Bloodgood. Four or five men, impelled by curiosity, were before him, mentally registering their reports to add to the fund of gossip. Mrs. Bloodgood, glad to avail herself of the opportunity, had turned her back on the audience, and was holding her head against these social scouts who discussed Slade — which was a manner of discussing Majendie.

She welcomed Beecher's arrival as that of an ally, and made him the pretext for withdrawing from the general conversation. The moment he looked at her, he had the tact to perceive that any display of sympathy would be an offense. There was no trace left of the weak and desperate woman. Instead, he was aware of an immense change in her, a transformation that was moral, and, looking in her eyes, he could not realize that he had ever seen them weep.

"Where are you to-night?" she asked quietly.

"In Mrs. Craig Fontaine's box," he said.

"Mrs. Kildair is there, isn't she?"

"Yes."

The woman before him asked compassion

from no one. In the commotion at his side he caught a phrase:

"Wonder if Slade will kill himself too?"

"Do you like Fornez?" he said hastily, and, despite himself, he looked in her eyes to see what effect the remark had made.

"Very much," she said coldly, a little staccato. "Fornez has made a success, don't you think?"

Beecher left presently, oppressed by the hardness he felt in her.

The second act was a veritable triumph for Emma Fornez.

In descending the stairway to go behind the stage, Beecher saw Miss Charters in the distance of the shifting crowd. He stopped, by a movement he did not analyze, to speak to a purely chance acquaintance, hoping that she would perceive him. Then he continued to the dressing-room of the prima donna. Emma Fornez was in a state of frenzied delight.

"I have them, Teddy — I have them; is it not so?" she cried, clapping her hands like a child. She flung her arms about him, embracing him. In fact, she embraced every one — even her maid.

"The house is wild with enthusiasm," he said, laughing.

"Aha! I made them sit up, didn't I — your cold women? It's the second act, Teddy — the second — you get them there. Bah! They don't know even what I did to them." All at once she stopped, seriously, assuming a countenance of terror. "Oh, but the critics! What will the monsters say? They never like it when the audience is too enthusiastic."

"I saw Macklin applauding, Madame," said Spinnetto, putting his head into the room.

"Angel!" cried Emma Fornez, and she embraced Spinnetto.

"Third act — third act," came the running call from the flies. "All on the stage for the third act."

When Beecher entered the corridor, Miss Charters was only a short distance away. He was prepared to find Lorraine as her companion, but he felt a sudden anger at the sight of Garraboy, who in turn, comprehending the aim of his partner's manoeuvers, looked anything but pleased.

She nodded to him, holding out her hand.

"She is wonderful, Teddy, wonderful! Have you seen her? Is she pleased?"

"She is a great, great artist," he said, with extra warmth. "She's as pleased as a child."

"Come and see me after the next act," she said, looking at him closely.

"If I can," he answered hastily.

When he returned to the box, Mrs. Kildair and Mrs. Fontaine were in the ante-room, in low converse. He was suddenly struck with the look of age in Mrs. Kildair's face.

"But, I assure you, I can go alone," she was saying.

"I would not allow it," said Mrs. Fontaine firmly. Then, turning to Beecher, she said, so as not to reach the others: "Teddy, as soon as the curtain is up, step out. Mrs. Kildair is not well. You will take her home; I have ordered the automobile. You can get back for the last act."

Mrs. Kildair made no further remonstrance — she was at the end of her tether.

"Sit here," she said to Beecher, sitting on the couch. "I don't want to be noticed."

"You're ill," he said, alarmed.

"Yes, ill," she said mechanically.

At this moment the house became quiet. She rose with a return of energy, and signaled him that she was ready. Five minutes later they were in the automobile, fleeing uptown.

Had a woman been at her side instead of Beecher, she would have given her confidence, in the terrible necessity of sharing the emotion that was so vital to her. As it was, she restrained herself, remaining silent by a last effort of her will; but her hand on the window-frame began a nervous, syncopated beating like the click of fleeing rails that one hears when riding in a railroad train.

"You are feeling better?" said the young man, in a troubled voice.

"Open a window — for a moment," she answered.

The sudden blast of cold air, damp as though laden with the tears of the city, terrified her with its suggestion of despair and defeat.

"No, no; shut it," she said hurriedly.

But in a few moments she was forced to seek the stimulus of the air again, and she cried hurriedly, not concealing her agitation:

"Open — open quick!"

She opened her lips, drinking in the chill, revivifying draught, unaware of the strange impression her disordered countenance in the embrasure of the window made on the occasional passers-by.

"Better first in a village than second in Rome."

She found herself repeating the saying mechanically, without quite understanding how it had so suddenly leaped into her mind. Then, as the automobile turned into her street, and she felt that he was there waiting, as he had promised, successful or ruined,— that now in ten minutes all would be over and she would know,— all at once she began to pray confusedly to Some One immense, whom she had never understood, but One who seemed to hold all fates in the balancing of his fingers.

"Are you better? What shall I do? Shall I come up with you?" said Beecher, totally in the dark.

"No — no; wait," she said hurriedly, as the machine ground to a stop. She did not rise at once. Stiffening in her seat, she grasped the arm of the young man until he winced under the contraction of her fingers.

"Good," she said suddenly, and before he could prevent her she was out on the sidewalk. "No, no; stay in. Thanks — thanks a thousand times. I'll send you back."

Before he could protest, she shut the door firmly and nodded to the chauffeur.

The elevator-boy was already at the swinging glass doors, holding them open for her entrance.

"Mr. Slade here, Joe?" she said instantly.

"Yes, ma'am; upstairs."

"How long?"

"About half an hour."

She entered the elevator, and, leaving it at her landing, waited until it had disappeared.

"Now for it!" she said, pressing the bell. And, by a last display of her will, she sent through her body a wave of cold resolution that left her outwardly impassive, with a little touch of scorn on her lips.

CHAPTER XVIII

It is only in the supreme crisis of a colossal disaster that a nation, which fondly believes it elects its governing bodies, perceives its real masters; and even then, in the alarm and confusion of its apprehension, it does not recognize what it is shown. The group of ten men assembled at Gunther's, awaiting the arrival of Slade, could, either in themselves or through the influences they represented, bring to their support over ten billion dollars of capital. If it were possible to conceive of a master spirit that could unite these ten men into one unanimous body with but a single object, in five years they could own every necessary newspaper and magazine in the country, operate every railroad, and, by the simple process of reinvesting their earnings annually, control every important industry, every necessary chain of banks, and the entire food-supply of the nation.

When Slade arrived, he entered by the separate entrance to Gunther's personal apartments, which were situated in a lower wing of the monstrous turreted granite structure that might have served for a miniature Bastile. One of his secretaries was at the door, carefully scrutinizing each arrival. The moment Slade entered, he was aware that his fate was not the only one under discussion.

Four entrances of equal height, in heavy Florentine relief, gave on this ante-room — from Gunther's private office, from the library, from the room of his secretaries, and from the outer entrance by which Slade entered. In the middle of the ante-room, Gunther was seated at a small card-table, studiously engrossed in a game of solitaire. He was a medium-sized man, who, without an effect of bulk, conveyed an instant impression of solidity, while the head, remarkable in comparison with the changed physiognomy of the present day, had the falcon-like, eery quality characteristic of the spreading eyebrows and deep-set glance of the American before the Civil War. Slow in movement, slow in speech, he was likewise slow in the deliberation with which his scrutiny left the face he was considering.

At the vigorous shock of Slade's coming, he completed a row of carefully laid cards and lifted his head.

"How do you do, Mr. Gunther?" said Slade, whose eye was instantly set on the half-opened doors leading into the library, from which sounds of altercation were issuing.

Slade's arrival seemed to surprise Gunther, who looked at his watch and said, without rising:

"You're ahead of time, Mr. Slade."

"Always like to look over the ground when there's a battle," said Slade.

"Sit down."

He motioned to the secretary, who brought cigars and a light.

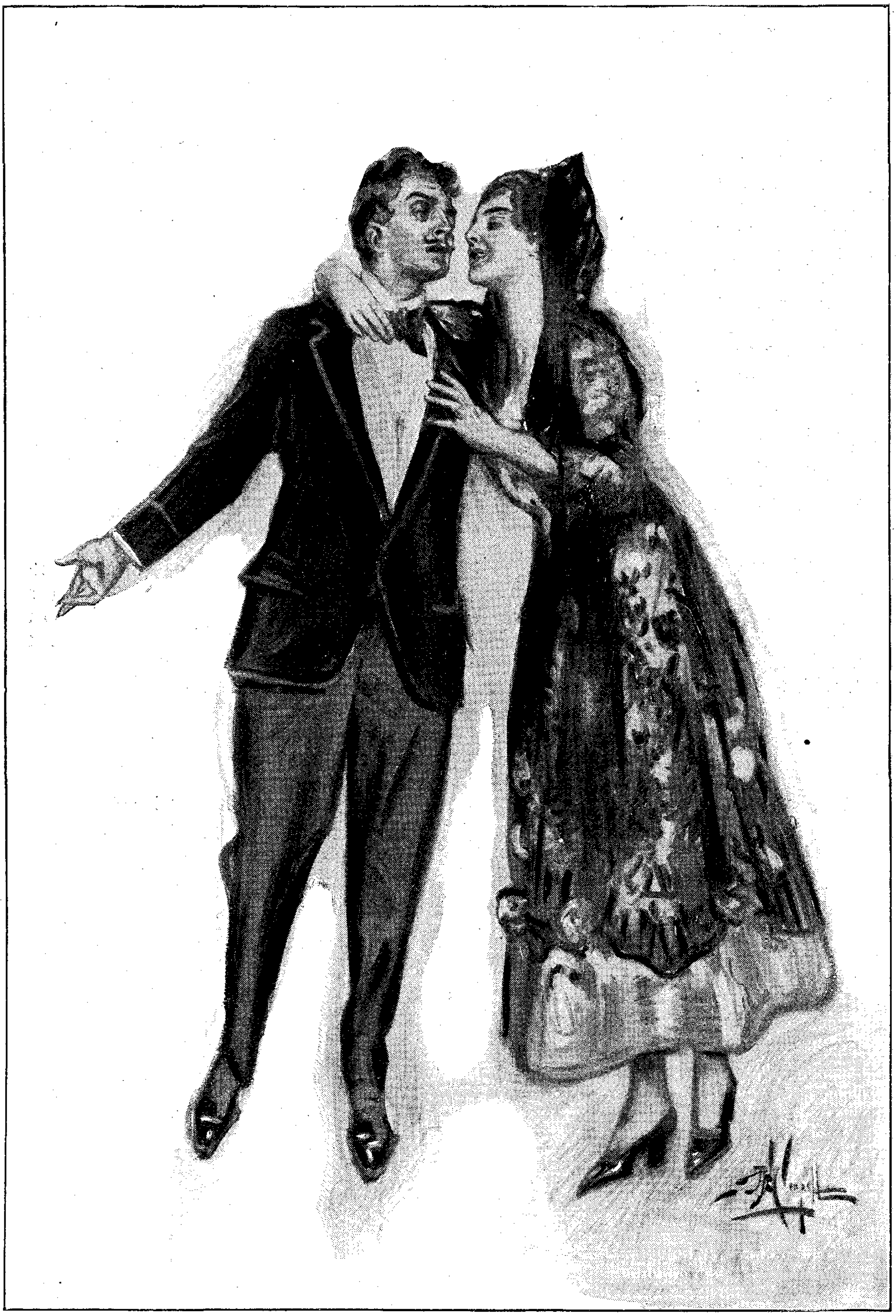
"I'll have to keep you waiting, Mr. Slade. There is a conference taking place."

Gunther at this moment was probably the most powerful personal force in the United States, and, what was more extraordinary, in an era of public antipathy to its newly created magnates, enjoyed universal respect. As he showed himself rarely, never gave interviews, and surrounded himself by choice with that inciting element of seclusion which Napoleon adopted on his return from Italy, the public had magnified what it could not perceive.

His strength lay in being that inevitable man who results as the balance-wheel of conflicting interests. At this moment the invested wealth of the country, frightened at the cataclysm that threatened it, had thrown its resources implicitly into the hands of this one man, who came forward at the psychological time to stop the panic, issuing his orders and marshaling his forces with a response of instant obedience.

"What's going on here?" said Slade to himself. "And what's the proposition they're reckoning on squeezing out of me? I'd like to know what's going on behind those doors."

As though in response to his wish, the doors



"SHE FLUNG HER ARMS ABOUT HIM, EMBRACING HIM. IN FACT, SHE EMBRACED EVERY ONE. 'AHA, I MADE THEM SIT UP, DIDN'T I—YOUR COLD WOMEN?' SHE CRIED" of the secretaries' room swung, and a round little man of fifty in evening dress came out hurriedly, holding in his hand a slip of paper. He approached the stolid player with precipitation, and yet, obeying a certain instinct of deference which showed itself despite his disorder, he waited until Gunther had completed a play he had in hand before blurting out:

"Mr. Gunther, this is the best we can do."

Gunther took the slip that was offered to him, glanced at it, and returned it abruptly.

"Not sufficient," he said, and took up his pack of cards.

The emissary, crestfallen and desperate, returned to the conference; and at the opening of the door the sound of violent discussion momentarily filled the ante-room like a sudden blast of a storm.

"I have it," said Slade, who had recognized Delancy Gilbert, of the firm of Gilbert, Drake, & Bauerman, brokers and promoters of mining interests in Mexico, whose failure had been circulated from lip to lip in the last forty-eight hours. "I see that game. Gilbert's to be mulcted of his Osaba interests. For whom, though? The United Mining, undoubtedly."

Five minutes later the doors of the library opened in turn, and a military figure, gray, bent, with tears in his eyes, came slowly out, the type of convenient figureheads which stronger men place in the presidencies of subsidiary corporations. He likewise placed a sheet of paper before the financier, watching him from the corner of his eye, his white finger working nervously in the grizzled mustache.

"We've agreed on this, Mr. Gunther," he said desperately, in a voice shaken by suppressed emotion. "That's as far as we can go — and that means ruin."

Gunther examined the sheet with slow attention, nodding favorably twice; but at a third column he shook his head, and, seizing a pencil, jotted down a figure, carefully drawing a circle around it.

"That's what I must have," he said, and returned to his solitaire.

The emissary hesitated, seemed about to argue, and then, with a hopeless heave of his shoulders, retired. Gunther frowned, but the frown was called forth by an unfavorable conjunction of the cards. Not once had he seemed to notice the presence of Slade. In the same position, the promoter could not have helped stealing a glance to witness the effect. Slade registered the observation, mentally admitting the difference.

"What does he keep me here for?" he thought; but almost immediately he answered the question: "Effect on the others, of course. Well, let them pull their own chestnuts out of the fire."

In the last emissary he had recognized General Arthur Roe Paxton, president of the Mohican Trust, exploiter of certain Southern oil-fields, equally involved in the Osaba speculation.

At this moment Gunther swept the cards together, glanced at his watch, and pressed an electric button.

"Mr. Slade," he said, fixing his lantern-like stare upon the promoter, "I need not tell you that we are in a desperate situation; that it is time for action — decisive and immediate action."

Slade answered by an impatient jerking of his thumb, and, rising as he beheld the secretary returning from the private office where he had been sent by a look of Gunther's, said:

"I understand perfectly. If the gentlemen whom I am to meet understand the situation as well as I do, we shall have no trouble."

Gunther continued to study him thoughtfully, struck by the confidence of his attitude, where desperation might have been expected. He seemed for a moment about to say something; but presently, giving a sign to the secretary, began thoughtfully to shuffle the cards.

In the private office a group of men were assembled about a long table. The disposition of Slade had been but an incident in the discussion that had been called to decide upon the methods to be pursued in coming to the support of the market, and the deliberation had left its marks of dissension. Slade, on entering, rapidly surveyed the group, perceived its discord, and divided it into its component interests.

"The United Mining is the key," he said, on recognizing Haggerty and Forscheim.

The group was like a transection of that conflicting America which seems to hold the destiny of types. Fontaine, one of the landed proprietors of the city, French by descent and aristocratic by the purifying experience of two generations, was next to Haggerty — a cross-grained, roughly hewn type of the indomitable Irish immigrant of the seventies, who had risen to power out of the silver mines of the eighties. Leo Marx, olive in tint, whispering in manner, thin-veined and handsome, represented the Jewish aristocracy that had ingrained itself in the great banking houses of New York; while Forscheim, leading spirit of five brothers, abrupt, too aggressive, or too compliant, cunning and unsatisfied, was the Hebrew of speculation, the creator of the great corporation known as the United Mining. Judge Seeton B. Barton, representative of the great oil interests, was the grim Yankee, unrelieved by his modifying humor, implacable in small things as well as great, knowing no other interest in life except the passion of acquiring.

Kraus, an ungainly, bulky German-American, had not moved from the half-retreating position he had taken on seating himself. He answered with a short movement of his head, watching every one with covetous, suspicious eyes, never suggested a move, and gave his assent last.

McBane, one of the strongest figures that the rise of the great steel industry had propelled into the public light, was a short, fussy, brisk little man, tenacious, agile, obstinate in opinion. He was the present active force in the group of steel magnates whose personal fortunes alone amounted to over three-quarters of a billion. Marcus Stone, president of the greatest banking force of the country, the Columbus National, was a middle-Westerner, sprung from the hardy soil of Ohio, virile, deep-lunged, direct and domineering. He accounted himself a poor man; he was worth only three millions.

Rupert V. Steele, head of the legal firm of Steele, Forshay & Benton, corporation lawyers, was the type of the brilliant Southerner adventuring into the El Dorado of New York as the Gascon seeks Paris or the Irishman the lure of London. He might almost be said to have created a new profession — that of the lawyer-promoter; and in his capacious, fertile head had been evolved the schemes of law-avoiding combinations for which others received credit. In public he was one of the staunchest defenders of the Constitution and an eloquent exponent of the sanctity of the judiciary.

At Slade's entrance the conversation abruptly ceased, and each in his own manner studied the new arrival.

The second glance reassured Slade, for he distinguished in the group the conflicting rivalries, and perceived by what slender checks the irrepressible jealousies and antagonisms had been stilled.

"If they've gotten together," he said, with a sudden delight in a favorable hazard, "it's because they're scared to the ground and they want to shut off the panic first and trim me second. Good. That's what I wanted to be sure of."

He advanced to the head of the table, swinging into place a heavy chair, and, resolved to acquire the advantage of initiative, said:

"Well, gentlemen, let's get right down to business. I've come to get five millions."

In their astonishment, several pushed back their chairs with a harsh, grating sound. Forscheim laughed aloud insolently.

"Mr. Slade," said Stone, in his blasting manner, "your remark is in bad taste. The situation you are facing is an exceedingly serious one, and only a prompt compliance, on your part, with the measures we have determined upon to avert a national calamity, will save you from bankruptcy"— he stopped, but not from hesitation, adding, with a sudden flush of anger — "and worse."

"And I repeat," said Slade, with a disdainful smile, "that I am here to get five millions, and you are going to give it to me."

An outburst of explanations followed this assertion, half angry, half contemptuous, above which was heard Forscheim's shrill nasal voice saying:

"Dere is a Shtate examiner, Mr. Shlade; don't forget dat."

"My books are kept as carefully as yours, Forscheim," said Slade, with a sudden angry concentration of his glance. Once, in a committee meeting, he had taken Forscheim by the throat and flung him out of doors — a feat that the other could never forget.

"Wait," he exclaimed, rising until his bulky figure towered over the table. "Don't let's waste time. Come to the point. You think I've come here to receive your terms. You're mistaken. I've come here to deliver an ultimatum — my ultimatum."

"Do you realize, sir," said Judge Barton sternly, "what the object of this meeting is? We are here to preserve the prosperity of this country for the next ten years — the homes and savings of millions of persons."

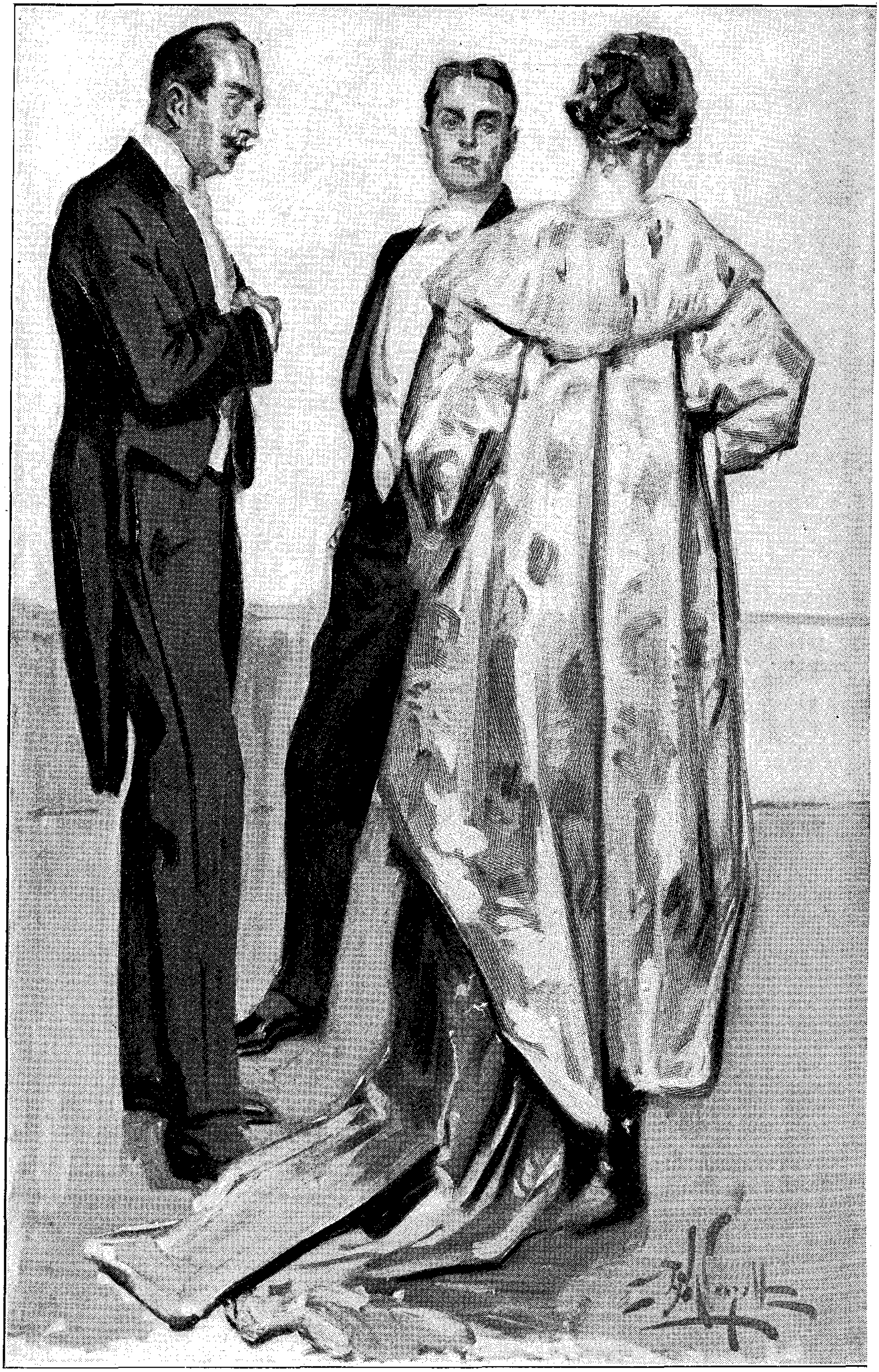
"No; that is not why you are here," said Slade contemptuously. "I'll tell you why you are here. You are here to protect your own interests — first, last, and always! Because a panic, to you, means hundreds of millions, the end of development, the closing of markets, the colossal flattening out of your billion-dollar trusts. That's why there'll never be another '93 — that's the one good thing in the present situation the public doesn't know. There isn't going to be a '93 now, and you know it and I know it."

"Suppose, Mr. Slade, you listen to our stipulations first," said McBane, but in a somewhat conciliatory tone.

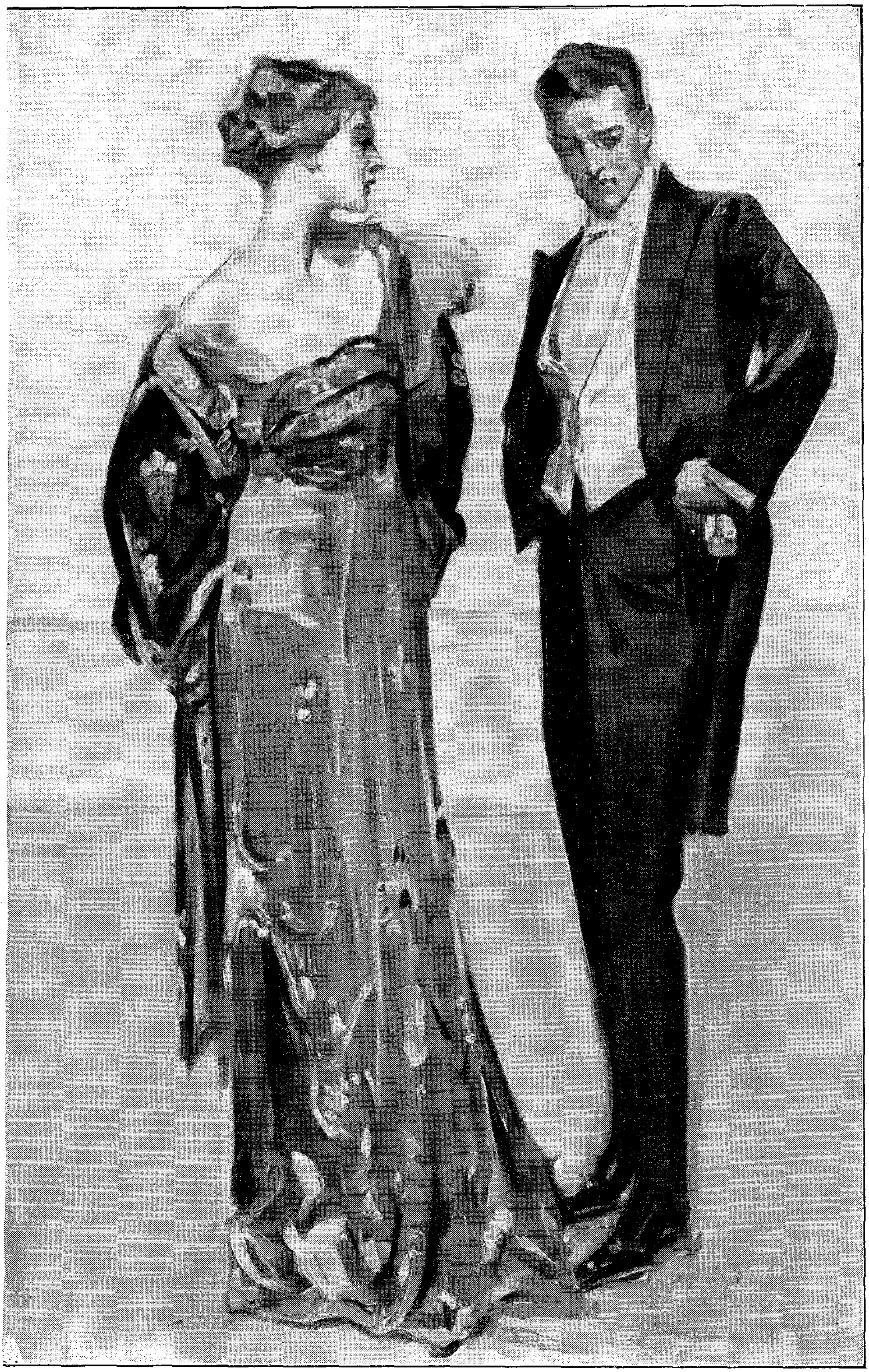
"I know your demands," said Slade instantly. "Oh, there is no informer present. Nothing difficult. I know you, and the way your minds work. You have three conditions:

"First, I am to resign the presidency of the Associated Trust.

"Second, sell my stock control to a syndicate you have organized, which will stand as a guaranty to the public.



"WHEN BEECHER ENTERED THE CORRIDOR, MISS CHARTERS WAS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE
'IF I CAN,' HE ANSWERED. HE FELT A SUDDEN



AWAY. 'COME AND SEE ME AFTER THE NEXT ACT,' SHE SAID, LOOKING AT HIM CLOSELY. ANGER AT THE SIGHT OF GARRABOY"

"Third, the taking over of all my holdings in the Osaba territory by the United Mining Company.

"Am I right?"

He did not need to wait a reply; the answer was plain upon their countenances.

"Now, gentlemen, I'm going to finish up," he said, pursuing his advantage. "Remember one thing: I'm not a Majendie. I fight to the last breath, and when I'm downed I carry down with me everything I get my hands on.

"Now, let's be perfectly plain. I know where I stand. If Majendie and the Atlantic Trust hadn't gone to smash, there wouldn't be a ghost of a show for me — you'd squeeze every last cent I had. I know it. I knew it then, when I knew it was Majendie or me. But, you see, Majendie's dead, and the Atlantic Trust — three hundred and eighty millions — has closed its doors. That makes all the difference in the world. You don't want to trim me — not primarily. Forscheim and the United Mining do — that's their private affair. What you men who count want, I repeat, is to stop this panic — to get me out of the way and stop this panic if you can; if you can't get me out of the way, to stop this panic at once — now — within twenty-four hours! Now, gentlemen, I defy you to let the Associated Trust close its doors to-morrow."

"You overestimate the importance of such a failure," said Fontaine slowly, but without aggressiveness. Slade's attack had made a profound impression.

"I have taken particular care that, if the Associated fails, it'll be the biggest smash on record," said Slade, ready now to play his trump card.

"What do you mean?" said Haggerty, startled, while the others waited expectantly.

"Just that," said Slade, not unwilling for them to know the depth of his game. "If the Associated fails, sixty-seven institutions, from here to San Francisco, fail. I have taken care of that in the last two months."

"You haf ingreased your oplications at sooch a time?" fairly shrieked Forscheim, who saw his victory eluding him.

"You bet I did," said Slade. "I made sure that I wouldn't be *allowed* to fail." He took from his pocket a folded sheet and handed it to Steele, who a moment before had finally determined to come to his support. "That's what failure means. Pass it around."

The lawyer elevated his eyebrows in astonishment. The disclosure of how Slade, by negotiating loans with a number of subsidiary institutions throughout the country, had made them united in his general fate, completed the dawning recognition of a master that had been forming in his mind.

"He will beat them," Steele thought, passing on the paper. "He will go far. I must be his friend." Aloud he said carefully: "Of course, Mr. Slade, at the bottom the affairs of the Associated Trust are absolutely solvent."

"Solvent under any system of banking in the world that does not withhold ready money on proper guaranties," said Slade, who looked at him with a glance that showed the lawyer he had received his alliance. "Solvent as the Atlantic Trust was, is, and will be proved to be. You gentlemen know that as well as I do."

"Of course, Mr. Slade," said Steele, with an appearance of aggressiveness that the other understood perfectly, "one thing must be understood: the present speculative operations of the trust companies can not go on."

"Now, gentlemen, to finish up," said Slade, who seized the hint, "here's my answer. I will agree to any legislation — in fact, will urge it — that will place the trust companies on the basis of the national banks, that is, on the same conservative basis of loans and transactions. That is right; I am now convinced that it is for the best." He allowed a slight smile to show, and continued: "I will resign as president of the Associated Trust three months from to-day. That I had already determined on. For what I wish to do, that would be only an embarrassment. You will lend me the five millions I wish, and, better still, to-morrow morning make an announcement to the effect that, having consulted on the affairs of the Associated Trust, you have found no reasons for apprehension, and that you will come to its support. Sign it 'Fontaine, Gunther, McBane, Marx, and Stone,' and the run on the banks will end in twenty-four hours. To-morrow morning I will personally assure Mr. Steele, by an examination of my books, that affairs are as I have described. After this examination you can place five millions at my disposal — if necessary. Believe me, this is a much better way to end the panic. You reassure public confidence by your guaranty. The other way, by forcing my resignation, you create an impression that everything is rotten. Besides, the first way has this advantage — it is the only way. That's my word, gentlemen; if you intend to stop the panic, you've got to float me!"

An hour later, having yielded not a jot of his position, turning a deaf ear to threats, expostulations, and arguments, he rose victorious.

In the ante-room he went up to Gunther, who was still bowed over his solitaire, waiting grimly until his word had been carried out.

"Mr. Gunther," said Slade, stopping at the table, "we have come to an understanding. The gentlemen in the other room were agreeably surprised at my exposition of the affairs of the Associated Trust. They are going to lend me five millions."

"Indeed!" said Gunther, in a sort of grunt, but with a countenance so impassive that Slade was moved to admiration.

"Gunther," he said, suddenly carried away by a feeling of prophetic elation, "up to now you've known me only as a speculator. Now I'm going to become a conservative force. In a month I'm coming to you with a proposition. You're the only man I would ever trust. Good night."

His automobile was waiting. He threw himself violently into it, giving the address of Mrs. Kildair's apartment, and, as he felt the pleasant, exhilarating sensation that the speed of his machine conveyed to him, he repeated, feeling suddenly how at last he had emerged from the perils of the first phase that he had once so frankly defined:

"Now I'll be conservative."

When Slade arrived at Mrs. Kildair's and found that she was still absent, he was consumed with a nervous impatience. He seated himself at the piano, playing over, clumsily, refrains of the crude ranch songs which came to him as an echo of his earlier, struggling days. But these echoes of a past conflict seemed only to whet his impatience; he ended with an impatient crashing discord, and rose, lighting another cigar, to pace the broad space of the studio with rapid, restless strides, surprised at the annoyance her absence brought him.

When Mrs. Kildair entered, let in by Henriette, her maid, Slade flung aside his cigar and strode impatiently forward.

One glance at his triumphant face told her what she wanted to know. She made a quick sign to him with her hand, and turned her back, disengaging her opera-cloak with exaggerating slowness, drawing a deep breath. Then she sent Henriette upstairs to her room to wait until she called.

"Congratulations," she said, calmly entering the studio and extending her hand. "You have won?"

"How do you know?" he said, taken aback by her composure.

"It is there — in your eyes," she said, passing her fingers so close to them that he seemed to feel their soft contact. "Tell me all about it."

"Yes; I've beaten them. More — I've forced myself into their hide-bound circle. You'll see; in a month I'll be one of them."

"And if Majendie had not killed himself?" she said breathlessly, womanlike perceiving the hazards of fate.

"But he did!" he cried impatiently, unwilling to admit the element of chance in the destiny he had hewn for himself. But the thought sobered him. He looked down from the height to which his ambition had flung him. "It's true: it was either Majendie or me," he said quietly. "Shall I tell you something? That night we were here, I knew he was lost — that he would do it. Don't ask me how I knew!" Then, shaking off the memory like an evil dream, he continued, extending his arm in crude, magnetic gestures: "Well, that's over! I am where I want to be; the rest is easy. In a month — two months — they will see, Forscheim and Haggerty, how the trap they laid for me has sprung against them. To-night will be worth twenty millions to me."

"How do you mean?" she said eagerly; but she did not look at him. Slade, triumphant in his brute power, inspired her with an emotion she did not dare to show him yet.

"Forscheim and Haggerty — the United Mining," he said, forgetting his habitual caution in the new desire to dazzle and overcome this woman who had so resisted him, who had become suddenly so necessary to him, "have laid their trap to get hold of the Osaba territory. They've stripped Gilbert and old General Paxton of their holdings, and they were sure they'd strip me. The Osaba gold fields will one day be worth hundreds of millions — another El Dorado. Well, they'll get a third interest to-night. I've got a third, and Striker and Benz, Mexican United, who've fought them tooth and nail, have another third. Each now has got to have what I've got, or get out. I've got the control, and when I sell ——" he ended with a laugh. "I've licked Forscheim before; but it will be nothing to this. They thought they had me down, and they played into my hands!"

Suddenly, at the memory of Gunther impassively waiting in his ante-room, he changed his tone.

"Now they'll see what I can do," he said savagely. "Gunther's the only real man among them. I must have Gunther. With him I can do what I want — construct, construct!"

She rose, stopping him as he most wanted to continue.

"You must go now," she said quietly. "I've already done what I shouldn't."

He stopped, infuriated at this check to his inclinations; for, beyond his victory over the men he had fought, she still eluded him.

"Did you care what happened to me — much?" he asked savagely.

"Yes; I was surprised how much I cared," she said slowly, keeping her eyes on his. She saw in his eyes how much she lacked to his complete triumph, and suddenly seized the opportunity by the forelock. "Why are you afraid to marry?" she said vigorously. "You are a child — you don't understand life. You don't know how to draw from it the incitements it can give you. You wish to be a great figure, and you think you can remain an outcast."

"What do you mean?" he said roughly, and, advancing, took her by the shoulders. She did not recoil.

"You want to be another Gunther," she said, meeting his glance with an intensity of ambition greater than his, "and you wish to fight like a guerrilla. You have the vanity of a god, and you don't know how to feed it."

"Well, what would you do?" he said, still holding her from him.

"I would make you what you should be — a personage, not a wanderer," she said, with extraordinary energy. "I'd make your home a court; I'd show you what it meant to step into your box at the opera and know that every eye in the house turned toward you. You want to do great things; but you want to feel that you have done great things — that others are impressed by them, envy and look up to you. You want that stimulus; and there is only one way to get it. Take your place in society, where you belong — among the great figures."

"I find my own stimulus," he said, looking at her.

"Listen, John Slade," she said furiously. "You think, because you have always done what you want with women, that that will continue. It won't. You are at a dangerous age. You have depended upon women — you can not shake it off. The day will come when you'll be caught, as every man is who plays beyond his youth and strength. Women will either hinder you or push you on. Make up your mind now. Which do you want?"

"I want you," he said, suddenly caught by her words, that came as an answer to his new view of himself; and, violently, characteristically, he added, enfolding her: "And when I want a thing I want it now. Get your wraps on. We're going over to Jersey now and get married."

"No, no," she said firmly, though her heart was beating so that she thought he must hear it.

"You've got me. I never expected it, but I've got to have you," he said; and brutally, without thinking whether he hurt her or not, he forced her head up to his. Then, confident, he renewed his demand that they should be married that night, at once.

"No, no," she said, disengaging herself; and, though all her being responded to his demand, her intellectual self conquered, knowing full well that, beyond winning him, she must always maintain over him a certain moral superiority. "No. To do what I want to do, we must not give any one the slightest occasion to talk. Such an act as this would be suicidal."

"When, then?" he said furiously.

"Announce our engagement to-morrow," she said, "and in a week we can be married very quietly."

"A week!" he cried indignantly.

"Or less," she said, smiling. "And now you must go."

"You haven't said 'I love you,'" he said, with a last flash of antagonistic suspicion.

"When I say it, you will be satisfied," she said, with a look that revealed to him a new, undiscovered world.

"Rita," he persisted doggedly, seizing her wrist, "I know what you can do — what you'll make of us; but that's not all. I don't want any cold-blooded reason-and-logic marriage. Look here. You've got to love me — like hell; do you understand?"

She turned on him swiftly, opening her lips until her white teeth showed in their tense grip. Then, suddenly veiling her emotion in a relaxing smile, she said, as she rang for Henriette:

"No woman could find it hard to love you, John Slade."

CHAPTER XIX

When, the next day, Beecher reached his club, he found all discussions centered upon John G. Slade and the astonishing and incomprehensible outcome of the conference at Gunther's, of which, naturally, only the usual misinformation was to be had. The morning papers had contained a reassuring statement, backed by powerful names, of the condition of the Associated Trust, with promises of support. Gunther had publicly announced that he would bring twenty millions of ready money to relieve the financial stringency, and, if that were not sufficient, twenty millions more. When the man in the street comprehended that the great fortunes of the country had authorized this step, the effect was instantaneous. The stock market opened with a loss of two to three points, and immediately recovered this decline and, for the first time that week, registered distinct advances. The runs on the banks still continued, but the lines of depositors were visually less. At eleven o'clock Rupert V.

Steele ostentatiously entered the offices of the Associated Trust, and, advancing to the deserted window of the cashier, made the first deposit. In a minute it was publicly announced that five million dollars had just been deposited to the credit of the great Columbus National.

"Well, Slade's turned the trick," said Gunther, joining his friend. "But how he managed to wriggle through is a mystery."

At this moment a boy arrived with a summons for Beecher to the telephone. He did not immediately recognize the voice.

"You don't know who it is?" said a woman.

He thought he recognized the tones of Miss Rivers, a young lady whom he had shamefully neglected in the excitement of the last days; but, warily, he did not commit himself.

"You're disguising your voice," he said cautiously.

"Not at all. You are not very flattering — but when one listens so much to the voice of Emma Fornez ——"

"Miss Charters!" he said instantly.

"At last. What are you doing to-night?"

"I am dining out," he answered, fibbing.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I wanted you to take me to a dress rehearsal. What are you doing around tea-time?"

"I have an engagement," he said truthfully.

"With Emma Fornez?"

"Yes."

"I am not very lucky, am I?" she said.

The wounded tone in her voice made him feel a bit ashamed. He saw that she would not ask him again, and relented a little.

"Will you be in at four? I can drop in for a little chat then," he said, amazed at his own yielding even as he spoke the words.

"Come then; I want very much to see you," she answered, but without lightness.

"Now I'm in it again," he said ruefully as he left the telephone. "What the deuce made me say I'd go? Just because I didn't want to hurt her. Steady, old boy, steady!"

Outside the booth he found Gunther, an afternoon paper in his hand, scanning it with excitement on every feature.

"I say, Ted, here's news indeed!" he cried. "What do you think of that?"

He pointed to the headline on the front page, where the engagement of John G. Slade to Mrs. Rita Kildair was announced in large type. The two young men looked at each other in profound astonishment.

"By Jove!" said Beecher, suddenly enlightened. "That's what was at the bottom last night. Now I understand." In a moment he comprehended the full measure of the agony of uncertainty she must have suffered at his side in the returning automobile. "So that *was* her game, after all."

"Now things'll begin to move," said Gunther eagerly. "If she really knows who's the thief, as McKenna believes, the ring ought to be returned in forty-eight hours."

"Why?"

"Because, now that she is publicly engaged to Slade, any one who has been trading on the knowledge of how she got the ring won't have a shred to blackmail her with. You see, it now becomes the engagement ring that Slade gave her, and she can move openly; and, from what I've seen of her, she'll lose no time. Ted, I'll prophesy in forty-eight hours we'll hear something about that ring."

"I believe you're right," said Beecher, as they went in to luncheon, and, thinking of the curious conjunction of Mrs. Kildair's and Miss Charters' prophecy as to the return of the ring, he said to himself unwillingly: "If the ring is returned, does that mean that Mrs. Bloodgood took it?"

A little after four he went to pay his call on Miss Charters, and, as he had become accustomed to her perplexing change of moods, he wondered in what temper she would receive him.

She did not wait for him in the sitting-room, but came out into the hall, taking his hat and stick herself and leading the way. Once in the cozy sitting-room, she stopped, turning to face him and suddenly taking his hands in hers.

"Let me look at you," she said, drawing off and raising her eyes to his thoughtfully, while her lips twisted a little into a most serious sternness.

She saw at once in the amused composure of his face that she had been mistaken in ascribing his absence to the pique of jealousy. What she had on her lips she did not say, and, suddenly alert at the realization that her presence no longer troubled him, she drew him toward the fireplace, leading him to a great arm-chair.

"There," she said, laughing; "you will see how we treat the prodigal son. Sit down." She brought a cushion, and insisted upon placing it at his back. "Don't get up. A scotch-and-soda? Sit still — I like to mix it." She went to a table, and presently came back with the tumbler, offering it to him with a well simulated attitude of submission. Continuing always the same game, determined to force a laugh, she brought a box of cigars, lit a match, and held it to him between her rosy palms.

"Is your lordship satisfied?"

"I am."

She camped down on the bear rug. For a moment neither spoke, she studying the embers, he enjoying this new side to her and waiting the next development.

"I'm very unhappy," she said at last, without looking at him.

"I'm sorry," he answered sympathetically.

"I have had a great disappointment. I read that play of Hargrave's again — there's nothing to it."

"You surprise me."

(The truth was that Brockway, Stigler's stage-director, had torn it to pieces.) She continued, repeating what Brockway had said:

"The trouble is, it's not actable. It's like all plays that read well — I should have known it. There's no dramatic action. Then, it has one great fault — all young writers have it: you see, every scene should be a unit in itself, express one dramatic emotion, develop it, and increase it; and Hargrave puts three or four emotions in the same page — five or six," she continued indignantly. "It's all mixed up — topsy-turvy. No actress could make an effect. It's very sad; I shall never find a play."

"You were very enthusiastic a few days ago," he said.

"Was I?" she said resentfully. "You see, the trouble is, in reading you imagine things that aren't there."

"So Hargrave isn't a genius, after all?"

"He is very conceited — insufferably so," she said abruptly. "But you don't understand — it's the disappointment to me. I shall never find a play! Sometimes I feel like giving it all up. It's terrible — breaking your heart day after day. Yes, sometimes I feel like never acting again."

"You are in a blue mood," he said cheerfully.

"Everything has gone wrong," she said, pouting. "Even you have changed!"

She looked at him with the look of a tired child longing to climb into his lap to be consoled.

"How so?" he said, opening his eyes.

"Teddy, have I offended you?" she said gently, seeing that she could not unbend him by playing upon his sympathy.

"Not in the least."

She would have preferred any answer to this.

"Why wouldn't you go with me to-night?" she said quickly.

"Because I have another engagement," he said, instinctively glancing at the clock.

She saw the look, sprang up furiously, and, leaping toward the mantelpiece, seized the offending clock and flung it across the room in a tantrum.

"Go to your Emma Fornez!" she said, stamping her foot. "If you are going to sit here and *measure* the minutes, you can go!"

He rose, startled at the passion of jealousy he had aroused.

"I told you I had an engagement," he began.

"Nonsense!" she burst out, still the prey of her anger. "You know very well you can keep her waiting half an hour if you wish, and you know very well that you can put off your engagement to-night. Or is it with her — always with her?"

"I don't care to discuss my engagements," he said coldly — an emotion he was far from feeling; for the sudden wild-eyed fury into which he had plunged her awoke in him something that thrilled him as he had been thrilled, the day he had returned Mrs. Bloodgood to her home, at the thought of what a consuming passion might be.

"Why do you tag around with her?" she continued heedlessly. "I should think you'd have more regard for your dignity — for what people think. Emma Fornez — ah!"

She stopped, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes; and then, feeling he had perceived it, she exclaimed: "If I cry, it's because I am disappointed — disillusionized — angry!"

She turned her back and went quickly to the window, where the little Dresden clock lay shattered in a corner. She picked it up and looked at it, swallowing her anger. Then, as he continued silent, she came back, without looking at him, placed the clock on the mantelpiece again, and said coldly:

"Well, it is time for you to go — not to keep her waiting."

"Good afternoon," he said, with a bow, and left the apartment.

Once in the street, he was overcome with surprise.

"By Jove," he said, swinging joyfully along. "Is it possible, after all, that she does care about me? How her eyes blazed — the little fury. That, at least, wasn't acting!"

And, though he remained until late, amused at Emma Fornez, he felt the flame of the other presence about him, obtruding itself at every moment; and he who had seen the play of strong emotions in Mrs. Bloodgood and Mrs. Kildair avidly began to feel what it would mean to be loved with such intensity.

Emma Fornez questioned him about Miss Charters; but, for the first time, he resolutely concealed from her what had taken place.

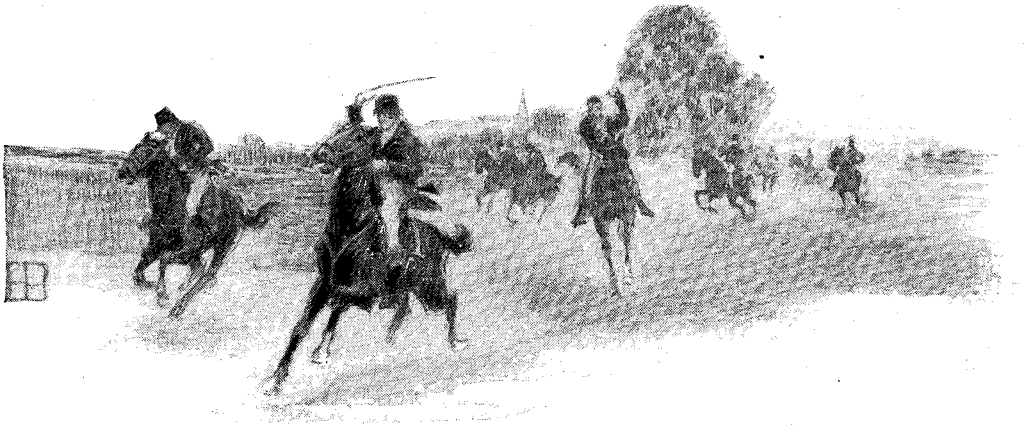
That night, on his return to his rooms, he found a short note from Bruce Gunther:

Dear Ted:

Be at McKenna's offices to-morrow — ten sharp. Something doing. B.

P. S. Keep this to yourself — *savez?*

TO BE CONTINUED



THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he rescues Lady Cleone Meredith from the compromising designs of Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he finds Barrymaine and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester foils Barnabas' purpose. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debts from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails. He then learns that he is the legal heir of Chichester's fortune, and threatens to dispossess him unless he looses his hold on Barrymaine. Chichester in turn threatens to expose Barnabas to Lady Cleone as an impostor, but Barnabas forestalls him by telling her himself that he is the son of an innkeeper She promises to marry him, and sends him back to London to win the great steeplechase. On reaching London he discovers that his enemies have attempted to hamstring his horse, and that Barrymaine is implicated in the plot. He finds Clemency, his friend the Viscount's sweetheart, hiding from Chichester in London, and promises to help her and to keep her secret. Another attempt is made to prevent Barnabas from riding the steeplechase, but the Viscount rescues him, at the cost of a disabled arm. The great steeplechase begins.

Some Further Account of the Gentlemen's Steeplechase

HALF a length behind Sir Mortimer Carnaby's grey galloped the Terror, fire in his eye. Twice Sir Mortimer glanced over his shoulder, and twice he increased his pace; yet, as they topped the rise, the Terror still galloped half a length behind. Far in advance raced Tressider, hotly pressed by the Marquis, and with eight or nine others hard on their rear. Behind these, again, rode the Viscount; while to the right of Barnabas raced Slingsby on his long-legged sorrel. The rest thundered on behind.

And now before them was the first jump. Tressider's horse rose to it, and was well over, with the Marquis hard on his heels. But shouts were heard, and vicious cries, as several horses, refusing, swerved violently. There was a crash — a muffled cry. Some one was down! Then, as Barnabas watched, anxious-eyed, mindful of the Viscount's injured arm, Moonraker shot forward and cleared the jump gallantly.

And now the Terror felt the restraining bit relax, and thereupon, with his fierce eyes ever upon the grey flanks of his chosen foe, he tossed his great head, lengthened his stride, and, with a snort of defiance, swept past Carnaby's grey, and was over the hedge and away. But behind Barnabas came the sound of a floundering splash. Another, and another! The air was full of shouts and cries, quickly lost in the rush of wind and the drumming of galloping hoofs, and in a while, turning his head, he saw Slingsby's Rascal racing close behind.

"Bit of a rasper, that, b'gad!" bellowed the Captain. "Six of 'em down and out of it, b'gad! Carnaby's behind, too — foot short at the water. Told you it would be a good race, and, b'gad, so it is!"

Inch by inch, the great black horse and the raking sorrel crept up nearer to the leaders. Closing in with the Viscount, Barnabas wondered to see the ghostly pallor of his cheek and the grim set of mouth and jaw, until, glancing at the sleeve of his whip-arm, he saw there a dark stain.

"Dick!" he cried.

"That you, Bev?"

"Your arm, Dick — keep your hand up!"

"Arm, Bev — right as a trivet!" And, to prove his words, the Viscount flourished his whip in the air. "Deuce take me! but Jerningham's setting a devilish hot pace!" he cried. "Means to weed out the unlikely ones right away. 'Gad! there's riding for you!"

The Marquis, it would seem, had taken the lead, and now he galloped a good twelve yards in front of Tressider.

"Come on, Bev!" cried the Viscount.

Moonraker leapt forward, lengthened his stride, and, filling the air with flying clods, came even with Tressider, passed him, and was galloping neck and neck with the Marquis.

Now, as Barnabas rode with the Terror well in hand, he became aware of a great grey head with flaring nostrils, of a neck outstretched, of a powerful shoulder, a heaving flank — and Carnaby dashed by. The Terror saw this too, and, snorting, bore savagely upon the bit. Over a hedge, across a ditch, they raced together until, as they approached the water-jump, behold! once more the Terror galloped half a length behind Sir Mortimer's grey.

Barnabas marked his take-off, and rode for it — touched the Terror with his spur, and in that moment Carnaby's grey swerved. Barnabas saw the danger and, clenching his teeth, swung the Terror aside just in time. Thus balked, the Terror made a brave attempt — leapt, was short, and went down with a floundering splash, flinging Barnabas clear.

Half stunned, half blinded, plastered with mud and ooze, Barnabas staggered to his feet, dimly aware of horses thundering past and well-nigh on him. As the Terror scrambled up, Barnabas got upon his legs, caught the reins, vaulted into his saddle, and struck in the spurs. A mighty joy filled the heart of the Terror, for the hand upon his bridle restrained him no longer — nay, rather urged him forward; and far in the distance galloped others of his kind, others whom he scorned, one and all, notably a certain grey. Therefore, as he spurned the earth beneath him faster and faster, the heart of the Terror was uplifted and full of rejoicing.

But, bruised, bleeding, and torn, mud from heel to head, and with a numbness in his brain, Barnabas rode, stooped low in the saddle, for he was sick and very faint. His hat was gone, and the cool wind in his hair revived him somewhat, but the numbness remained. It was as one in a dream that he found his stirrups and lifted the Terror to a fence that vanished and gave place to a hedge. On and ever on raced the great black horse — head stretched out, ears laid back, iron hoofs pounding — on and on, until Barnabas could distinguish, at last, the horsemen in front. Still as one in a dream, he began to count them to himself, over and over again. Yet, count how he would, he could make them no more than seven all told, and he wondered dully where the rest might be.

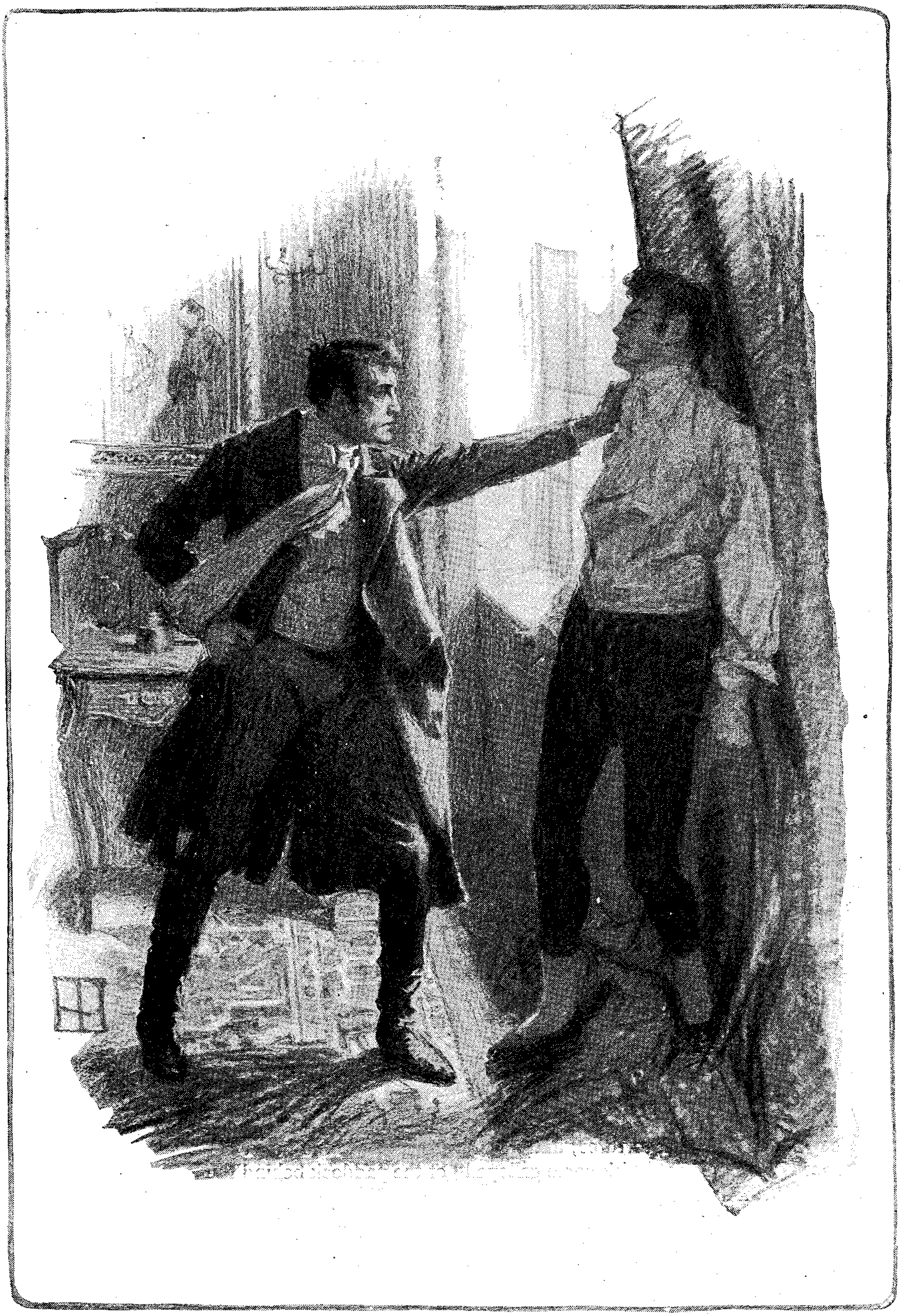
Well in advance of the survivors, the Viscount was going strong, with Slingsby and the Marquis knee and knee behind; next rode Carnaby, with two others, while Tressider brought up the rear. Inch by inch Barnabas gained until the Terror once more saw before him Sir Mortimer's galloping grey.

But now something was wrong in front. There was a warning yell from the Marquis. Up flashed the Captain's long arm, for Moonraker swerved suddenly, unaccountably, lost his stride, and fell back until he was neck and neck with the Terror. Thus, still as one in a dream, Barnabas became aware, little by little, that the Viscount's hat and whip were gone, and that he was swaying oddly in the saddle with Moonraker's every stride. He caught a momentary glimpse of a pale, agonized face, and heard the Viscount speaking.

"No go, Bev!" he panted. "Oh, Bev, I'm — done! Moonraker's game, but — I'm — done, Bev — arm, y'know." And Barnabas saw that the Viscount's sleeve was all blood from the elbow down. And in that moment Barnabas cast off the numbness and his brain cleared again.

"Hold on, Dick!" he cried.

"Can't, Bev; I — I'm done. Tried my best, but — I ——"



"THE VISCOUNT SPRANG UP AND SWUNG BARNABAS SAVAGELY TO THE WALL. 'SHE'S MINE!' HE PANTED. 'NO ONE SHALL TAKE HER FROM ME!'"

Barnabas reached out suddenly, but was too far off. The Viscount lurched forward, lost his stirrups, swayed, and Moonraker galloped, riderless. But help was at hand, for Barnabas saw divers rustic onlookers run forward to lift the Viscount's inanimate form. Therefore he turned him back to the race, and bent all his energies upon the last and grimmest part of the struggle. As for the Terror, he vented a snort of joyful defiance, for he was galloping again in full view of Sir Mortimer Carnaby's foam-flecked grey. But Carnaby saw him coming, and the grey leapt forward under his goading heels.

Over a hedge, across a ditch, and down a slope they raced together, to where, at the bottom, was a wall. An ancient, mossy wall it was, yet hideous for all that, an almost impossible jump, except in one place — a gap so narrow that but one might take it at a time. And who should be first? The Marquis was losing ground rapidly; he now raced a yard behind Barnabas. Thus, two by two, they thundered down upon the gap that was but wide enough for one. Slingsby was plying his whip, Carnaby was rowelling savagely; yet, neck and neck, the sorrel and the grey raced for the jump, with Barnabas and the Marquis behind.

"Give way, Slingsby!" shouted Sir Mortimer.

"Be damned if I do!" roared the Captain.

"Pull over, Slingsby!" shouted Sir Mortimer.

"No, b'gad! Pull over yourself," roared the Captain. "Give way, Carnaby — I have you by a head!"

An exultant yell from Slingsby — a savage shout from Sir Mortimer — a sudden, crunching thud — and the gallant sorrel lay, a twisted, kicking heap, with Captain Slingsby pinned beneath.

"What, Beverley!" he cried weakly. "Well ridden, b'gad! After him! The Rascal's done for, poor devil! So am I. It's you or Carnaby now. Ride, Beverley, ride!"

A fence, a hedge, a ditch, and beyond that a clear stretch to the winning-post.

At the fence, Carnaby saw the Terror's black head some six yards behind; at the hedge, Barnabas had lessened the six to three; and at the ditch, once again the great black horse galloped half a length behind the powerful grey.

And now, louder and louder, shouts came down the wind:

"The grey! It's Carnaby's grey! Carnaby's Clasher wins! Clasher! Clasher!"

But, slowly and by degrees, the cries sank to a murmur — to a buzzing drone. For what great black horse was this which, despite Carnaby's flailing whip and cruel, rowelling spur, was slowly, surely creeping up to the labouring grey? Who was this — a wild, bareheaded figure, grim and bloody, stained with mud, rent and torn, upon whose miry coat yet hung a crushed and fading rose? Down the stretch they raced, the black and the grey, panting, sobbing, spattered with foam, nearer and nearer, while the crowd rocked and swayed about the great pavilion, buzzing with surprise and uncertainty.

Then all at once, above this sound, a single voice was heard — a mighty, roaring bellow such as only a mariner could possess.

"It's Mr. Beverley, sir!" roared the voice. "Beverley! Beverley — hurrah!"

Little by little the crowd took up the cry until the air rang with it; for now the great black horse galloped half a length ahead of the sobbing grey, increasing his lead, with every stride, by inches — by feet! On and on — until his bridle was caught and held, and he was brought to a stand. Then, looking round, Barnabas saw the Marquis rein up beside him, breathless, and splashed with mud and foam, but smiling and debonair as he reached out his hand.

"My congratulations, Beverley!" he said. "Grand race! I caught Carnaby — at the post." But here the numbness came upon Barnabas again, and, as one in a dream, he was aware that his horse was being led through the crowd — that he was bowing to some one in the gaudy pavilion — a handsome, tall, and chubby gentleman remarkable for waistcoat and whiskers.

"Well ridden, sir!" said the gentleman. "Couldn't have done it better myself. Could I, Sherry?"

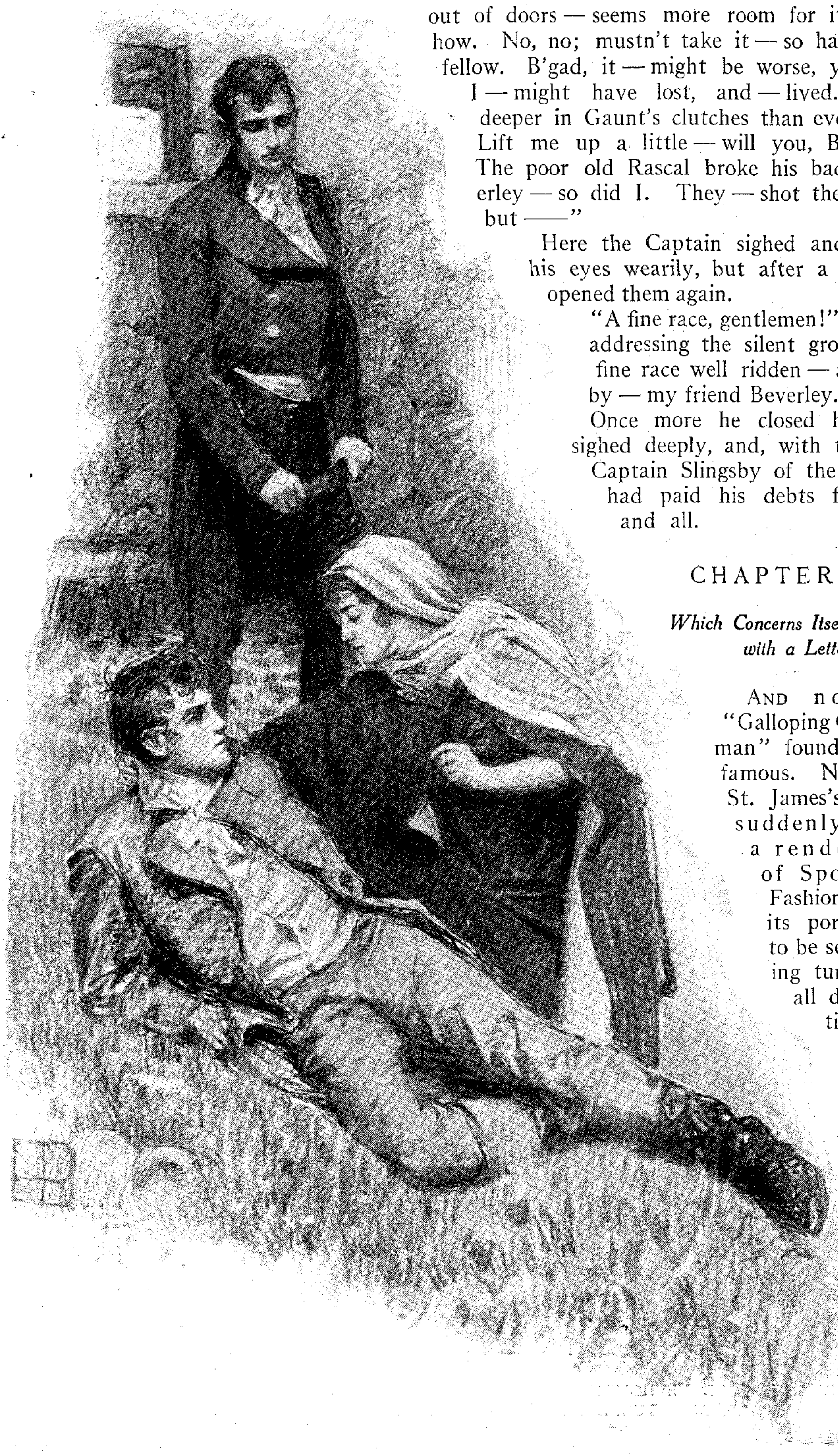
"No, George — by George, you couldn't!" answered a voice.

"Must take a run down to Brighton, Mr. — Mr. — ah, yes — Beverley. Show you some sport at Brighton, sir. A magnificent race — congratulate you, sir. Must see more of you!"

Then, still as one in a dream, Barnabas bowed again, saw Martin at the Terror's bridle, and was led back through a pushing, jostling throng all eager to behold the winner — and thus presently found himself once more in the quiet of the paddock behind the White Hart Inn.

As he descended stiffly and painfully from the saddle, he heard a feeble voice call his name, and, turning, beheld a hurdle set in the shade of a tree, and upon the hurdle the long, limp form of Captain Slingsby, with three or four strangers kneeling beside him.

"Ah, Beverley!" said he faintly. "Glad you beat Carnaby; he — crowded me a bit — at the wall, y' know. Poor old Rascal's gone, b'gad — and I'm going, but prefer to — go —



"CLEONE WAS ON HER KNEES. SHE LIFTED BARRYMAINE'S HEAD AND WIPED THE BLOOD FROM HIS FACE. 'YOU STRUCK HIM!' SHE PANTED"

out of doors — seems more room for it, somehow. No, no; mustn't take it — so hard, dear fellow. B'gad, it — might be worse, y' know. I — might have lost, and — lived. Been deeper in Gaunt's clutches than ever, then. Lift me up a little — will you, Beverley? The poor old Rascal broke his back, Beverley — so did I. They — shot the Rascal, but ——"

Here the Captain sighed and closed his eyes wearily, but after a moment opened them again.

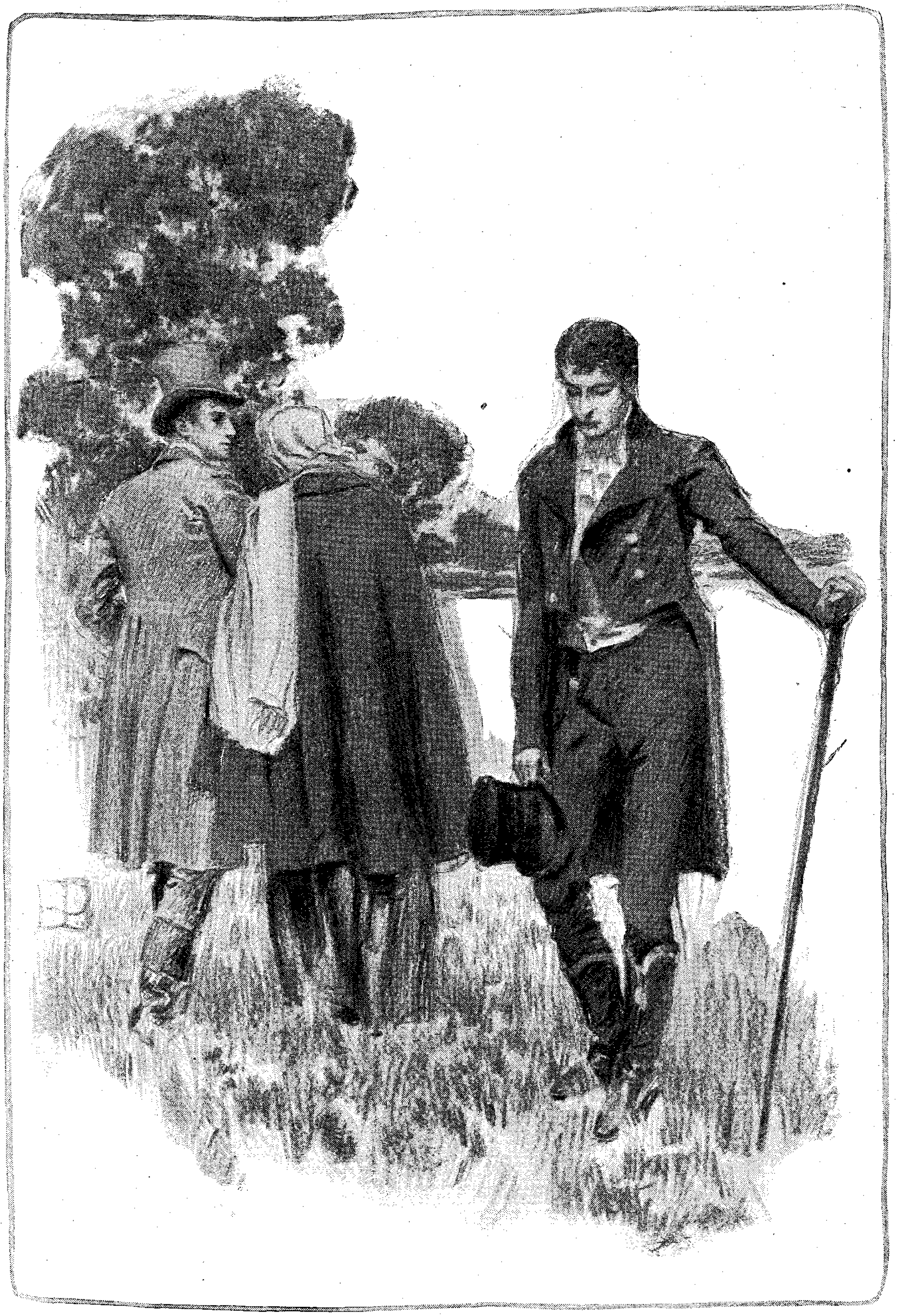
"A fine race, gentlemen!" said he, addressing the silent group. "A fine race well ridden — and won by — my friend Beverley."

Once more he closed his eyes, sighed deeply, and, with the sigh, Captain Slingsby of the Guards had paid his debts for good and all.

CHAPTER L

Which Concerns Itself Chiefly with a Letter

AND now the "Galloping Countryman" found himself famous. Number 5 St. James's Square suddenly became a rendezvous of Sport and Fashion. Before its portal were to be seen dashing turnouts of all descriptions, from coaches



"'OH, RONALD, TAKE ME HOME!' SHE BREATHED. SO BARRYMAINE DREW HER ARM THROUGH HIS, AND, TURNING HIS BACK ON BARNABAS, LED HER AWAY'" to phaëtons; liveried menials, bearing cards embossed, gilt-edged, and otherwise, descended upon St. James's Square in multi-coloured shoals. In a word, the Polite World forthwith took Barnabas to its bosom. Barnabas enjoyed it all vastly — for a week. At the end of which period, behold him at twelve o'clock one morning as he sits over his breakfast (with the legs of the Gentleman in Powder planted, statuesque, behind his chair), frowning at a stupendous and tumbled pile of fashionable note-paper and polite cards.

"Are these all?" he enquired, waving his hand towards the letters.

"Them, sir, is — hall!" answered the Gentleman in Powder.

"Then ask Mr. Peterby to come to me," said Barnabas, his frown growing blacker.

"Cer-tainly, sir!" Here the Gentleman in Powder posed his legs, bowed, and took them out of the room. Then Barnabas drew a letter from his pocket and began to read as follows:

The Gables, Hawkhurst.

My dear Barnabas:

As Cleone's letter looks very long (she sits opposite me at this precise moment, writing to you), mine shall be short. Of course, we are all disappointed not to have seen you here since the race, that terrible race (poor, dear Captain Slingsby — how dreadful it was!); but, of course, it is quite right you should stay near the Viscount during his illness. I rejoice to hear he is so much better. I am having my town house put in order, for Cleone has had quite enough of the country, I think; so have I. Though, indeed, she seems perfectly content, and is very fond of listening to the brook. Well, I used to listen to brooks once upon a time — before I took to a wig. As for yourself, now, Barnabas. The Marquis writes to tell me that your cravats are "all the thing" and your waistcoats "all the go," and that your new coat with the opened cuff finds very many admirers. This is very well; but, since Society has taken you up and made a lion of you, it will necessarily expect you to roar occasionally, just to maintain your position. And there are many ways of roaring, Barnabas. Brummell — whom I ever despised — roared like an insolent cat; he was always very precise and cat-like, and dreadfully insolent. But insolence palls, after a while — even in Society. Indeed, I might give you many hints on roaring, Barnabas, but, considering the length of Cleone's letter, I will spare you more — nor even give you any advice — though I yearn to, only this: Be yourself, Barnabas, in Society or out. So shall I always subscribe myself,

Your affectionate friend,
Fanny Camberhurst.

3 P.M. I have opened this letter to tell you that Mr. Chichester and Ronald called here, and stayed an hour. Ronald was full of his woes, as usual; so I left him to Cleone, and kept Mr. Chichester dancing attendance on me. And, oh dear me! to see the white rage of the man! It was deliciously thrilling, and I shivered most delightfully.

"You sent for me, sir?" said Peterby, as Barnabas refolded the letter.

"Yes, John. Are you sure there is no other letter this morning from — from Hawkhurst?"

"Quite, sir."

"Yet the Duchess tells me that the Lady Cleone wrote me also. This letter came by the post this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And no other? It's very strange!"

But here the Gentleman in Powder appeared to say that the Marquis of Jerningham desired to see Mr. Beverley on a matter of importance, and, that nobleman presenting himself, Peterby withdrew.

"Excuse this intrusion, my dear Beverley," said the Marquis, as the door closed. "Doocid early, I know, but the — ah — the matter is pressing. First, though, how's Devenden? You saw him last night, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Barnabas, shaking hands; "he ought to be up and about again in a day or two."

"Excellent," nodded the Marquis. "I'll run over to Half-Moon Street this afternoon. Is Bamborough with him still?"

"No; his lordship left yesterday."

"Ha!" said the Marquis, and, taking out his snuff-box, he looked at it, tapped it, and put it away again. "Poor old Sling!" said he gently, "I miss him damnably, y' know, Beverley."

"Marquis," said Barnabas, "what is it?"

"Well, I want you to do me a favour, my dear fellow — doocid big favour. Ah — I was wondering if you would consent to — act for me?"

"Act for you?" repeated Barnabas, wholly at a loss.

"Yes, in my little affair with Carnaby — poor old Sling, d'you see. What, don't you twig, Beverley — haven't you heard?"

"No!" answered Barnabas. "You don't mean that you and Carnaby are going to fight?"

"Exactly, my dear fellow. Of course! He fouled poor old Sling at the wall, y' know. You saw it — I saw it. So, naturally, I mean to call him to account for it. And he can't refuse; I spoke doocid plainly — and White's was full. He has the choice of weapons — pistols, I expect."

But here once again the Gentleman in Powder knocked, to announce Mr. Tressider.

A thinnish, youngish gentleman in sandy whiskers entered with a rush, but, seeing the Marquis, paused.

"What, then — you're before me, are you, Jerningham?" he exclaimed; then, turning, he saluted Barnabas, and burst into a torrent of speech. "Beverley!" he cried. "Cursed early to call, but I'm full o' news. First, then, it was at White's, you'll understand, and the card-room was full — crammed, sir; and there's Carnaby and Tufton Green and myself, and three or four others, playing hazard, d'ye see, when up strolls Jerningham, here. 'It's your play, Carnaby,' says I. 'Why, then,' says the Marquis, 'look out for fouling!' says he, cool as a cucumber, curse me. 'Eh — what?' cries Tufton. 'Why — what d'ye mean?' 'Mean?' says the Marquis, tapping his snuff-box. 'I mean that Sir Mortimer Carnaby is a most accursed rascal.' Highly dramatic, Beverley — could have heard a pin drop, curse me if you couldn't! End of it was, they arranged a meeting, of course, and I was Carnaby's second, but——"

"Was?" repeated the Marquis.

"Yes, *was* — for, begad, when I called on my man this morning, he'd bolted, damme if he hadn't!"

"Gone?" exclaimed the Marquis, in blank amazement.

"Clean gone! Bag and baggage! I tell you, he's bolted, but — with all due respect to you, Marquis — only from his creditors. He was devilish deep in with Gaunt, I know. Carnaby was always game — curse me if he wasn't!"

Hereupon the Marquis had recourse to his snuff-box again.

"Under the circumstances," said he, sighing and shaking his head, "I think I'll go and talk with our invalid."

"No good, my boy, if you mean Devenden," said Tressider, shaking his head. "Just been there. Viscount's disappeared too — been away all night!"

"What?" cried Barnabas, springing to his feet. "Gone!"

"Damme if he hasn't! Found his little rascal of a groom blubbering on the stairs."

"Then I must dress! You'll excuse me, I know," said Barnabas, and rang for Peterby. But his hand was even yet upon the bell-rope when stumbling feet were heard outside, the door was flung wide, and the Viscount himself stood upon the threshold. Pale and haggard of eye, dusty and unkempt, he leaned there; then, staggering to a chair, he sank down, and so lay back, staring at the floor.

"Oh, Bev!" he groaned, "she's gone — Clemency's gone! I — I can't find her, Bev!"

Now hereupon the Marquis and Tressider softly left the room.

"Dick!" cried Barnabas, bending over him — "my dear fellow!"

"Ever since you spoke, I — I've wanted her, Bev. All through my illness I've hungered for her — the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand. As soon as I was strong enough,— last night, I think it was,— I went to find her, to — to kneel at her feet, Bev. I drove down to Frittenden — and oh, Bev, she was gone! So I started back — looking for her all night. I kept fancying I saw her before me in the dark. Sometimes I called to her — but she — never answered. She's — gone, Bev! And I——"

"Oh, Dick, she left there weeks ago."

"What — you knew?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Then — oh, Bev, tell me where!"

"Dick, I — can't!"

"Why — why?"

"I promised her to keep it secret."

"Then — you won't tell me?"

"I can't."

"Won't — won't! Ah, but you shall — yes, by heaven!"

"Dick, I——"

"But you shall — I say you shall — you must! Where is she?"

"No," said Barnabas, and shook his head.

In that moment the Viscount sprang up and, pinning him with his left hand, swung Barnabas savagely to the wall.

"She's mine!" he panted — "mine, I tell you! No one shall take her from me — neither you nor the devil himself! Tell me where she is; speak before I choke you — speak!"

But Barnabas stood rigid and utterly still. Thus in a while the gripping fingers fell away; the Viscount stepped back, and, groaning, bowed his head.

"Oh, Bev," said he, "forgive me. I — I'm mad, I think. I want her so, and I can't find her. And I had a spill last night,— dark road, you see, and only one hand,— and I'm not quite myself in consequence. I'll go——"

But, as he turned toward the door, Barnabas interposed:

"Dick, I can't let you go like this. What do you intend to do?"

"Will you tell me where she is?"

"No, but——"

"Then, sir, my further movements need not concern you."

"Dick, be reasonable; listen——"

"Have the goodness to let me pass, sir."

"You are faint, worn out. Stay here, Dick, and I——"

"Thanks, Beverley, but I accept favours from my friends only. Pray stand aside."

"Dick, if you'll only wait, I'll go to her now — this moment. I'll beg her to see you."

"Very kind, sir!" sneered the Viscount. "You are — privileged, it seems. But I don't need you, or any one else, to act as go-between or plead my cause. And, mark me, sir! I'll find her yet. I swear to you, I'll never rest until I find her again. And now, sir, once and for all, I have the honour to wish you a very good day!" Saying which, the Viscount bowed and walked away down the corridor.

Then Barnabas, becoming aware of the polite letters and cards, swept them to the floor and, sinking into a chair, leaned his head upon his hands and fell into a gloomy meditation. It was thus that the Gentleman in Powder presently found him, and, advancing into the room with insinuating legs, coughed gently to attract his attention, the which proving ineffectual, he spoke:

"Ex-cuse me, sir, but there is a — person downstairs, sir — at the door, sir!"

"What kind of person?" enquired Barnabas without looking up.

"A most ex-tremely low person, sir — very common indeed, sir. Won't give no name, sir, won't go away, sir. A very 'orrid person — in gaiters, sir."

"What does he want?" said Barnabas, with head still bent.

"Says as 'ow 'e 'as a letter for you, sir; but ——"

Barnabas was on his feet so quickly that the Gentleman in Powder recoiled in alarm.

"Show him up — at once!"

"Oh, cer-tainly, sir!"

When next the door was opened, it was to admit a horsey person in gaiters.

"You have a letter for me, I think?"

"Yessir!"

"Then give it to me."

"Name o' Beverley, sir?" enquired the gaitered one.

"Yes."

Hereupon he drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Barnabas, who, seeing the superscription, hurriedly broke the seal and read the following:

> O Barnabas dear, when shall I see you again? I am very foolish to-day, perhaps, but, though the sun shines gloriously, I am cold. It is my heart that is cold — a deadly chill, as if an icy hand had touched it. And I seem to be waiting — waiting for something to happen, something dreadful that I can not avert. I fear you will think me weak and fanciful, but, dear, I can not help wondering what it all means. You ask me if I love you. Can you doubt? How often in my dreams have I seen you kneeling beside me with your neck all bare and the dripping kerchief in your hand. Oh, dear Wood of Annesley! it was there that I first felt your arms about me, Barnabas, and I dream of that too, sometimes. But last night I dreamed of that awful race. I saw you gallop past the winning-post again, your dear face all cut and bleeding; and as you passed me your eyes looked into mine — such an awful look, Barnabas. And then it seemed that you galloped into a great black shadow that swallowed you up, and so you were lost to me, and I awoke trembling. O Barnabas, come to me! I want you here beside me, for, although the sky here is blue and cloudless, away to the north, where London lies, there is a great, black shadow like the shadow of my dream — and God keep all shadows from you, Barnabas. So come to me. Meet me to-morrow — there is a new moon. Come to Oakshott's Barn at half-past seven, and we will walk back to the house together.
>
> I am longing to see you, and yet I am a little afraid also, because my love is not a quiet love or gentle, but such a love as frightens me sometimes, because it has grown so deep and strong.
>
> My window faces north, and now, as I lift my eyes, I can see that the shadow is still dark over London. Come to me soon, and that God may keep all shadows from you is the prayer of Your
>
> CLEONE.

Now, when he had finished reading, Barnabas sighed, and, glancing up, found the horsey person looking at him with a pair of very round, bright eyes.

"Now," said he, "I should like to take the liberty o' axing you one or two questions, Mr. Barty, sir — or, as I should say, p'r'aps, Mr. Beverley."

"What!" exclaimed Barnabas, starting up. "It's you again, Mr. Shrig?"

"That werry same i-dentical, sir. Disguises again, ye see: yesterday a journeyman peg-maker vith a fine lot o' pegs as I didn't vant to sell; to-day a groom looking for a job as I don't need. Been a-keeping my ogles on Number Vun and Number Two, and things is beginning to look werry rosy, sir — yes, things is werry promising indeed."

"How do you mean?"

"Vell, to begin vith," said Mr. Shrig, taking the chair Barnabas proffered, "you didn't 'appen to notice as that theer letter had been broke open and sealed up again, did ye?"

"No," said Barnabas, staring at what was left of the seal.

"No, o' course you didn't; you opened it too quick to notice anything. But I did."

"Oh, surely not!"

"That theer letter," said Mr. Shrig impressively, "vas wrote you by a certain lady, vasn't it?"

"Yes."

"And I brought you that theer letter, didn't I?"

"Yes; but ——"

"And oo do ye suppose give me that theer letter to bring to you? The lady? Oh, no! I'll tell you oo give it me. It vas — shall ve say Number Two, the accessory afore the fact — shall ve call 'im C? Werry good! Now, 'ow did C 'appen to give me that theer letter? I'll tell you. Ven B and C vent down to Hawkhurst, I vent down to Hawkhurst. They put up at the Qveen's 'Ead, so I 'angs about the Qveen's 'Ead. Got in the 'abit o' doing odd jobs for Number Vun and Number Two, and last night Number Two gives me that theer letter to deliver — and werry perticklar 'e vas as I should give it into your werry own daddle. 'E also gives me a guinea and tells me as 'ow 'e don't vant me no more. And them's the circumstances, sir."

"But," said Barnabas, in frowning perplexity, "I don't understand. How did he get hold of the letter?"

"Lord, sir, 'ow do I know that? But get it 'e did; 'e likewise broke the seal."

"But — why?"

"Vell, now, might that theer letter be making a app'intment?"

"Yes, an appointment for to-morrow evening."

"Ah! In a nice, quiet, lonely place — say a vood?"

"Yes; at a very lonely place called Oakshott's Barn."

"Oakshott's Barn, eh?" said Mr. Shrig. "It sounds a nice, lonesome place; just the sort o' place for it; a — a — capital place, as you might call it." He shook his head. "But you — von't go, o' course, sir?"

"Yes, of course," answered Barnabas; "the appointment is for seven-thirty."

"Seven-thirty!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "And a werry nice time for it, too! Sunset, it'll be about — good light and not too long to vait till dark! Yes, seven-thirty's a werry good time for it!"

"For what?"

"V'y," said Mr. Shrig, lowering his voice suddenly, "let's say for 'it'! Might I jest take a peep at that theer letter, v'ere it says seven-thirty, sir?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, pointing to the line.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Shrig. "Jest take a good look at that theer seven-thirty, vill you, sir? Come, vot do you see?"

"Why," said Barnabas, staring hard at the spot, "it looks as though something had been scratched out!"

"And so it has, sir. If you go there at seven-thirty, it von't be a fair lady as'll be vaiting to meet you. The time's been altered, o' course."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, and clenched his fist.

"So now, d'ye see, you can't go — can ye?" said Mr. Shrig.

"Yes!" said Barnabas.

"Eh? Vot, you vill?"

"Most assuredly!"

"But — but it'll be madness!" stammered Mr. Shrig, his round eyes rounder than ever. "It'll be fair asking to — to be made a unfort'nate wictim of, if ye go. O' course it 'u'd be a good case for me; but you mustn't go, now; it 'u'd be madness!"

"No," said Barnabas, frowning darkly, "because I shall go — before seven-thirty, you see."

CHAPTER LI

Which Narrates Sundry Happenings at Oakshott's Barn

Even on a summer's afternoon Oakshott's Barn is a desolate place. Yet, standing there, Barnabas smiled and uncovered his head, for here once She had stood. So, having paused a while to look about him, he presently went on into the gloom of the barn, a gloom damp and musty with years and decay.

Now, glancing sharply this way and that, Barnabas espied a ladder that led up from the darkest corner to a loft. Up this ladder he mounted, and thus found himself in what had once served as a hay-loft, at one end of which was a window. He was in the act of looking from this window when all at once he started and crouched down, for upon the stillness broke a sudden sound — the rustling of leaves and a voice speaking in loud, querulous tones:

"I tell you, Ch-Chichester, it will be either him or m-me!"

"If he — condescends to fight you, my dear Ronald."

"C-condescend?" cried Barrymaine, and it needed but a glance to see that he had been drinking more heavily than usual. "I'll give him no chance for his c-cursed condescension. I — I tell you, Chichester, I'll ——"

"But you can't make a man fight, Ronald."

"Can't I? Why, then, if he won't f-fight, I'll ——"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud!"

"Well, I will, Chichester!"

"You don't mean — murder, Ronald?"

"I didn't s-say so, d-did I?"

"Of course not, my dear Barrymaine; but — shall I take the pistols?" And Mr. Chichester stretched out his hand towards a flat oblong box that Barrymaine carried clutched beneath his arm. "Better give them to me, Ronald."

"No; w-why should I?"

"Well, in your present mood ——"

"I — I'm not — d-drunk, damme! And I'll give the f-fellow every chance — honourable meeting."

"Then, if he refuses to fight you, as of course he will, you'll let him go to — ah — make love to Cleone?"

"No!" cried Barrymaine in a sudden wild fury. "I — I'll sh-shoot him first!"

"Kill him?"

"Yes, k-kill him!"

"Oh, no, you won't, Ronald, for two reasons. First of all, it would be murder!"

"Murder!" Barrymaine repeated. "So it would — murder!"

"And, secondly, you haven't the nerve. Though he has clandestine meetings with your sister — though he crush you into the mud, trample you under his feet, throw you into a debtors' prison to rot out your days — though he ruin you, body and soul, still you'd never — murder him, Ronald. You couldn't; you haven't the heart, because it would be — murder!"

Mr. Chichester's voice was low; yet each incisive, quick-spoken word reached Barnabas, while upon Barrymaine the effect was demoniac. Dropping his pistol-case, he threw up wild arms and shook his clenched fists in the air.

"Damn him!" he cried. "B-bury me in a debtors' prison, will he? Foul my sister's honour, w-will he? Never! never! I tell you, I'll kill him first!"

"Murder him, Ronald?"

"Murder? I t-tell you, it's no murder to kill his sort! G-give me the pistols."

"Hush! Come into the barn."

"No. W-what for?"

"Well, the time is getting on, Ronald — nearly seven o'clock, and your ardent lovers are usually before time. Come into the barn."

"N-no; devilish dark hole!"

"But — he'll see you here!"

"What if he does? Can't g-get away from me; better f-for it out here — lighter."

"What do you mean? Better — for what?"

"The m-meeting."

"What! You mean to try and make him fight, do you?"

"Of course; try that way first. Give him a ch-chance, you know — c-can't shoot him down on s-sight."

"Ah-h!" said Mr. Chichester very slowly. "You can't shoot him on sight — of course you can't. I see."

"What? W-what d'ye see? Devilish dark hole in there!"

"All the better, Ronald. Think of his surprise when, instead of finding an armful of warm loveliness waiting for him in the shadows, he finds the avenging brother! Come into the shadows, Ronald."

"All right — yes, the shadow. Instead of the sister, the b-brother — yes, by heaven!"

Now, the flooring of the loft was full of wide cracks and fissures, and, lying at full length, Barnabas saw them below — Barrymaine leaning against the crumbling wall, while Mr. Chichester stooped above the open duelling-case.

"They're handsome tools, Ronald, and with your monogram, I see!"

"Yes. Is your f-flask empty, Chichester?"

"No, I think not," answered Mr. Chichester.

"Then give it me, will you? M-my throat's on fire."

Mr. Chichester rose and began feeling through his pockets, while Barrymaine stooped above the pistol-case. Mr. Chichester drew out a silver flask, unscrewed it, and thereafter made a certain quick, stealthy gesture behind his companion's back, which done, he screwed up the flask again, shook it, and, as Barrymaine rose, held it out to him.

"I'm afraid there's very little left, Ronald," said he.

Barrymaine took the flask and, setting it to his lips, drained it at a gulp.

"'Gad, Chichester!" he exclaimed, "it tastes damnably of the f-flask! What time is it?"

"A quarter to seven!"

"Th-three quarters of an hour to wait!"

"It will soon pass, Ronald; besides, he's sure to be early."

"Hope so! But I — I think I'll s-sit down." And he sat down on the floor. "I'm not — n-not drunk, only — dev'lish sleepy!" And, swaying toward the wall, he leaned there, with head drooping.

"Then you'd better — lie down, Ronald."

"Yes; I'll — lie down. Dev'lish — drowsy p-place!" Yet, after lying down full length, he must needs struggle up to his elbow again to blink at Mr. Chichester, heavy-eyed and with one hand to his wrinkling brow. "Wha-what w-was it we — came for? Oh, y-yes, I know — Bev'ley, of course! You'll w-wake me — when he c-comes?"

"I'll wake you, Ronald."

"S-so c-cursed — drowsy!" Barrymaine sank down upon his side, rolled over upon his back, and so lay, breathing stertorously.

Then Mr. Chichester smiled, and, coming beside him, spoke in his soft, gentle voice.

"Are you asleep, Ronald?" he enquired, and stirred Barrymaine with his foot. "Oh, Ronald," he murmured, "what a drunken, sottish fool you are! So you'd give him a chance, would you? Ah, but you mustn't, Ronald! You sha'n't — for your sake and my sake. My hand is steadier than yours, so sleep, my dear Ronald, and wake to find that you have rid us of our good young Samaritan, once and for all. And then — hey for Cleone, and no more dread of the future. Sleep on, you swinish sot!"

And now Mr. Chichester stooped, and taking the pistols, one by one, examined flint and priming with attentive eye, which done, he crossed to a darkened window and, bursting open the rotting shutter, knelt and levelled one of the weapons, steadying his wrist upon the sill;

then, nodding as though satisfied, he laid the pistols upon the floor within easy reach, and drew out his watch.

Slowly the sun declined, and as slowly the shadows lengthened about Oakshott's Barn, as they had done many and many a time before. A rabbit darted across the clearing, a blackbird called to his mate in the thicket; but, save for this, nothing stirred. A great quiet was upon the place, a stillness so profound that Barnabas could distinctly hear the scutter of a rat in the shadows behind him, and the slow, heavy breathing of the sleeper down below. And ever that crouching figure knelt beside the broken shutter, very still and very patient.

But all at once, as he watched, Barnabas saw the rigid figure grow suddenly alert, saw the right arm raised slowly, stealthily, saw the pistol gleam as it was levelled across the sill; for now upon the quiet rose a sound faint and far, yet that grew and ever grew — the oncoming rustle of leaves.

Then, even as Barnabas stared down wide-eyed, the rigid figure started, the deadly pistol-hand wavered, was snatched back, and Mr. Chichester leapt to his feet. He stood a moment, hesitating as one at a loss; then, crossing to the unconscious form of Barrymaine, he set the pistol under his lax hand, turned, and vanished into the shadow. Thereafter, from the rear of the barn, came the sound of a blow and the creak of a rusty hinge, quickly followed by a rustle of leaves that grew fainter and fainter, and so presently was gone.

Then Barnabas rose, and, coming to the window, peered cautiously out; and there, standing before the barn, surveying its dilapidation with round, approving eyes, his nobbly stick beneath his arm, his high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat upon his head, was Mr. Shrig.

CHAPTER LII

Of the Gathering of the Shadows

Surprise and something very like disappointment were in Mr. Shrig's look as Barnabas stepped out from the yawning doorway of the barn.

"V'y, sir," said he, consulting a large-faced watch, "v'y, Mr. Beverley, it's eg-zactly tventy minutes arter the time for it!"

"Yes," said Barnabas.

"And you — ain't shot, then?"

"No, thank heaven."

"Nor even — vinged?"

"Nor even winged, Mr. Shrig."

"Fate," said Mr. Shrig, shaking a dejected head at him, "fate is a werry wexed problem, sir! 'Ere's you, now, Number Three, — as I might say, the unfort'nate wictim as was to be,— 'ere you are a-valking up to fate, axing to be made a corp', and vot do you get? Not so much as a scrat — not a westige of a scrat; v'ile another unfort'nate wictim vill run avay from fate, and vot does 'e get? 'E gets made a corp' afore 'e knows it. No, sir; fate's a werry wexed problem, sir, and I don't understand it — no, nor ever shall."

"It was very simple," Barnabas explained, slipping his hand in Mr. Shrig's arm and leading him away from the barn — "very simple indeed. I got here before they came, and hid in the loft. Then, while they were waiting for me down below, you came and frightened them away."

"Ah! So they meant business, did they?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, nodding grimly; "they certainly meant business — especially Mr. Chich——"

"S-sh!" said Mr. Shrig, glancing round. "Call 'im Number Two. Sir, Number Two is a extra-special, superfine, over-weight specimen, 'e is. I've knowed a many 'capitals' in my time, but I never knowed such a capital o' capital coves as 'im. Sir, Vistling Dick vas a innercent, smiling babe and young B is a snowy pet lamb alongside o' Number Two. Capital coves like 'im only 'appen, and they only 'appen every thousand years or so. Ecod! I'm proud o' Number Two. And, talking of 'im, I 'appened to call on Nick the cobbler last night."

"Oh?"

"Ah! And I found 'im vith 'is longest awl close 'andy — all on account o' Number Two."

"How, on his account?" demanded Barnabas, frowning suddenly.

"Vell, last evening Milo o' Crotona 'appened to drop in, sociable-like, and it seems as Number Two followed 'im. And Number Two frightened that 'andsome gal, by all accounts. She wrote you a letter vich she give me to deliver, and 'ere it is."

Barnabas took the letter and broke the seal. It was very short, but as he read Barnabas frowned blacker than ever.

"Mr. Shrig," said he very earnestly, as he folded and pocketed the letter, "will you do something for me? Will you take a note to my servant, John Peterby? You'll find him at the Oak and Ivy in Hawkhurst village."

"Vich, seeing as you're a pal, sir, I vill. But, sir," continued Mr. Shrig, as Barnabas scribbled certain instructions for Peterby on a page of his memorandum, "vot about yourself? You ain't a-going back there, are ye?" And he jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the barn, now some distance behind them.

"Of course," said Barnabas; "to keep my appointment."

"D'ye think it's safe — now?"

"Quite — thanks to you," answered Barnabas. "Here is the note, and, if you wish, John Peterby shall drive you back to London with him."

"V'y, thank'ee, sir, 'e shall that. But you, now,"— Mr. Shrig paused and somewhat diffidently drew from his side-pocket a very businesslike, brass-bound pistol, which he proffered to Barnabas. "Jest in case they — should 'appen to come back, sir," said he.

But Barnabas laughingly declined it, and shook Mr. Shrig's chubby hand instead.

"Vell," said Mr. Shrig, pocketing the note, "you're true game, sir. Good-bye, sir, and good luck."

When he was gone, Barnabas turned and swiftly retraced his steps; but now he went with fists clenched and head forward, as one very much on the alert. As he entered the gloomy doorway a threatening figure rose upon him from the shadows.

"Ah! So you've c-come at last, sir!" said Barrymaine, steadying himself against the wall with one hand, while he held the pistol levelled in the other. "Instead of the weak s-sister you find the avenging brother! Been waiting for you hours. C-cursed dreary hole this, and I fell asleep, but ——"

"Because you were drugged!" said Barnabas.

"D-drugged, sir! W-what d'you mean?"

"Chichester drugged the brandy."

"Chichester?"

"He meant to murder me while you slept, and fix the crime on you."

"Liar!" cried Barrymaine. "You came here to meet my s-sister, but instead of a defenceless girl you meet me, and I'm g-going to settle with you — once and for all. T-told you I would, last time we met. There's another pistol in the c-case yonder; pick it up and t-take your ground."

"Listen to me," Barnabas began.

"N-not a word. You're going to fight me ——"

"Never!"

"Pick up that pistol, or I'll sh-shoot you where you stand!"

"No!"

"I'll c-count three!" said Barrymaine, his pale face livid against the darkness behind. "One! Two!" But on the instant Barnabas sprang in and closed with him. They swayed a moment, and staggered out through the gaping doorway.

Barrymaine fought desperately; Barnabas felt his coat rip and tear, but he maintained his grip upon his opponent's pistol-hand. Yet twice the muzzle of the weapon covered him, and twice he eluded it before Barrymaine could fire. Therefore, seeing Barrymaine's intention, Barnabas loosed one hand, drew back his arm, and smote — swift and hard. Barrymaine uttered a cry that seemed to Barnabas to find an echo afar off, flung out his arms, and, staggering, fell.

Then Barnabas picked up the pistol and, standing over Barrymaine, spoke.

"I — had to — do it!" he panted. "Did I— hurt you much?"

But Ronald Barrymaine lay very white and still; his mouth was cut and bleeding. Barnabas saw that he had struck harder than he intended. Now at this moment, even as he sank on his knees, Barnabas again heard a cry, but nearer now and with the rustle of flying draperies, and, glancing up, saw Cleone running towards them.

"Cleone!" he cried, and sprang to his feet.

"You — struck him!" she panted.

"I — yes, I had to! But, indeed, he isn't much hurt ——"

But Cleone was down upon her knees, had lifted Barrymaine's head to her bosom, and was wiping the blood from his pale face with her handkerchief.

"Cleone," said Barnabas humbly, "I — indeed, I — couldn't help it. Oh, Cleone, look up!" Yet, as he spoke, there came a rustling of leaves near by, and, glancing thither, Barnabas saw Mr. Chichester surveying them, smiling and debonair. Striding forward, Barnabas confronted him with scowling brow and fierce, menacing eyes.

"Rogue!" said he, his lips curling. "Rascal!"

"Ah!" nodded Mr. Chichester gently. "You have a pistol there, I see!"

"Your despicable villainy is known!" said Barnabas. "Ha! Smile if you will, but while you knelt, pistol in hand, in the barn there, had you troubled to look in the loft above your head you might have murdered me, and none the wiser. As it is, I am alive, to strip you of your heritage. I swear you shall be hounded from every club in London — men shall know you for what you are! Now go, before you tempt me to strangle you for a nauseous beast. Go, I say!"

Smiling still, but with a devil looking from his narrowed eyes, Mr. Chichester slowly viewed Barnabas from head to foot, and, turning, strolled away, swinging his tasselled walking-cane as he went, with Barnabas close behind him, pistol in hand, even as they had walked once before.

Now it was at this moment that Cleone, kneeling beside Barrymaine, chanced to espy a crumpled piece of paper that lay within a yard of her. Half unwittingly, she took it up, glanced at it with vague eyes, then started as, knitting her black brows, she read these words:

> *My dear Barnabas:*
> The beast has discovered me. I thought I only scorned him, but now I know I fear him too. So, in my dread, I turn to you. Yes; I will go now — anywhere you wish. Fear has made me humble, and I accept your offer. Oh, take me away — hide me anywhere. So shall I be always
> Your grateful
> CLEMENCY.

Thus in a while, when Barrymaine opened his eyes, it was to see Cleone kneeling beside him with bent head and with both hands clasped upon her bosom — fierce hands, that clenched a crumpled paper between them. At first he thought she was weeping; but, when she turned towards him, he saw that her eyes were tearless and very bright, and that on either cheek burned a vivid patch of colour.

"Oh, Ronald!" she sighed, her lips quivering suddenly. "I — am glad you are better, but — oh, my dear, I wish I — were dead!"

"There, there, Clo!" he muttered, patting her stooping shoulder. "I f-frightened you, I suppose. But I'm all right now, dear. W-where's Chichester?"

"I — don't know, Ronald."

"But you, Cleone? You came here to m-meet this — this Beverley?"

"Yes, Ronald."

"D'you know w-what he is? D'you know he's a publican's son — a vile, low fellow masquerading as a g-gentleman? Yes, he's a p-publican's son, I tell you!" he repeated, seeing how she shrank at this. "And you s-stoop to such as he — s-stoop to meet him in s-such a place as this! So I came to save you f-from yourself!"

"Did you, Ronald?"

"Yes; but oh, Cleone, you don't l-love the fellow, do you?"

"I think I — hate him, Ronald."

"Then you won't m-meet him again?"

"No, Ronald."

"And you'll try to be a little kinder — to Ch-Chichester?"

Cleone shivered and rose to her feet.

"Come!" said she, her hands once more clasped upon her bosom. "It grows late; I must go."

"Yes. D-devilish depressing place, this! G-give me your arm, Clo."

But, as they turned to go, the bushes parted and Barnabas appeared.

"Cleone!" he exclaimed.

"I — I'm going home!" she said, not looking at him.

"Then I will come with you — if I may?"

"I had rather go — alone — with my brother."

"So pray s-stand aside, sir!" said Barrymaine haughtily through his swollen lips.

"Sir," said Barnabas pleadingly, "I struck you a while ago; but it was the only way to save you from — a greater evil, as you know."

"He means I threatened to s-shoot him, Clo. So I did; but it was for your sake — to sh-shield you from — persecution, as a brother should."

"Cleone," said Barnabas, ignoring Barrymaine altogether, "if there is any one in this world who should know me, and what manner of man I am, surely it is you."

"Yes; she knows you — b-better than you think. She knows you for a publican's son, first of all."

"May I come with you, Cleone?"

"No, sir; n-not while I'm here. Cleone, you go with him or m-me, so — choose!"

"Oh, Ronald, take me home!" she breathed.

So Barrymaine drew her arm through his, and, turning his back on Barnabas, led her away. But, when they had gone a little distance, he frowned and strode after them.

"Cleone," said he, "why are you so strange to me? What is it? Speak to me!"

But Cleone was dumb, and walked on beside Ronald Barrymaine with head averted; and so, with never a backward glance, was presently lost to sight among the leaves.

Long after they had gone, Barnabas stood there, his head bowed, while the shadows deepened about him, dark and darker. Then all at once he sighed and, lifting his head, strode away through the deepening gloom. On he went, heeding only the tumult of sorrow and anger that surged within him. And so, betimes, he reached the Oak and Ivy Inn, where, finding Peterby and the phaëton already gone, according to his instructions, he hired post-horses and galloped away for London.

As for my lady, securely locked within the sanctuary of her chamber, she took pen and paper and wrote these words:

> You have destroyed my faith, and with that all else. Farewell.

Which done, she stamped a small yet vicious foot upon a certain crumpled letter, and thereafter, lying face down upon her bed, wept hot, slow, bitter tears, stifling her sobs with the tumbled glory of her hair; and in her heart was an agony greater than any she had ever known.

TO BE CONTINUED

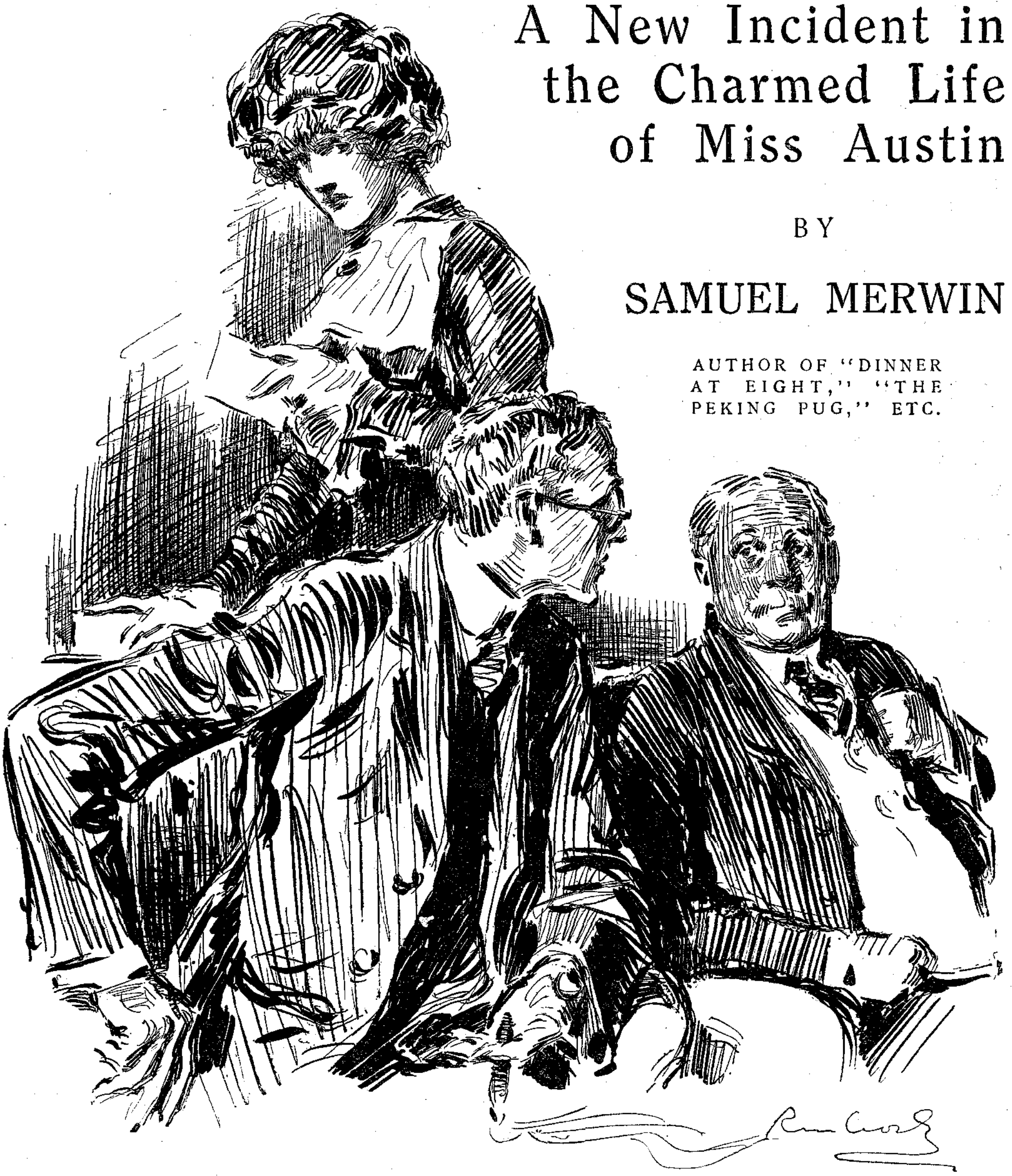
WANDA OF THE MYSTERIES

A New Incident in the Charmed Life of Miss Austin

BY

SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "DINNER AT EIGHT," "THE PEKING PUG," ETC.



IT was Sunday afternoon in Tientsin. In the little park that is the most perfectly British thing in the British Concession, a Sikh band of fifty pieces was playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Tourists strolled about the gravel paths. Japanese, Hindu, and Chinese *amahs* placidly wheeled the perambulators of ruddy British babies. Outside, on the corner, a yellow Shantung policeman, baton under arm, languidly watched the carriages and rickshaws roll by.

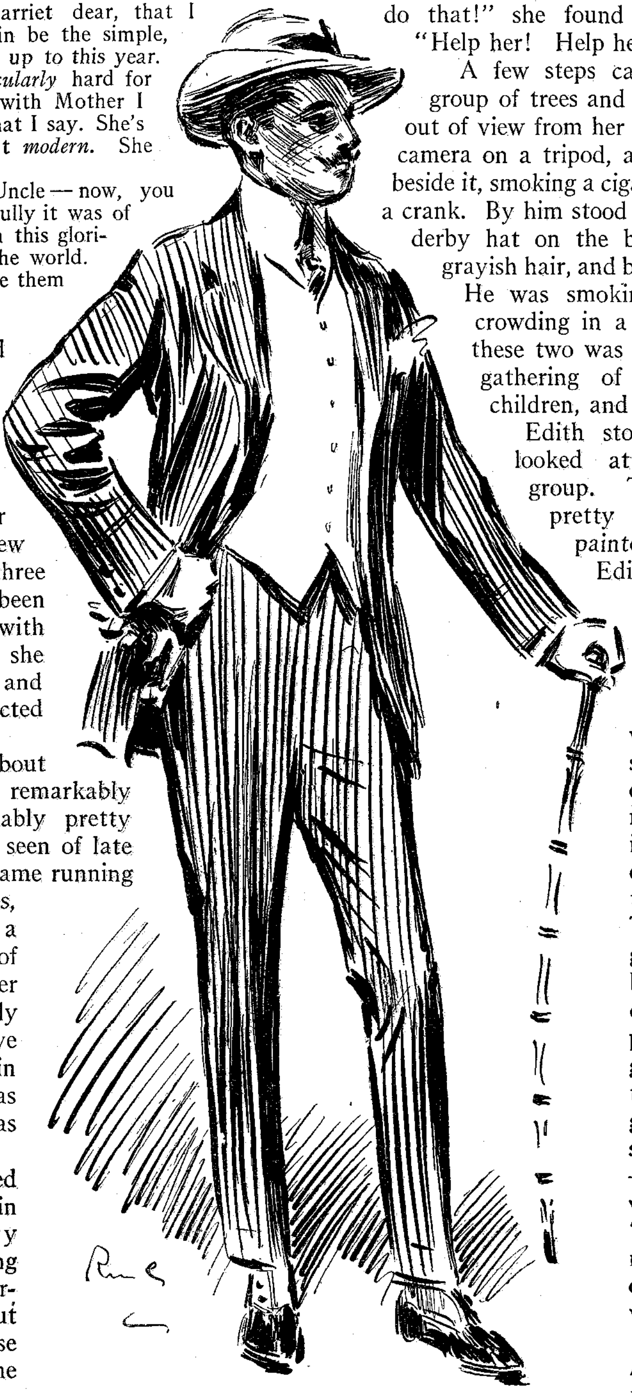
Within the park, on a bench that was set far back amid the shrubbery, sat Miss Edith Austin, with a red portfolio on her knee, writing a letter with a fountain-pen. Beside her a tiny Pekinese dog, black with one white ear, was curled in slumber. Tucked away inside the portfolio was a bag of American chocolates, into which Miss Austin's left hand made occasional little forays. Her slim figure was comfortably relaxed; but her pretty mouth twisted itself unconsciously with the strokes of the pen, her brows gathered every now and then into a V-wrinkle just above the straight, rather long nose, and her usually demure hazel eyes were deep with the immense seriousness of a philosophy based on nearly twenty years of living.

> I realize now, Harriet dear, that I can never, *never* again be the simple, ignorant child I was up to this year. Life has been *particularly* hard for me, I think. Even with Mother I have to be careful what I say. She's a dear, but she isn't *modern*. She just isn't.
>
> And Aunt and Uncle — now, you know how perfectly bully it was of them to bring me on this glorious journey round the world. You're right — I owe them *everything* for that

Miss Austin had been hazily conscious, while she was writing, of some unusual disturbance on the grass-plot at her right, where, a few moments earlier, three little Britons had been playing a game with jack-knives. Now she looked over there and with an effort collected her faculties.

A young girl of about her own age — a remarkably small and remarkably pretty girl whom she had seen of late about the hotel — came running out from the bushes, closely pursued by a sinister little band of Chinese coolies. Her hat had been nearly torn off and one sleeve of her bodice was in shreds. She was deathly pale, and was panting for breath.

As Edith's startled eyes were taking in the extraordinary scene, a good-looking young American hurried to the rescue. But two of the Chinese held the girl, and the others bore the American to the ground, beating him savagely.



"THE TENOR SAUNTERED TO THE DOOR AND STARED IN AT HER . . .

Edith wondered if it were a dream. The band, she knew, was still playing.

The American lay still — there on the ground. They were leaving him, and were dragging the girl away. Edith sprang up, dropping the portfolio, and ran after them. "Don't do that!" she found herself shouting. "Help her! Help her!"

A few steps carried her past a group of trees and shrubs, and there, out of view from her bench, was a large camera on a tripod, and a young fellow beside it, smoking a cigarette and turning a crank. By him stood a thin man with a derby hat on the back of his head, grayish hair, and big horn spectacles. He was smoking a cigar. And crowding in a semicircle behind these two was a respectful little gathering of tourists, *amahs*, children, and Chinese.

Edith stopped short. She looked at the struggling group. The face of the pretty girl was thickly painted. For a moment Edith was too confused to move; she felt the red coming into her cheeks.

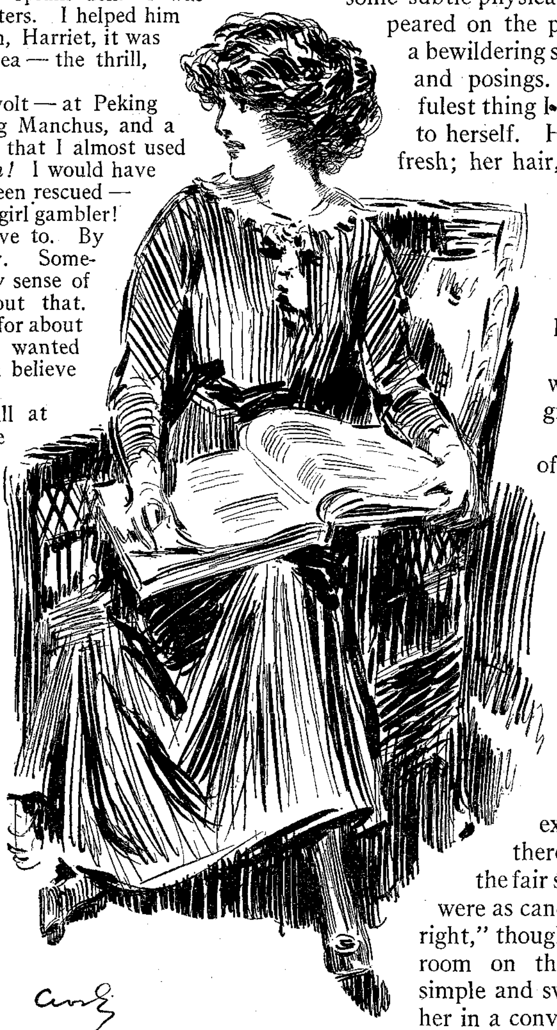
Then the man with the horn spectacles took his cigar from his mouth and waved it. The camera operator stopped turning the crank. The man on the ground got up and brushed off his clothes — he was painted, too. The girl smiled — even through the thick grease-paint her smile was radiant — and nodded toward Miss Austin. "Thanks just as much," she called out in a musical voice.

Slowly Miss Austin returned to her bench, gathered up the belongings that had scattered out of her portfolio, and tried to resume the thread of her letter. But for all of half an hour she could only munch chocolates and listen to the band. Gradually, however, her composure returned. After a time she even indulged in a faint smile, and gave Wing, the dog, a friendly little pat. Then she wrote on:

> . . . I owe them everything for that. But they could never in the world understand our views, yours and mine. I wouldn't dare tell them. I think it would *kill* them.
>
> But, I was going to say — you remember the talks we used to have — back before either of us knew the world *at all* — when we were first reading "Candida" and "Woman and Economics" — and we used to wonder how it would seem really to escape from our *dreadful* suburban seclusion and see a bit of this great man's world for ourselves.
>
> Well, I *have* seen a bit of it!
>
> I've seen — don't ever whisper a word, dear! — a prize-fight in a Shanghai opium den. I was second to one of the fighters. I helped him take off his shirt. And oh, Harriet, it was wonderful! You've no idea — the thrill, the *humanness* of it!
>
> And I've been in a revolt — at Peking — with bombs and looting Manchus, and a revolver in my own hand that I almost used — and against a *white man!* I would have used it, too, if I hadn't been rescued — you couldn't guess — by a girl gambler!
>
> And I've been made love to. By a perfect dear of a boy. Sometime, when I'm sure of my sense of humor, I'll tell you about that. The queer thing was that for about twenty minutes I really wanted to fall in love. Can you believe it? I *wanted* to. Me!
>
> Then I got sensible all at once. It slipped by like a sneeze that won't come. And after that I wasn't even *interested.* You aren't much interested in sneezes afterward, you know.

Miss Austin lingered a moment over this sentence with a pleased smile; then continued:

> I'm almost sorry. It's rather saddening to learn that you're not the falling-in-love kind. But I suppose it's safer.
>
> Aunt doesn't dream. Nor Uncle. They think I'm just the green little thing I look like.
>
> Well, Harriet dearest, I've learned one thing that is *invaluable.*
>
> We were right. A girl *can* go anywhere alone — even here on the China Coast. All they used to try to make us believe, that life is full of mysterious hidden dangers, that people are such dreadfully complicated things, is just plain bunk. I'll admit that I've been afraid once or twice out here, but that was *because* I was ignorant. I was always looking for something terrible beyond words to happen. It never did. I can see now that it never will. Why, I haven't even been insulted but once. After this I'm not going to be afraid of anything.
>
> Really, Harriet, there's no particular mystery about life. People are simple. . . .



. . . 'HE'S A VAIN BRUTE,' THOUGHT EDITH"

A shadow fell across the paper. She raised her eyes, and found the moving-picture heroine standing before her.

This girl was hardly above five feet tall, and could have weighed little more than ninety pounds. Even as she stood quietly there, her lithe young body seemed to respond uncontrollably to the swinging rhythm of the band; by some subtle physical suggestion, she appeared on the point of breaking into a bewildering succession of bendings and posings. "She's the gracefulest thing I ever *saw,*" said Edith to herself. Her skin was fair and fresh; her hair, under the big shade hat, was really golden; her facile mouth was quivering on the brink of a smile; her eyes were large, blue, and liquid.

"Mind if I sit down with you?" asked the girl.

Edith was conscious of a thrill of pleasure. This adorable little creature, who looked like a child, was really a grown-up actress. She earned her living, independently, in a world of men. She came and went as she chose. She had certainly traveled far; she had doubtless experienced much. Yet there was not a wrinkle in the fair skin, and the blue eyes were as candid as a baby's. "I'm right," thought Edith, as she made room on the bench; "she's as simple and sweet as if they'd kept her in a convent."

"I noticed your dog," said the girl, in a pleasantly casual tone; "and then, I liked your looks."

"That was silly of me — running over there," began Edith.

The girl waved the remark carelessly aside. "Oh, *that*," she said. "We get used to that. You're at the Astor House too, aren't you?" An ingenuous person, clearly. She chattered along as easily as a child of ten. "I don't know your name."

Edith told her.

"Mine's Connidge — my stage name, that is. I'm from Bridgeport, Connecticut. You see — 'idge' from my city, 'Conn' from my State. I think it's nice to be patriotic where we can — don't you? Your first name's Edith, you say? I'm going to call you that, if you don't mind. I always get mixed on last names."

"I don't mind at all," replied Edith, conscious that she was being swept along rather rapidly.

"My first name's Wanda. You *are* stopping at the Astor House, aren't you?"

As Wanda put the question she turned and looked back through the shrubbery toward the big hotel across the street. Built for comfort during the long summers, the front wall of the structure was set back behind a tier of broad verandas or galleries that extended the full width of the building and on around the corner. The outside rooms on each floor opened on the gallery by shuttered doors, long rows of them. Thus it was possible, by using the galleries and the outside stairways connecting them (these latter were around the corner at the end of the building), to go from any one outside room to any other without entering the interior corridors of the building.

"That's my room," said Edith, "on the third floor, second from the corner — near where that man is walking up and down, the one with the little black mustache."

Wanda's eyelids drooped for a moment, as if her thoughts had strayed afield. Then, in an impenetrably casual tone, she said: "Do you know that man?"

Edith did not. "Oh, I've seen him around. And he's tried to flirt with me."

Wanda's face assumed a sympathetic expression. "He would do that," she murmured. "He's a bad actor, if you want my opinion. But then,"— she gave a little sigh,—"most of 'em are. And he *has* nice eyes. He's the tenor in that English concert company that's doing the Coast — the 'Purple Mysteries.' You know."

Edith said she had seen the advertisements.

"They're a phony bunch. The press is that they're big London people who can't afford to have their names known. They play in purple costumes and purple silk masks. We've been running into 'em all along — Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai."

The conversation flagged for a little while. The two girls watched the passers-by. A note of melancholy crept into the voice of the little actress.

"Oh, my dear," she observed later, "if you knew what I've had to endure from men. A girl is so helpless."

Edith looked at her, and was surprised to see that the corners of her mouth were sagging wearily and that there were tears in her eyes. She wondered what disturbing memory had so suddenly depressed that volatile spirit. It seemed hardly possible that there could be any strain of sadness in the life of so lovely and youthful a person.

Wanda slowly turned her head and met Edith's troubled gaze. She brushed a tear from her cheek.

"You'll think I'm a fool," she murmured.

Edith shook her head. "Indeed I won't," she replied impulsively. "I wish you would tell me what is the matter." And she rested a gentle hand on the girl's sleeve.

Wanda mused. "I wonder if I *could* tell you!"

"Please. Were you reminded of something sad?"

Wanda smiled mournfully. "I never forget it," she replied. "Only you have to keep up most of the time. I guess that's what makes life so hard. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' you know." She fell to musing again. "Tell me, Edith," she remarked, after a moment, "do you think there's such a thing in the world as true friendship?"

"I'm *sure* there is!" cried Edith. "Won't you tell me? Perhaps I could help."

Wanda shrugged her shoulders. "It's beyond that. Nobody could help me now." Her pathetic eyes again sought Edith's girlish face. "I don't know what on earth to do. You're a dear girl, Edith, but I don't believe you've had enough experience of life to understand."

"I've seen a good deal," said Edith.

There was so much quiet assurance in her tone that Wanda flashed at her a glance of surprise and inquiry, then dropped her eyes and remarked:

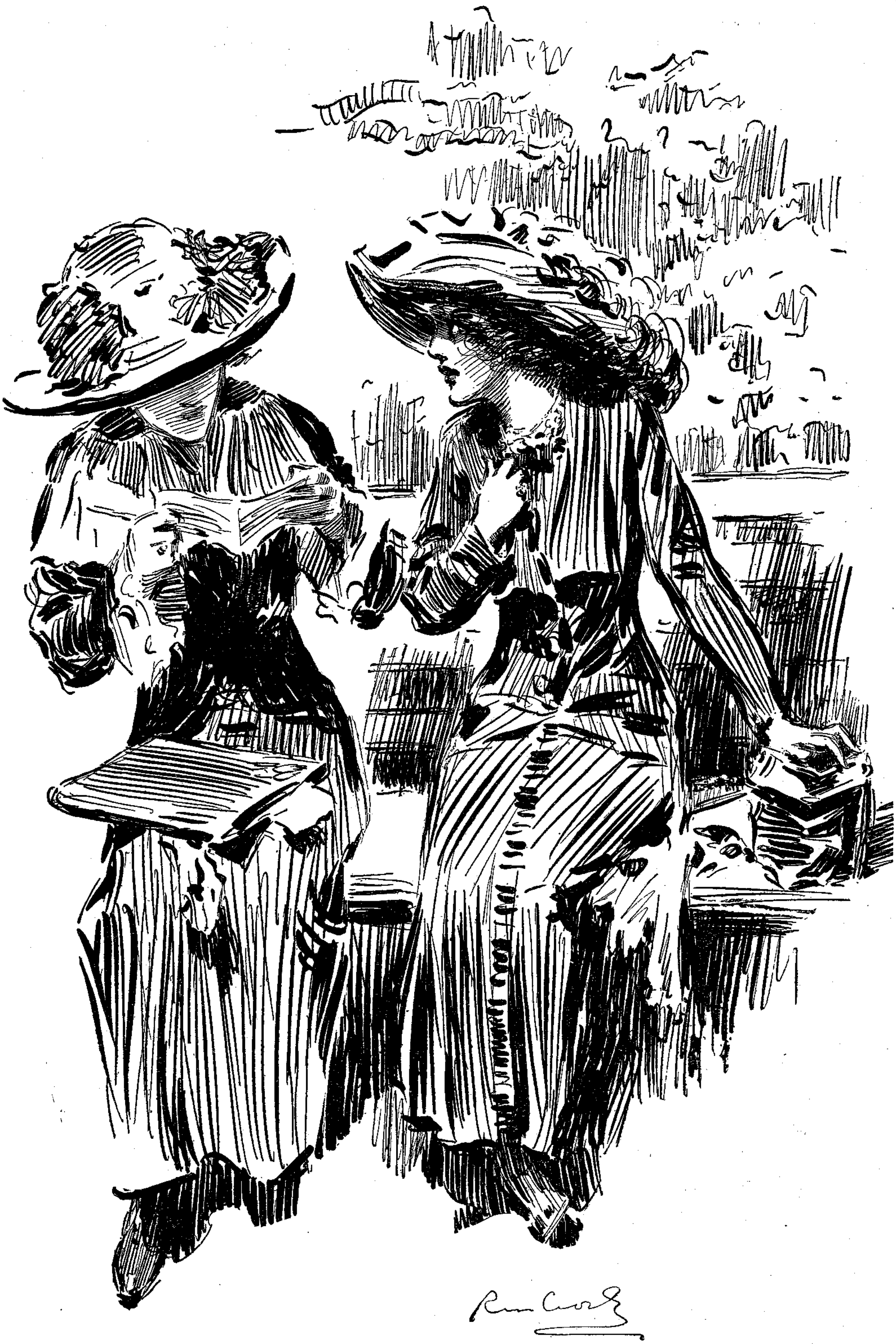
"You see, dear, I was married two years ago ——"

"Married!"

The exclamation slipped by Edith's guarding lips. Then, in fear that she had betrayed some inexperience, she hurried on: "You surprised me. You seem so young and inexperienced yourself."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" murmured Wanda. "If you knew all I've suffered. I — I had to leave 'im. He's a drunkard. And he beat me."

"Beat you!"



"'ARE YOU SURE HE—YOUR HUSBAND—DOESN'T LOVE YOU?'"

"With a razor-strop. I could show you — there's marks on my back now. He got to bringing other women right into our apartment — made me wait on them. He was — oh, I can't! You wouldn't understand! He made me work all the time, rehearsing and playing, and then took my salary away from me — every cent. Not even carfare for me — and I get two hundred a week in New York. Edith dear, if you knew what men are, and what we women have to endure from 'em!"

"I know a little about men," said Edith grimly.

"Well, twice I tried to kill myself. Once by gas. He came home sober that night, for once, and kicked the door in, and beat me till I fainted. The other time I was just jumping out the window when he caught me — by my night-gown. Just see what he's brought me to."

She opened her hand-purse; and there, nestling among three diamond rings and a diamond pendant, a box of lip-carmine and a diminutive powder-puff, a rumpled-up handkerchief, some tightly folded cablegrams, a Mexican dollar (value, fifty cents) with red paper inscribed in Chinese characters pasted on one side of it, and a little silver change, was a small rough glass bottle marked "Poison."

The pupils of Edith's eyes contracted and her lips pressed together. But, true to her new standing as a woman of experience, she suppressed the exclamation of horror that was struggling to her lips.

"I ran away from 'im and went to Chicago. I had a dreadful time — no money at all. There was men who would have advanced me some, but of course I couldn't take it — not that way."

"Of course not," murmured Edith.

"And, as I couldn't very well go to any other manager until I was free from Will — you see, he had always been my manager; Will M. Ryan of the Ryan Amusement Co. — there liter'ly wasn't any way I could turn. One week I almost starved. Will sent horrid telegrams. He hired detectives to shadow me. One of 'em told me who he was, and said that if — oh, you've no *idea* what I've been through!

"Then I got a chance to come out here with this company and do moving pictures. The money wasn't much, of course, but there was the ocean trip and a chance to see Japan, and I jumped at it. Just came right along, all impetyus as usual, and hopped straight out of the frying-pan into the cheerfully glowing coals. That's me, you know, all over. I don't look into things careful enough; I'm too intense."

There was a huskiness in Edith's throat. As she looked at the delicately modeled face under the big hat, at the soft little mouth and the great childlike blue eyes, she felt that she was being permitted to witness one of life's inexplicable tragedies — that before her was quivering an innocent but tortured soul. She was conscious of a new gravity, almost a solemnity, within herself.

She managed to ask: "And so you — you've found more trouble out here?"

Wanda pressed her handkerchief to her eyes. "It's terrible. I don't know how I came to confide in you this way. But I've got to talk to somebody. It's either some kind of sympathy and help or" — her voice quivered — "or that little bottle. I'm in a trap. I don't know what to do." And she took to clasping and unclasping her fingers in her lap.

"Try to be calm," said Edith gently. "Relax. And tell me quietly. I'm going to help you if I can."

Wanda gave her a grateful look, and continued: "We weren't three days out from San Francisco before I found that I had to fight the director of this company."

"You don't mean ——" breathed Edith.

Wanda's eyes were brimming again. She nodded. "He was dreadful. I had to keep my state-room door locked — until Miss La Place came in with me. You must have seen him around here — thin man with grayish hair. Mr. Hemmingway."

"And horn spectacles."

"Yes. Always smoking a cigar."

"Why," Edith mused, "I thought he looked very quiet and ——"

"My dear," Wanda interrupted impressively, "the quiet ones are the worst. There was a tenor singer — he was only a high baritone, really — with the Acorn Opera Company — he was the quiet kind — that — You've no idea! I got worn out fighting him. Sometimes I wonder what's the use."

"But you mustn't feel that way. That is weakness. You must keep up the fight — always."

"I know. But it does wear you out. Specially when you can't see anything ahead. . . . Well, anyway, when we landed at Yokohama I found these cablegrams from Will." She took the folded papers from her purse and spread them out for Edith to read. "While we were in Japan and Shanghai I got a cable every day. Then for two weeks there was nothing. I couldn't imagine what it meant. Hemmingway knew something, I'm sure — he acted so queer. Then, two days ago, this came."

She laid the message on Edith's portfolio. "See, it's from Shanghai. He came clear across the Pacific on a fast boat. He's half way up the Coast now — be here by Wednesday."

Edith read the message:

> Leaving here to-night for Tientsin. Am sure everything will be all right when I see you.
>
> WILL.

"Are you sure he — your husband — doesn't love you?" asked Edith, a trace in her voice of that same huskiness.

Wanda compressed her lips and shook her head. "No. It isn't real love. Sometimes, when he hasn't seen me for a while, I fascinate him." She turned her big, appealing eyes to Edith's. "Why is it, dear — I always seem to attract men — that wrong way? Can it be my fault? It's so disappointing. It hurts so."

"I'm sure it's not your fault, Wanda. You can't help being beautiful."

Wanda looked pleased for an instant; then her eyes filled again. "The poor little thing!" thought Edith. "What a bundle of emotions she is. She's all temperament. There ought always to be some one to take care of her. And she's so sweet and so — so helpless."

Wanda was sobbing now, very softly, and pressing her handkerchief to her nose. "Oh, it's too dreadful to tell!" she burst out. "Here I am talking in this matter-of-fact way and — Well, that man tried to get into my room this afternoon — while I was dressing. I'm actually not safe there — in my own room. I ran out of the hotel. I came here because it was open and safe and there were people. And you were here. I thought maybe you'd let me talk. I had to talk to somebody. I'm all alone — and perfickly helpless. Hemmingway is even holding back my salary, just the way Will always did. I don't know what to do. If life has got to be like this, I don't want — to — live!"

Again she fell to sobbing. But after a few moments, with an obvious effort at self-control, she quieted. Then she wiped her eyes; deftly, with a quick glance to left and right, applied the diminutive powder-puff to her nose; dropped her hands listlessly to her lap; and gazed, with eyes that seemed to be looking very far, in the direction of the band-stand, with its glitter of silver and brass, its dreamy brown faces, its enormous red turbans.

Edith, her color slightly heightened, was thinking intently, and toying absently with the silky little dog as she thought. There was a coaster sailing that night for Shanghai. And there was Harry Purnell of the Consular staff, who had been three grades above her in the public school at home. He had been nice and attentive during her stay here. Well, now was his chance to be nicer. Should she tell Wanda about the need of including Harry in her plans? No; it would be better to tell Wanda nothing. It was a situation to try the mettle of the cosmopolitan Miss Austin. She must manage it alone. Her money was all, or nearly all, in the form of travelers' checks. These must be converted into gold; but they distinctly must not be cashed at the Astor House, the only place at which she was known that was open on Sundays. . . . Yes, it was quite a little situation. But a calm assurance within her, an assurance that surprised herself, brought a faith that she would be equal to whatever it might prove necessary to do.

"Don't you see," Wanda was saying, "there may be dreadful trouble when Will gets here. Suppose he found out about Hemmingway. When he's drunk you just can't talk to 'im. You can't tell what he'd do. I'm horribly afraid. There might even be — shooting."

"Listen," said Edith, with a quiet sort of determination in her voice; "I'm going to bring you right in with me — in my room. Now, tell me, if you should run away, is there any place you could go?"

Wanda's face brightened. "You're awfully good, Edith. I was thinking, if I could only get to Shanghai — the Auckland Amateurs offered me a job when we were at Kobe. They'll be there next week. That would keep me going until I could make some arrangements to get back home."

"What's the fare?"

"Well," replied Wanda more briskly, "of course that's hopeless. I haven't got three dollars. It costs forty or so — and then there's all the extras, and something for Shanghai ——"

Edith interrupted her: "Now, Wanda dear, you're not to be hurt or offended at what I'm going to say. It's a crisis, and you must be sensible. I've got money enough. You can send it to me later on — any time. I could let you have a hundred dollars or more easily, without Aunt or Uncle suspecting a thing."

But Wanda made no objections. Instead, she cried again. And after a moment she asked in an unsteady voice, from behind her handkerchief: "Is that gold or Mex, dear?"

"Gold, of course. Now come, Wanda; we mustn't be sitting here if I'm to get you off to-night."

"To-night!" repeated Wanda, almost in consternation.

"To-night," smiled Edith. "And you're to put yourself absolutely in my hands."

"But I can't get three trunks off without Hemmingway knowing."

"I can," said Edith calmly.

"But he'll be watching. And if he misses me, he'll watch the boat."

Edith hesitated but a moment. Then she replied: "I'll guarantee to get you off to-night. Now come."

As they entered the hotel, Edith observed the tenor with the black mustache sitting alone on the porch over a half-consumed whisky and Tan San. His face was flushed, his eyes were roving and, she thought, a bit wild. He glanced furtively at them. Edith felt Wanda tremble and draw close to her, and she hurried her into the building and up the stairs.

Edith called a boy and sent a hurriedly written chit to Harry Purnell at the Consulate. She and Wanda speedily packed the three trunks, then slipped down the corridor to Edith's room. There Wanda was attired in a negligée of Edith's and left to rest on the couch.

Edith next wandered down to the lounge on the main floor, and, with a large volume of "Views of Tientsin" on her knee, sat where she could command the porch and front steps through a window and the main hall through a wide door.

The tenor saw her, and, hastily gulping a fresh whisky and Tan San, sauntered, with an assumption of carelessness, to the door and stared in at her. He wore a soft straw hat pulled down on one side of his head, and carried, a light bamboo stick. She watched him, over her book. After a moment he sauntered away and ascended the stairs.

"He's a vain brute," thought Edith. "And it's just about certain that he wants to annoy Wanda." She deliberately laid down her book and followed.

Sure enough, he was hovering outside the room Wanda had occupied. At sight of Edith he flushed to an even deeper red, and hurried out to the gallery by the door at the end of the corridor.

Edith returned to the lounge and resumed her chair and book. A little time passed. Then the thin figure and the horn spectacles for which she was watching appeared in the hall. She couldn't help thinking that the director person looked rather nice. He was the last man she would have picked for a monster. He had strong lines in his face and a patient expression about the eyes. "So goes life," she thought. "To me that tenor is a horrid thing; but Wanda thinks he has nice eyes. Wanda *knows* this manager is a brute; and here I'm thinking I might like him."

Very deliberately Mr. Hemmingway descended the steps, called a rickshaw, and rode away. Edith stepped out on the porch and followed the vehicle with her eyes until it disappeared. Then she found the Chinese head porter, slipped a key and a gold sovereign into his impassive hand, and gave him certain very positive instructions in her best Pidgin-English. Five minutes later, standing near the side entrance, she had the pleasure of seeing three trunks carried out and wheeled away. On the two ends of each trunk, where the words, "Wanda Connidge, New York," had appeared, there was now a row of Astor House labels, pasted symmetrically side by side.

So much accomplished, Edith crossed to the park. There, walking to and fro in a secluded corner, she found Harry Purnell. He had grown rather good-looking since their school days; and his manner, a businesslike briskness tempered by a whimsical, rather facetious humor, was not altogether unpleasing, she thought. He wore nose-glasses, and carried a heavy cane. He was humming in a light tenor voice.

"Very mysterious," he said, as they shook hands — "very mysterious."

"It had to be, Harry. You've got to help me smuggle a poor girl off on the Shanghai boat to-night, and you're not to ask any questions."

"Discretion is my middle name," smiled Harry. "Can do. But you very nearly didn't find me in. And if you ever doubt yourself as a charmer, Edith, it may help some to know that I'm breaking a previous engagement with a particularly attractive person for this very evening."

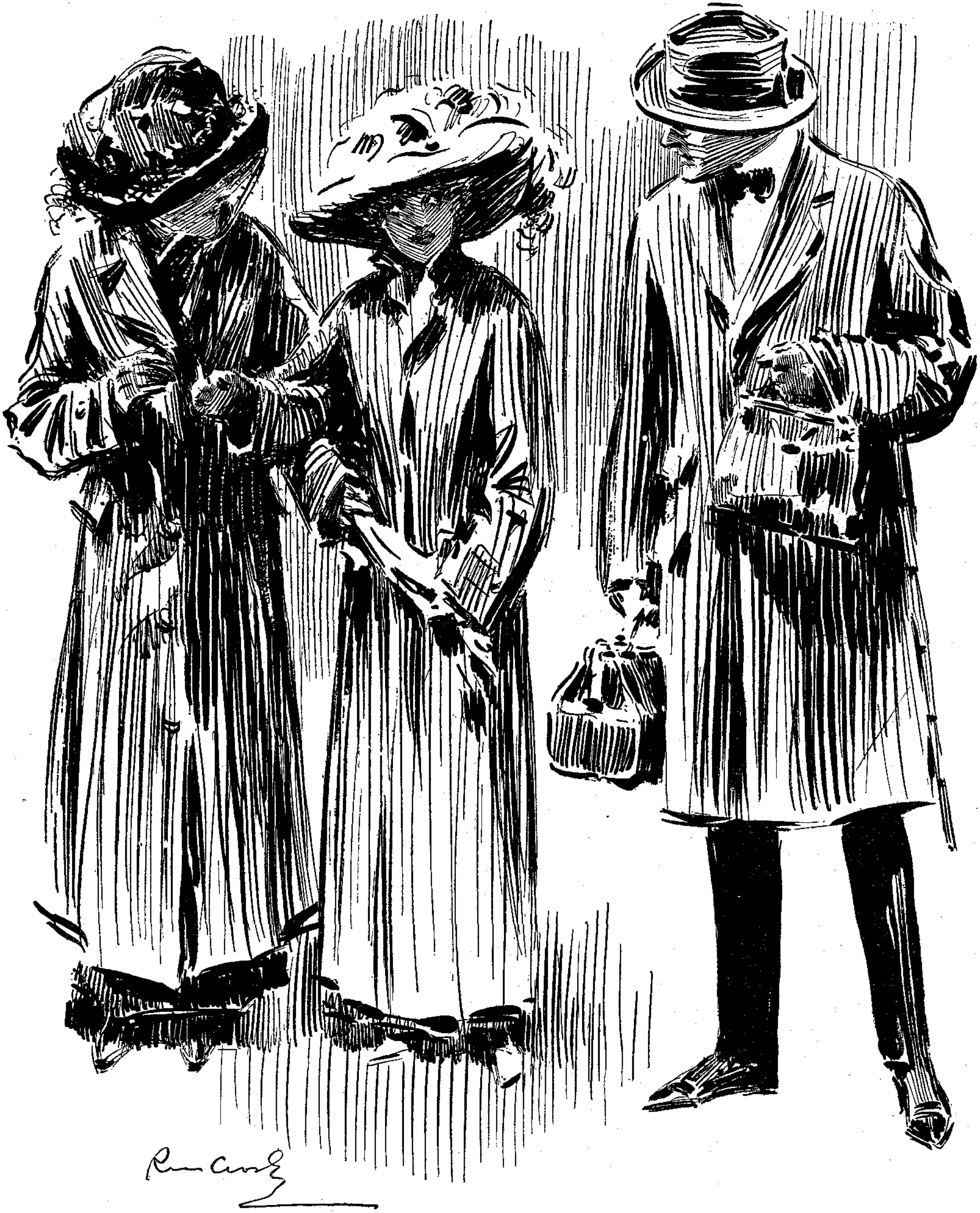
"That was good of you, Harry."

"No — just weak. Sufficiency. Let's have your instructions. Chop-chop!"

For a little time they walked about the park, Harry listening attentively while Edith explained her needs. They walked around to the Consulate, and Edith waited on the corner while Harry slipped inside. They took a pony victoria and drove rapidly to the wharf. Here she waited, while he boarded the ship. Finally they separated, and Edith hurried back to the hotel and up to her room.

She softly tried the door. It was locked. There was no sound within. She tapped softly. She was glad that Wanda had locked the door; it was a wise precaution. She tapped again. Doubtless the poor child had fallen asleep. She walked to the end of the corridor and back, considering whether to waken her. She lingered a moment at the door, then knocked more loudly — with her knuckles this time. Still there was no response. She felt a bit worried — there was no telling what the child might do. . . .

She was turning irresolutely away, when the sound came to her ears of a door closing within



"'WHY, YOU — YOU KNOW EACH OTHER!' EXCLAIMED MISS AUSTIN."

the room. It must have been the gallery entrance, as the room had but the two doors. She heard light feet crossing the room; then the key turned, and Wanda opened to her.

The little actress had found a lacy boudoir-cap of Edith's, which, with the thick yellow braids hanging down her back almost to her knees, her high color, nervous smile, and a peculiar sparkle and glow in the expressive eyes, gave her something the appearance of an excited little fairy. For a moment Edith gazed at her in a sort of admiring dismay. Was it right to pack off this alarmingly beautiful little girl on a four-day journey alone — and to such a destination as Shanghai? Yet — to leave her here to be quarreled over by a violent husband and an unscrupulous manager ——!

Edith took her hand and led her to the couch. "You lie down and rest," she commanded.

"I can't," said Wanda; "I get so nervous, Edith dear. The room seemed stuffy — I had to step out on the gallery for a breath of air."

"That was unwise," Edith replied. She felt very old and experienced and responsible. "There isn't much use in hiding you, you know, if you're going to get excited and show yourself the first thing.

"Now, dear," Edith continued, "please put this money in your purse. I don't want to carry so much about with me. Two — three — five — eight — twelve, thirteen — fifteen sovereigns. That's about seventy-five dollars, isn't it? I figure that you'd better have at least that much. And here's your ticket. Your name, for the present, is Miss Robinson."

The tears again came rushing to Wanda's eyes. She took Edith's hand in both of her own, and kissed it. "You're very, very good to me, Edith dear," she murmured brokenly.

"Now you behave," was all Edith could manage by way of reply.

Wanda dropped the gold coins into her purse, one by one. And each coin, as it fell, clinked softly against the bottle of poison. Then she said: "You must be sure and tell me just how much you spend, dear. So I'll know."

Edith smiled, patted the soft cheek, and left her.

She went downstairs and out to the porch, looking about for her aunt and uncle. Just outside the door she encountered the tenor, who was hurrying around the corner of the building, his face working nervously, switching his little cane against the chairs and tables as he passed them. At sight of her, he stopped short, stared for an instant (very rudely, she thought), then turned and hurried back around the corner.

Edith gazed after him thoughtfully. Whatever unknown terrors might be lying in wait for lovely little Wanda at Shanghai or on the remainder of the long, hard journey home, it would certainly be a relief to get her safely out of Tientsin.

That evening, at dinner, Mr. Wilberly said unexpectedly:

"Oh, say, Edith, Hemmingway, the moving-picture man, wanted me to ask if you've seen anything of his Miss Connidge in the past few hours."

For a moment Edith's pulse stopped.

"He saw her talking to you earlier in the afternoon. I told him you'd hardly know. It seems she has disappeared completely. He got a key from the management, entered her room, and found her trunks gone. Funny thing."

Just then the Chinese waiter drew Mr. Wilberly's attention to the menu; and that gentleman hunted about his waistcoat for his nose-glasses, put them on, and gave his attention undividedly to the important matter of the next course.

Edith controlled the impulse to draw a long breath. Instead, she nibbled a bread-stick and looked out about the big dining-room with a face that was inscrutably demure.

At one o'clock that night, except for an occasional hilarious sound from the bar-room, the big hotel was still. Lights were out in the lounge. Porch chairs were piled on porch tables. And on the corner a Chili policeman, arms folded, motionless, leaned against a tree.

Two slim figures in long rain-coats, each carrying a hand-bag, came tiptoeing out of a room on the third floor, walked softly along the veranda, turned the corner, and descended two flights of stairs. Walking more rapidly, they came around the hotel into Victoria Road and headed north.

On the next corner, in the shadow of the trees, a young man awaited them. He stepped forward as they approached, and took the bags from them. But, instead of moving on with them, he stood motionless and peered under the big hat that crowned the smaller of the two figures.

"Oh," he said, in what was evidently genuine surprise —"how do you do!"

"Why, you — you know each other!" exclaimed Miss Austin.

But, without speaking further, Harry Purnell briskly led the way up Victoria Road to a corner some two blocks above the steamer wharf, then turned off to the bank of the very narrow, very sluggish little river that is known as the Pei-ho. The girls followed.

A sampan, manned by two native boatmen, awaited them. Harry tossed the baggage aboard, and handed the two girls in after it.

The boat drifted out into the current. Wanda curled up in the bow, silent and pensive. Harry gave all his attention to guiding their little craft. And Edith looked from one to the other, wondering.

There was no moon. A little way below them the black bulk of the ship, held out nearly in mid-channel by fenders, loomed big and mysterious. In the absurd little river and from their lowly point of observation, the small coasting steamer appeared as huge as a transatlantic liner. High above the shadowy hull, lights were blazing. A belated passenger, very drunk, as is not unnatural on the Coast after midnight, was reeling up the long gang-plank above the water, followed by a line of porters with baggage.

The sampan drifted down on the farther side of the ship, out of sight from the wharf. Wanda was humming a gay little tune.

They scraped softly along the plates of the hull, that towered above them like a wall.

Well aft, two thirds of the way to the stern, a rope was flapping gently. Harry caught it. A head peered out of an opening just above them. Then a rope ladder was lowered.

Harry climbed up with the bags; then returned for Wanda. The actress threw her arms around Edith's neck and kissed her. Edith could see that her eyes were shining and that she was smiling dreamily.

As she placed a dainty foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, Wanda giggled outright in sheer delight at the romantic quality of her flight. Then Harry picked up her slight body in his arm and carried her up, disappearing with her within the ship. After a moment he reappeared, dropped down into the sampan, and pushed off.

They were back on firm earth before he spoke. Then he said, with some evidence of feeling that he seemed unable wholly to suppress:

"Edith, I wonder if you know what you've been mixing in?"

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I wonder if you know what that girl is up to?"

Edith was tired, and Harry's tone disturbed her. "I know this," she broke out almost hotly: "if I hadn't helped her get away to-night she would have been in terrible trouble here. I'm not sure that I haven't saved her life, even."

"Oh," murmured Harry, with a touch of mystification in his voice. And for a little way he walked without speaking, looking straight ahead.

When they had nearly reached the hotel, he asked:

"Did you give her any money, Edith?"

"Why, yes, if you must know — I did."

"Mm," said he non-committally.

At the hotel steps, she turned and faced him.

"Now listen, Harry," she said. "You and Wanda Connidge have met before."

"Oh," he replied, "is her name Wanda Connidge?"

Miss Austin stamped her foot.

"Really," said he, almost cheerfully, "we *have* met before, but I didn't know her name."

"Well — how?"

"Look here, Edith; you've knocked about some, you've seen a bit of life — I guess perhaps you've got sense enough to understand. I met that girl on the street just this morning. Flirt-pidgin — like two infants. We took a walk. We were silly, of course — my engagement for to-night was with her. That's — well, that's all."

Edith was puzzled. "No, that isn't quite all," she said. "What made you say what you did, at the landing. Did you see anything on the steamer?"

Harry prepared to beat a retreat. "It's late, Edith. No can keep awake my side. And you're tired out. I've told you all I know. All I *know*," he repeated, with an odd emphasis. Then he said good night, and left her.

After a late breakfast, on the following morning, Edith wandered into the lounge, and found her uncle and Mr. Hemmingway talking in the offhand manner that men affect. Edith stood by the table behind them, and picked up a postcard labeled, "View on Taku Road, Tientsin."

"Speaking as a business man," — it was Mr. Wilberly who was speaking thus, — "I don't see how you handle these crazy actresses at all. I'd be inclined to bring 'em up with a round turn if they tried any of their 'temperament' on me."

"It wouldn't work," replied Mr. Hemmingway quietly. "It hasn't worked in this case. I've exceeded all legal bounds, as it is, trying to keep that girl here. But I cabled Bill Ryan that I'd hold her until he could get here. You see, I had promised him that if he'd bring out Elsie Baker from our Chicago company, he could take Wanda back. Now here he is, tearing up the Yellow Sea with Miss Baker, as per agreement, and I've got no Wanda. I've fallen down. And I watched that boat myself last night until she sailed at two."

"Do you know she was aboard?"

"Certainly. After they'd cast off, the little devil waved at me from the deck. She was with that fool tenor of the 'Purple Mysteries.' He had his arm around her."

Edith's body seemed to freeze as she stood motionless there. The blood rushed out of her face; and then, as swiftly, rushed back until her fair skin was suffused with color. Had she, after all, accomplished nothing more than the financing and stage-managing of a wretched *amour!*

Gradually she became conscious that Mr. Hemmingway was still speaking:

"Rather an interesting case, by the way, for the psycho-pathologists. That girl has run away with five different men, to my knowledge; and every one of them was a tenor singer. Even including Bill himself — he used to be a light-opera tenor. It's a mania, apparently; always a runaway, and always a tenor. Can you beat it?"

"People are queer," observed Mr. Wilberly sententiously.

"They certainly are. People are *some* queer. I knew one other case like this — a middle-aged business man who had a mania for falling in love with star actresses. No matter how beautiful she might be, she had to be an actress and a star — with her name on the billboards. We counted up eleven of them. He pestered them — pursued them — wrote outrageous letters. Several times he was arrested. But he couldn't stop — worse than liquor to him. Well, there's two things I would certainly like to know: how Wanda got on that boat, and who put up the money. Wilson, the Mysteries manager, tells me that the tenor didn't have twenty cents. Why, they haven't paid salaries for five weeks. And this guy hasn't got brains enough to swindle anybody. No; it was our little Wanda that got into some sympathetic spirit. I wish I knew who."

"It's probably a good thing, after all," said Mr. Wilberly sagely.

"What is?"

"That she made her get-away. If she and her tenor were here when the husband walked in, there'd likely as not be trouble. I know how these cases go."

"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"Oh, row — punch his face — shoot, maybe."

The director sniffed. "Not a bit of it. Bill Ryan's the best-hearted fellow in the world — couldn't hurt a fly."

"But the tenor. He's the crazy kind, you say ——"

"Tenors don't shoot people," grunted Mr. Hemmingway.

Edith, her head a chaos of emotions and thoughts, quietly made her way out of the room and across to the park, where, though there might be disturbing memories, there *was* air.

After dinner that evening, Edith became aware that Mr. Hemmingway was trying to catch her eye. Finally he encountered her at a moment when her aunt and uncle had gone into the office to look at a new lot of painted snuff-bottles, and asked if she would step out to the porch for a moment. He was so grave and kindly in manner that she did not see how to refuse.

He led her to a corner behind a group of potted palms, and drew a paper from his pocket. He looked puzzled, she thought.

"I — I've received a wireless from Wanda Connidge," he said. "She instructs me to pay you twenty-six pounds, four shillings, and eightpence out of her salary. Here it is." He produced a heavy little canvas bag. Then he cleared his throat.

"If you don't mind my asking," he went on, pushing his hat back and running his long fingers into his hair, "is that the right amount? Is that just what she owed you?"

Edith did a little mental arithmetic, then nodded. "Yes," she said; "it is. Exactly. Why, she has even remembered the chocolate!"

Mr. Hemmingway sighed and made a gesture of despair. "That's the queerest of all," he said. "That kid has kept me guessing from the start. Last week I began to think I had her number. I knew she was a born actress. I knew she was a quick thinker, and — yes — a temperamental little liar. And yet, here she turns out to be scrupulous with money — down to the last cent. Comes pretty close to what we sometimes call honor, doesn't it? . . . Well, it beats me. I guess the fact is we don't really know anybody — ever." He smiled, rather shyly, she thought, and added: "I thought you would probably want me to consider it confidential."

She could have hugged him for that. Instead she returned his smile unflinchingly; said, "Thank you very much, Mr. Hemmingway"; and, concealing the bag in her hand, ran lightly upstairs to her room.

The money she placed in the top drawer of her bureau. In this same drawer was her red portfolio. Smiling a little, and blushing, she drew it out, opened it, and deliberately read her unfinished letter to Harriet, read it through to the end: "Really, Harriet, there's no particular mystery about life. People are simple. . . ."

Several times she read these concluding words; stood there reading them until the blush and the smile had slowly left her face. Then she brought Wing from his basket by the window, drew a big chair to the light, curled up in it, sitting comfortably on her foot, and very soberly wrote a letter that began as follows:

Dear Harriet:

We've been at Tientsin quite a while now, and I must say it is nothing like so interesting as Peking. It is more like a European city, you know. There *are* shops, of course, when you know where to look for them; and they have some nice things. I bought a *beautiful* Mandarin coat — an old red one. And then there is very nice raw silk lace that the Chinese girls make in the French Convent. It is astonishingly cheap. I picked up a lot of it, it goes so *wonderfully* with the piece of natural Assam silk that Aunt bought at Shanghai to make me a dress out of. And I may get some Satsuma buttons — blue and tan — to go with it. What do you think? . . .

Further episodes in the Charmed Life of Miss Austin will be told in the spring numbers of McCLURE'S

THE JEWISH INVASION OF AMERICA

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

A PURE TYPE OF ARABIAN JEW. THIS BOY OF EIGHTEEN, A TAILOR BY TRADE, TRAVELED ALONE TO THIS COUNTRY FROM JERUSALEM. HE ARRIVED HERE DECEMBER 28, 1912

Next to Russia, the United States is the greatest Jewish country in the world. There are 2,000,000 Jews in the United States, of whom 1,000,000 are found in New York City. There are more Jews living in New York than were ever collected before in any one place.

From New York the Jews are rapidly spreading throughout the country. There are 100,000 in Chicago, 100,000 in Philadelphia, 75,000 in Boston, and 50,000 in St. Louis. Practically every American city likewise has a large representation.

The United States furnishes the greatest opportunities to Hebrews that the race has ever had. Here they are economically and politically free — unhindered by the restrictions that interfere with their success in eastern Europe.

What use has this indomitable people made of these new opportunities? To what extent is their influence increasing in the United States? The following article answers these and other similar questions.—The EDITOR.

THE increasing importance of the Jewish people in all the large cities of the United States is a matter of everyday observation. One distinguished student of the subject, Professor Werner Sombart of Berlin, even goes so far as to say that in another hundred years the United States will be peopled chiefly by Slavs, negroes, and Jews. Extravagant and absurd as this statement is, the fact remains that the influence of the Jews in the United States in another hundred years promises to be almost preponderating. Though they have been here in large numbers only thirty years, they have already shown infinitely greater capacity for economic progress than any of the other great immigrating peoples.

THE CONQUEST OF THE CLOTHING TRADES

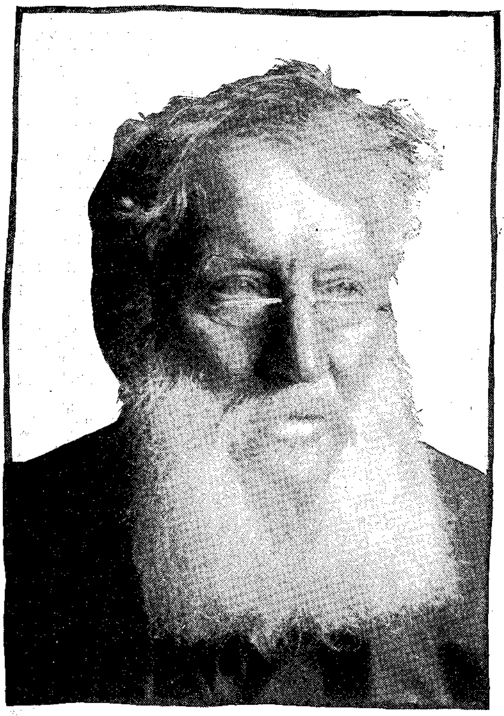
THERE are many industries and activities that the Jews absolutely control, and others in which their influence is steadily increasing. The success that has most impressed the popular mind, perhaps, is their unquestioned domination in the clothing trades.

It was inevitable that this mass of immigrants should turn, soon after landing, to the clothing industry. The Russians and Poles who began to reach this country about 1880 were probably the most pitiable and helpless immigrants that ever landed at Castle Garden. Having spent their lives in the cities of the so-called Pale of Settlement, forbidden by law to own or lease agricultural land, permitted to engage only in certain occupations regarded as more or less ridiculous or shameful,— pawnbroking, small money-lending, peddling, dealing in junk, rags, or cast-off clothing,— living constantly in a state of semi-starvation and a perpetual fear of massacre, it was not surprising that these eastern European Jews had developed into a people ignorant, illiterate, unaccustomed to sanitation or ventilation, fearful, obsequious, and dependent. European civilization, in the economic and religious warfare that it had waged against the Jews for centuries, had left them only a few trades in which they could earn a living. Even in the

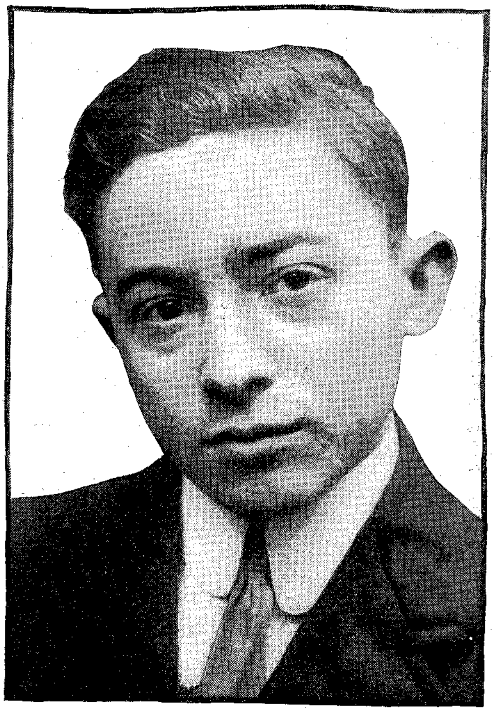
ISAAC A. HOURWICH, OF THE CENSUS BUREAU, WASHINGTON. AN INTELLECTUAL RUSSIAN JEW — A TYPE THAT IS FOUND IN LARGE NUMBERS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES middle ages tailoring had been their favorite occupation; visitors to the medieval Ghettos used to describe the Jews, on warm summer days, seated cross-legged in their doorways, industriously at work with needles and shears. By the end of the eighteenth century three fourths of the Jews in the Ghetto at Rome were tailors, and for the last two hundred years they have practically controlled the garment industry in Russia.

When the Jews began to arrive, the clothing business, especially in New York, was already well established. On the manufacturing and commercial side, Germans, a few German Jews, and native Americans dominated the situation; the workers were, for the most part, Irish and Germans. In the last thirty years the Russian Jews have displaced all these nationalities, and gained control of the industry in both the commercial and technical branches. In this career of conquest, the qualities that stood the Russian Jew particularly in stead are his nervous, restless ambition, his remorselessness as a pace-maker, his ability to work unceasingly day and night, and his willingness to submit himself and his family to all kinds of early privations. He is the greatest shoestring capitalist in the world. He can do with one dollar what the average citizen can not do with ten. He can start on the smallest possible scale, live almost indefinitely on credit, finance himself for months in hand-to-mouth fashion, save in picturesque ways that would never occur to the average man, gradually get a grip, which he slowly tightens day by day, and ultimately emerge with a large and profitable business in his control.

A HUNGARIAN JEWESS, ELEVEN YEARS OLD, JUST ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY. A TYPE THAT PRODUCES MANY NEW YORK SCHOOL-MISTRESSES



DR. SOLOMON SCHECHTER, A DISTINGUISHED JEWISH SCHOLAR AND RABBI, PRESIDENT OF THE JEWISH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF AMERICA. HIS HOME IS ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, THE ARISTOCRATIC JEWISH DWELLING QUARTER OF NEW YORK



ELIEZER MALACHI, EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD, WHO CAME TO NEW YORK FROM JERUSALEM IN AUGUST, 1912, AND IS NOW STUDYING TO BE A RABBI. HE IS A REPRESENTATIVE TYPE OF THE INTELLIGENT YOUNG JEWISH IMMIGRANT

BUSINESS COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED BY THE JEWS

IT was by the utilization of these minute methods of competition that the Jews, in thirty years, swept aside all other nationalities in the clothing industries. They have entirely transformed the business in all its details. Before they appeared, ready-made clothing was manufactured on what was sometimes described as the "family system." This was largely the creation of the German manufacturers and artisans. The large manufacturers purchased the goods, had them cut into garments at their own establishments, and delivered them in bundles directly to the workmen — for the larger part, Germans and Irish working at their own homes. The head of the family, usually an experienced tailor capable of making an entire garment, impressed his wife and older children into service. Under his supervision, the family would put together the garments. At stated intervals the manufacturer's wagon would stop before the house, collect the finished clothes, pay the family head by the piece, and take the articles back to headquarters. A manufacturer, in those days, was a man who had a plant of limited quarters, and an army of workingmen and workingwomen scattered throughout the city in their own homes. His relations with his employees were almost as close and intimate as though they worked under his immediate supervision in his own factory. The very essence of the system was the lack of the middleman; the manufacturer dealt directly with the people whom he employed.

As long as an industry was organized on this basis, a man with a small capital would naturally have the utmost difficulty in gaining a foothold. One must be either a journeyman tailor, poorly paid and overworked, or he must be a manufacturer, with capital large enough to equip an establishment, carry a large stock of raw material, and meet a good-sized weekly pay-roll. With the employment of the Jew, however, a new figure rapidly forged to prominence in the clothing industry. The middleman wedged himself between the artisan and his employer. The latter no longer sent his garments directly to the worker in his home, but handed them over to a third party — the Jewish contractor. The workman, who for years had maintained rather close and friendly relations with the manufacturer, now never saw him. What gave the contractor his oppor-

Bon Ami

Takes Stains out of Dress Shields

The biggest dry-cleaning establishments in New York said, "No—there's nothing that will take perspiration stains out of dress shields!"

But we have discovered that Bon Ami *does* do it. It promptly restores the original whiteness when all other soaps fail.

Apply Bon Ami with cold water and a soft brush or cloth.

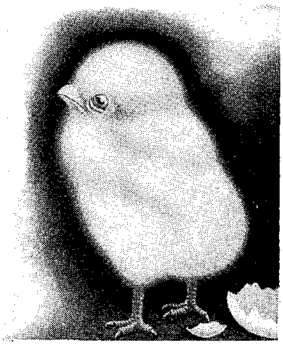
You'll find yourself wearing the same shields all winter instead of continually buying new!

Another use: The children's hands get so grimy—keep Bon Ami in the bathroom for them and there will be no difficulty about enforcing the clean-hands rule.

Of course, you are using Bon Ami for nickel and brass, for windows and mirrors and white paint!

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

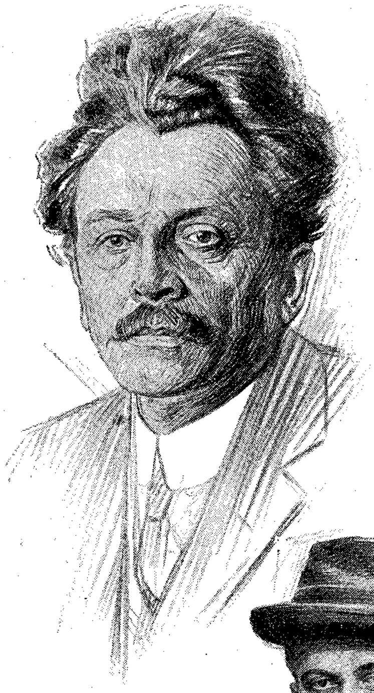
THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK



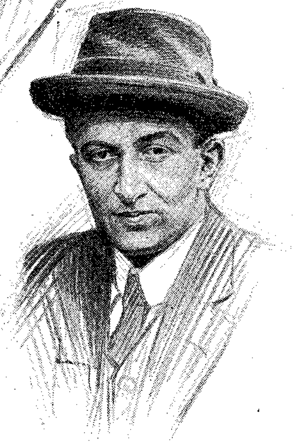
tunity, and made him almost indispensable to the manufacturer, was the fact that this new immigration entirely changed the character of the labor market. These half-starved new arrivals, as has already been said, had a natural aptitude for the tailoring trade, and their pressing necessities made them willing to work for wages materially lower than the Irish and German artisans received. In a few years, therefore, they had crowded out practically all the old-time workmen. But the German or American manufacturer could not handle this new labor supply. He did not speak its language and did not understand its peculiar social and religious customs. As the influx of Italian labor for railroad work gave the opportunity for the Italian padrone, so the influx of Jewish artisans in the tailoring trades gave occupation to the Jewish contractor—who, first of all, was the controller of immigrant labor.

The contractor was himself an immigrant. He had reached this country poor and wretched, and had spent his few years of apprenticeship in the tailoring trades. He was usually the exceptional workman—the typical ambitious Jew, who early saw in the malodorous sweatshop the road to fortune. At the beginning this feverish ambition was practically his only stock in trade. He had a room or two in a tenement—perhaps his own home, perhaps a rented apartment. He went out upon the public highways for his employees; he would persuade his relatives—his cousin, his uncle, his brother-in-law—to join his forces. He would stop a push-cart peddler in the street and show the possibility of improving his condition by running a sewing-machine.

In this way the contractor would get together a working force of ten or a dozen people. He would put in a machine or two, a pressing-board, and a small furnace for heating irons — getting them invariably on credit, with the expectation of paying off in instalments from the profits of the business. He would then make periodical visits to the manufacturer, receiving an armful of cut garments; the force would at once start into activity; on Mondays the contractor would carry back the finished product and receive a new supply. He financed himself in the most haphazard fashion. The neighborhood pawnbroker became his banker, advancing on Friday money for the weekly payroll, the contractor reimbursing him on Monday, when he himself collected from the manufacturers.



ABRAHAM CAHAN, EDITOR OF THE JEWISH DAILY "VORWAERTS"



AN ITALIAN IMMIGRANT JEW WHO IS A REPORTER FOR THE "STAATS-ZEITUNG"

INTENSITY OF JEWISH COMPETITION

AS an essential part of his success, the Jewish contractor evolved—or, more properly speaking, adopted—what came to be known as the "task" or "team" system. There had been "sweaters" in the clothing business long before the Jews,—as readers of Kingsley's "Alton Locke" need scarcely to be told,—but under their domination this system became practically general in New York. In a few years, indeed, the Jewish "team" idea had supplanted the old "family system" of the Germans. Ten or a dozen men were huddled in a single tenement room; in winter-time, when the windows were closed, there was practically no ventilation, and the heat was intense. The business was minutely subdivided. Under the Germans and Irish, the tailor and his family made the whole suit; under the Jews, however, each contractor specialized in a single garment—coats, "vests," or "pants." The contractor, who was himself one of the hardest workers in the "team," would take a coat, perform his "task" (perhaps the machine work), and then toss the garment over to the next man. This one would add his minute contribution and pass it to his nearest neighbor. In this way, the

NOTICE TO READERS

BETWEEN THIS PAGE AND THE BACK COVER

are four important editorial features which have been added to the usual contents of the magazine.

These additional features, appearing where there was formerly no reading matter at all, increase the quality and value of our service to advertisers; and, by so doing, increase, without cost to you, the amount and value of our service to you.

By this new make-up of the magazine, we are able to print in this issue the following extra features that would otherwise have been left out:

HEALTH—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
A NEW DEPARTMENT
Conducted by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
Beginning on Page 166

THE CONSPIRATORS
By DETECTIVE BURNS
Beginning on Page 181

THE NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN
By INEZ MILHOLLAND
Beginning on Page 206

THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT
By ELLEN YALE STEVENS
Beginning on Page 221

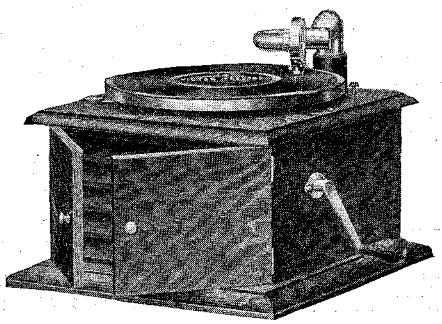
Without any of these features, you have the magazine as you have known it.

With them you have a McClure's of added interest and variety, of increased value and usefulness—without increased cost to you.

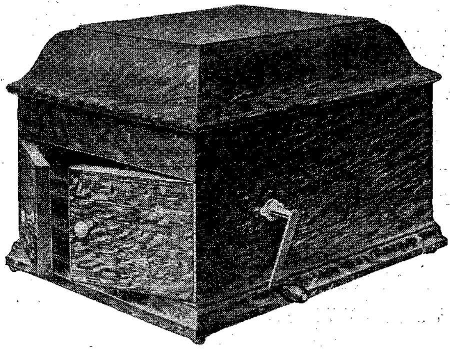
The Editors of McClure's

What kind of music

The Victor-Victrola will bring your kind of music right into your home.



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak



Victor-Victrola VIII, $40
Oak

Your kind of music—the kind *you* like best—sung and played as you have probably never heard it before.

Your kind of music perfectly rendered by the world's greatest artists whenever you wish to hear it.

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor

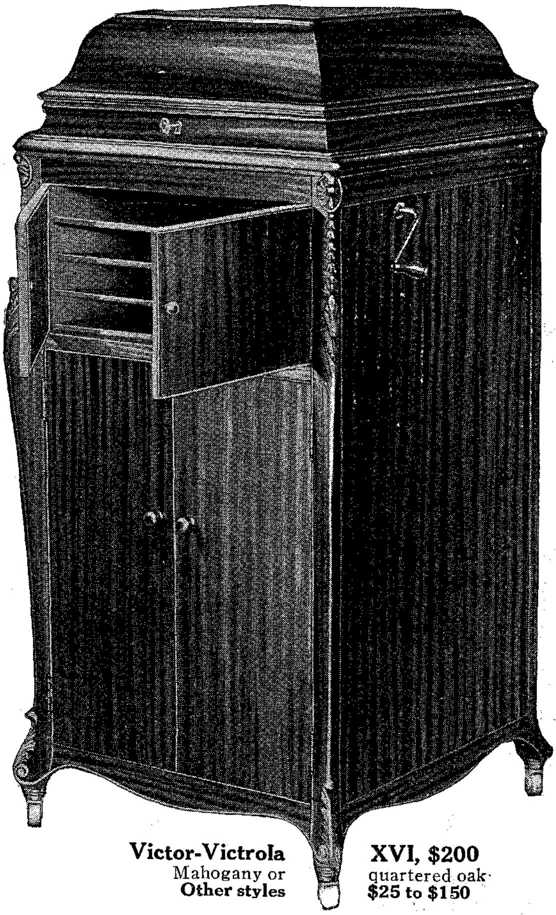
do YOU like best?

You don't have to wait until you feel you can afford a $100 or $200 instrument—any Victrola you choose as the instrument for your home will play every record in the Victor catalog, and will give you almost as perfect music as the Victrola XVI, the instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish **to** hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

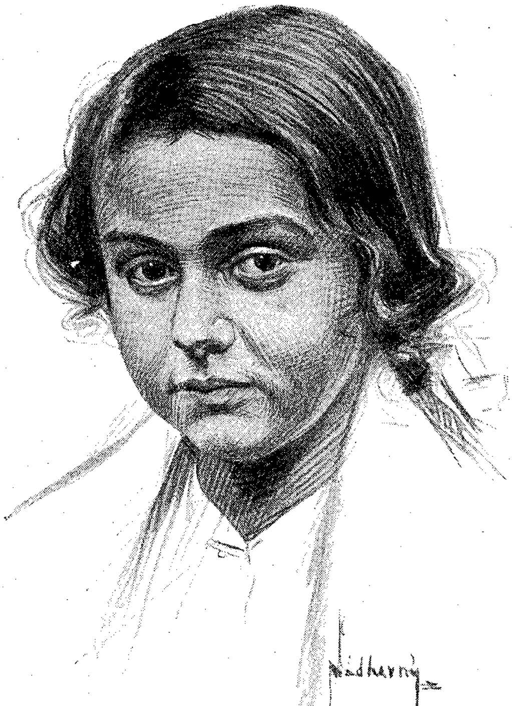


Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak
Other styles $25 to $150

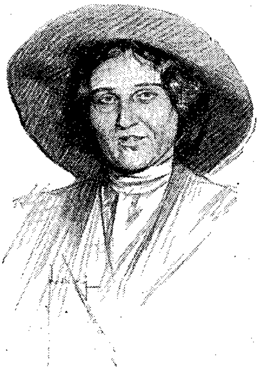
Victrola

clothes were kept in rapid circulation. The man at the head, usually the contractor, set the pace; the others had to keep their allotments moving, or drop out of the team and lose the job. The team worked, in those early days, at an incredible rate and for incredible hours. The machines started speeding at six in the morning, and seldom stopped until ten in the evening; there are stories of "teams" who kept tirelessly at work for twenty hours a day.

It is hardly surprising that, under these conditions, the Jews soon obtained complete control. No other immigrant people could stand against a steady, inevitable driving power of this kind. The German, the Irish, and the American workmen, who had dominated the tailoring trades up to 1880, retired from this new competition as from the blast of a furnace. By 1890 there were practically no shops in which other nationalities than Jews were employed. And from the control of the actual manufacturing the Jews speedily advanced to a monopoly in the commercialization of the product. Starting with one team, in a few years the contractor usually had two or three. He economized in every direction, saved every penny, and cheerfully subjected himself and his family to every privation in his determination to succeed. In this way, he slowly paid off his debts and used his profits to open new shops. Once fairly established he found little difficulty in jumping from the position of contractor to that of manufacturer. By 1895 the Jews controlled every branch of the industry.



ETHEL ZBARSCH, A LITTLE ORPHAN WHOSE PARENTS WERE MASSACRED IN KIEFF, RUSSIA



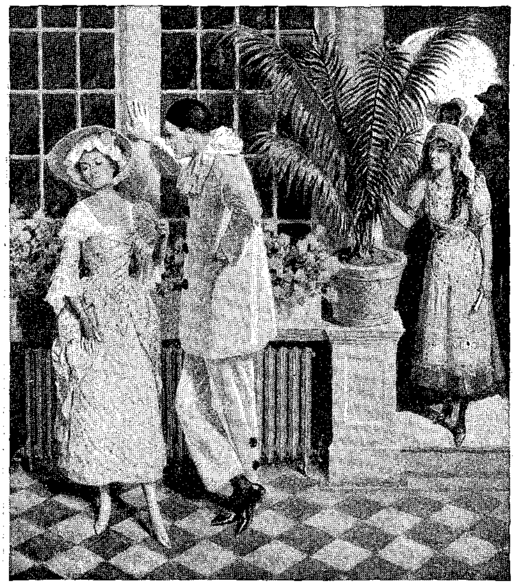
A HUNGARIAN JEWESS WHO HAS JUST COME OUT TO AMERICA TO JOIN HER HUSBAND

The tremendous increase in wealth and population in the last thirty years has greatly enlarged the garment output in this country. The great Jewish manufacturers of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and a few other American cities monopolize the clothing of more than 90,000,000 Americans. New York itself manufactures about half the wearing apparel used in this country—a product amounting annually to not far from $300,000,000. When the Jews made their first inroads, the clothing output in the United States represented $60,000,000 a year; it now represents not far from $600,000,000. And the business has likewise made progress in dignity and working conditions. When the Jews started work, the New York factories were found almost exclusively in the tenements on the East Side. In 1892 the State laws closed the tenement sweatshops, and the Jews flocked into lower Broadway, where the signs, almost exclusively Jewish, called the attention of conservative New Yorkers to their conquest of the business. A few years afterward the Jewish merchants advanced northward to Fifth Avenue, from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third Street. For many years this had been one of the most fashionable residential thoroughfares in New York—one of the headquarters of the old established Knickerbocker aristocracy. The Jews began tearing down these old brownstone houses, and erecting immense sixteen- and twenty-story marble and granite loft buildings. These structures are now occupied almost exclusively by Jewish merchants and manufacturers in the clothing trades.

If one wishes to visualize the Jewish control of these industries and the changes that it is working in the city's economic and social life, he

Put carnival warmth in winter homes

To put one at his or her very best, to put gladness and cheer into the scene, there must ever be cozy warmth, healthful and *reliable.* That's why you'll find, even in the much-advertised resorts of Florida, Southern California, the Riviera, Cairo, India, Japan, etc., that the leading hotels, casinos, sanitariums and baths are now warmed and ventilated by



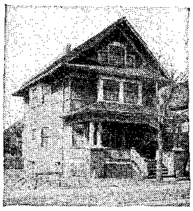
AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

People used to travel solely for climate but now even the humblest cottager can make his own climate in his home, day and night, at the turn of a valve! It's the kind of warmth that puts *heart* into the home, for the young couples, as well as for children and elders. IDEAL Boilers do not merely "burn coal"—they develop and utilize the *full* heating power contained in each pound of coal.

And AMERICAN Radiators are stationed under windows, in vestibules, halls, along outer walls to meet and surely warm the coldest air that beats upon them.

The force or direction of the wind, or intensity of the cold do not matter. There is carnival warmth, summer softness throughout the house on the most tempestuous Winter days. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators protect the family health, save enough in coal to soon repay their cost, they need no repairs, keep all ashes, soot and coal-gases out of the living rooms, are absolutely safe, and a child can run the outfit—which will last as long as the building itself shall stand. If property is sold, you get full money back, or command 10% to 15% higher rental—the outfit is therefore an investment, not an expense.

You will enjoy reading our free book, "Ideal Heating Investments." Write today telling size of house, store, school, church, etc., you wish to heat. Whether your building is OLD or new, FARM or city, do not delay investigating this best INVESTMENT feature of a building.



A No. 2-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 461 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $230, were used to heat this cottage. At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions

Write us also for catalogue of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, that sets in cellar and is connected by iron suction pipes to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine put on the market, and will last as long as the building.

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21
816-822 S. Michigan
Avenue, Chicago

One of These Awaits You—FREE

A Sunshine "Revelation Box" containing 14 kinds of tempting biscuits known as

Sunshine Specialties

each distinctive in flavor and entirely different from any other biscuit baked in this country.

To Get Your Sunshine "Revelation Box"

send us your name and address and the name of your grocer with 10c (stamps or coin) to pay the cost of postage and packing only, and we will send this Sunshine "Revelation Box" of biscuit goodies, FREE. Or, send your own and your grocer's name for our Sunshine "Taste Box," containing 5 kinds, postpaid.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

582 Causeway St. Boston, Mass.

should visit this part of Fifth Avenue any day at the noon hour. Twenty years ago this section was one of the fashionable promenades of New York; now the streets are one impassable mass of Jewish workers.

JEWS THE GREATEST OWNERS OF LAND

PERHAPS its most marked result is the fact that the Jews are rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the land. New York's greatest single landed proprietors are the old family estates — the Astors, the Goelets, the Rhinelanders, and the rest — who still tenaciously hold to the soil. Nearly all the new purchasers of land, however, are Jews. This people not only clothes the masses — it also shelters them. One needs only to read the real-estate transfers published every day in the newspapers to learn the extent to which the Jews are acquiring the land. The particular morning on which these lines are written, for example (December 12, 1912), the New York *Times* records the transfer of thirty-six pieces of property in Manhattan and the Bronx. The names show that twenty-six of these particular purchasers are Jews; one is Italian; one probably German; while seven are unquestionably Anglo-Saxons. The list contains not a single Irish name — although the Irish make up at least a quarter of the city's population. The *Real Estate Record and Guide* annually publishes a bulky volume containing a complete list of all the property-holders in New York. This book amounts to an almost continuous catalogue of Jewish names. There are comparatively few Smiths, Robinsons, O'Briens, and Murphys; there is page after page of Cohns, Levys, Kahns, and Rosenthals. Outside of the great New York landed families already referred to, the largest individual property-holders in New York are men bearing such names as Appell, Bachrach, Buttenweiser, Fleischmann, Frankenthaler, Hyman, Jarmulowsky, Lese, Lowenfield, Mandelbaum, Ottenberg, Sulzberger, and Weil. Only a few years ago a considerable number of these present-day millionaire proprietors were carrying packs on their backs or driving push-carts. And they are large holders, not only in the East Side tenement district, but in all parts of the city, including the high-class business and residential sections. The chances are, if you wish to lease an apartment in almost any part of New York to-day, that you will pay your rent to a Jewish landlord. There is not the slightest doubt that in a few years the Jews will own the larger part of Manhattan Island — the richest parcel of real estate in the world.

Men of Tomorrow

Many a boy, started off with a sorry fund of health, has been built into a mental and physical "husky" by helpful environment and properly selected food.

No one can build a sturdy, time-resisting wall with poor materials. No one can build a strong, manly boy on flimsy food.

The boy is really more important than the wall!

Ever think of that?

Yet you may be very particular when you inspect the materials you are to put into your house walls.

But how about the boy—is his building material being considered?

Mind and body must be properly trained to make the Master Man.

A true Brain and Body food is

Grape-Nuts

It possesses those vital elements required by Nature for building up strong young bodies and active brains.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

GENASCO
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE
TRINIDAD
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
Gravel
Trinidad Lake Asphalt
Asphalt-saturated wool felt
Trinidad Lake Asphalt
Asphalt-saturated wool felt
Trinidad Asphalt Lake

It takes
Trinidad Lake asphalt
to make roofing *lastingly*
waterproof

Roofings made of various compositions give protection and service only till their "compositions" disintegrate and let them leak. The roofing for real endurance is

Genasco

THE TRINIDAD-LAKE-ASPHALT

Ready Roofing

Trinidad Lake asphalt differs widely from common substitutes—California and Texas "asphalts" (so called). These substitutes are manufactured products whose oils of value have been extracted for other purposes, leaving a hard black pitch—a lifeless mass that gives roofing but little resistance. It soon cracks, breaks, and leaks.

Genasco—made of Trinidad Lake asphalt—has the natural oils preserved in it "for life"; and the life defends it against years of rain, sun, wind, hail, snow, heat, cold, fire, alkalis, and acids.

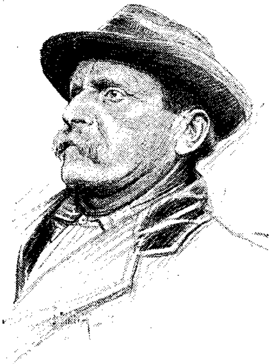
Get Genasco Roofing of your dealer. Smooth or mineral surface. Insist on Genasco—the roofing with the Hemisphere trademark. Guaranteed. Genasco smooth surface roofing has the **Kant-leak Kleet,** that waterproofs seams without cement, and prevents nail-leaks. Write us for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book, free.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company
Largest producers of asphalt, and largest
manufacturers of ready roofing in the world
Philadelphia
New York **San Francisco** **Chicago**

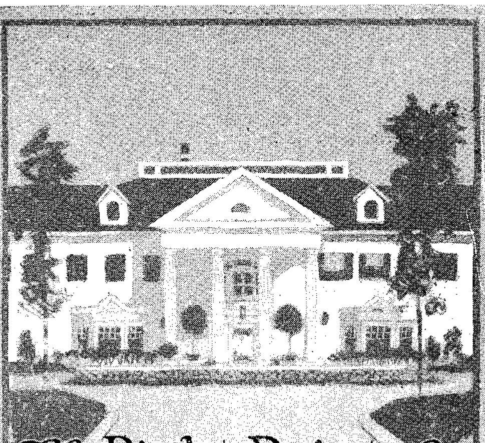
They have accomplished this success as landholders by the exercise of precisely those traits and talents that have led to the control of the clothing industries — their ability to economize, to operate on a small capital, to live on almost nothing, and to find minute profits in hitherto unsuspected corners. Peddlers, push-cart venders, storekeepers, pawnbrokers, and contractors in the clothing trades — these occupations mark the beginnings of New York's future landlords. In many instances, they break into the ownership of real estate just as they break into the clothing business — as middlemen. Until the appearance of the Jews, there were only two parties concerned in the control and management of landed property — the landlord and the tenant. Under these conditions, the Jews could make little progress, as the fee ownership of land, even when it is so liberally mortgaged as it is in American cities, demanded more capital than the average immigrant could command

THE JEWISH MIDDLEMAN IN REAL ESTATE

SO a third party, in the shape of the Jewish lessee, gradually squeezed himself between the landlord and the tenant. By saving and scraping in every direction, the prospective landlord gets together from fifty to a hundred dollars — enough to make a beginning. With this he leases a whole tenement-house. He then moves himself and his family into the least expensive flat, and proceeds to cut expenses in every possible direction. He dismisses the janitor and takes the job himself. He is also his own plumber, plasterer, carpenter, and general repair man, while his wife or daughter usually acts as scrubwoman. Once a week he makes the rounds of the several apartments, collecting the rents. By the end of a year he usually has a safe margin of profit;



THIS TYPICAL PUSH-CART PEDDLER, NISSIN SINI, WAS BORN IN CONSTANTINOPLE



The Right Paint for White Houses

WHEN architecture or surroundings dictate a white exterior, it is unwise to seek individuality by any scheme of harmonizing or contrasting colors. The charm of many homes lies in the simplicity and good taste of a white exterior in pleasing contrast with grass and foliage.

When white is your choice you would not allow your painter to tint it with black or blue or yellow, and you should not permit any white paint to be used which already has a tinge of foreign color. Often paint that, by itself, seems white, will be found several shades darker when compared side by side with a clear, pure white.

CARTER
The White
White Lead

is guaranteed strictly pure, and has all the good qualities that have made white lead the most widely used white pigment. But more than this, it is so white that it has established a new standard of whiteness for white paint, given new beauty to delicate tints and added life and brilliancy to colors mixed with it.

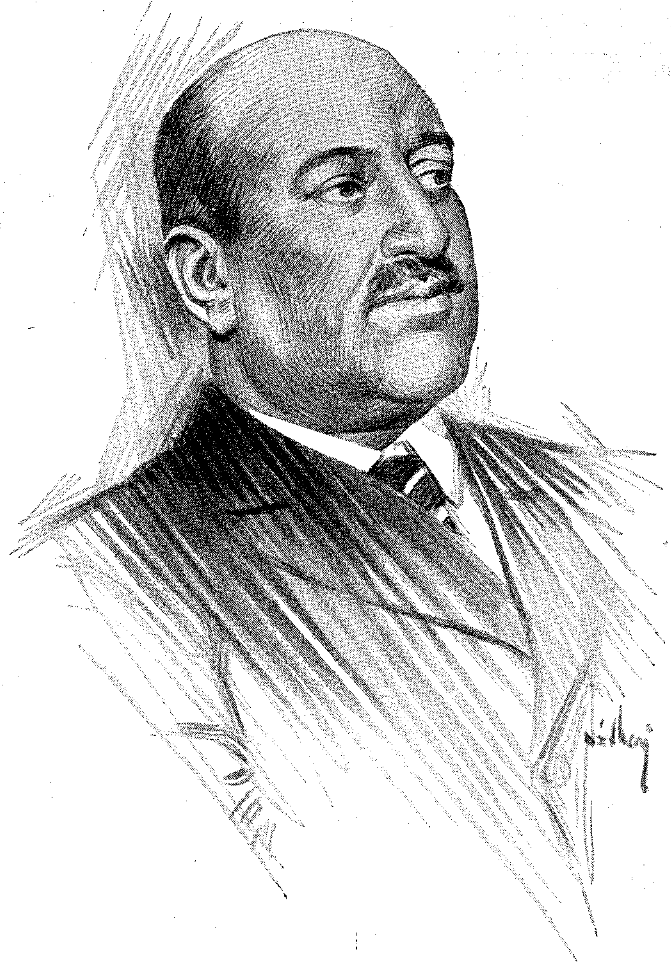
For use as white paint it is thinned with pure linseed oil. To produce any shade or tint desired, tinting colors are added. It is always mixed fresh to your order by the painter, exactly to suit the surface to be painted. In either white or colors, pure Carter White Lead and linseed oil paint gives the maximum of service at the minimum of cost, and never cracks or scales.

If you have any painting that should be done this Spring, write now for "Pure Paint," a brief text-book on house painting, with six harmonious color schemes for modern houses. Free on request.

If white paint is likely to be used, let us send you a sample tube of Carter with which you may compare Carter with any other paint you might consider using. Also free.

Carter White Lead Co.
12066 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

in five years, the period for which such leases commonly run, he has $3,000 or $4,000. With this he purchases a tenement-house of his own. The building may have a market value of $40,000, but the new purchaser gives back two, three, four, five, or six mortgages, falling due at successive dates. Once more he moves in, his family assumes all the details of management, and the profits of the building are used to pay the mortgages. In this way the industrious Jew in a few years works himself up into the actual ownership of the building. With the profits from this he purchases others. He is constantly speculating in vacant land, and becomes a builder of tenements and apartment-houses on his own account. Briefly, this is the mechanism under which the soil of New York City is passing from the hands of its old-time possessors into those of this immigrant people.

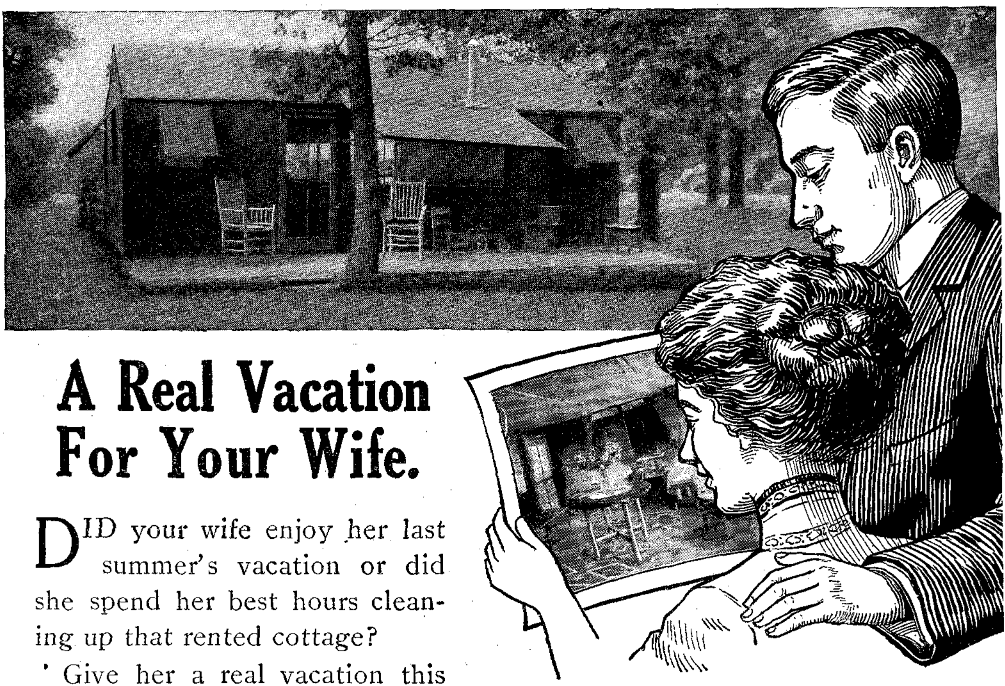


A DISTINCTIVE TYPE — THE SUCCESSFUL, AGGRESSIVE JEW. IT IS THIS CLASS OF JEW THAT DOMINATES THE CLOTHING BUSINESS AND KINDRED ENTERPRISES

JEWS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

TEN or fifteen years ago the Jews confined operations of this kind to the great East Side; in the last few years, however, their activities have spread all over the city. They own the larger part of Harlem, enormous stretches of Brooklyn, thousands of acres of tenements and apartments in the Bronx and Manhattan. Coincidently with this extension of their living quarters, they have found their way into practically all departments of the city's life. One third of the students in Columbia University and three quarters of the undergraduates in the College of the City of New York are Jews. They are particularly ambitious to secure positions in the civil service, and at the present moment the larger number of appointments to places in the city departments are of Jews. Here the story is again one of race displacement; and again the explanation is found in the facility with which the nimble-witted Jew outdistances his competitors. Twenty years ago the Irish occupied not far from ninety per cent of all the positions in the city departments of New York. That was the period of the spoils system and the undisputed domination of Tammany Hall.

Now, however, nearly all of the 65,000 positions in the city government are awarded without consideration to party politics, and on the basis of competitive civil service examinations. As a result, the Jews are rapidly driving out the Irish, the Germans, and the native Americans. The East Side branches of the public libraries find themselves unable to supply the demand for books that are supposed to prepare one for civil service examinations. The Jews study hard and long, and their examination papers are so immeasurably superior to the average offered by representatives of other races that they invariably secure preferred places in the eligible lists. They have already obtained absolute control of certain city departments. They fill nearly all medical and laboratory positions — of which



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What a "Royal Appointment" Means

BY

Catherine Cornish

EMERSON considered "the power to command the presence of accomplished men" one of the greatest privileges of nobility, and it was the sage of Concord, also, who said that the only aristocracy was that of intellect.

It is because kings enjoy peculiar opportunities, rare privileges and unusual advantages for broad culture, because they can command the best in persons and genius, possess the sovereign in art, literature and music, that we regard their acknowledged preferences with respect and accept the royal appointment as authoritative and final.

The advance of democracy has wrought an inevitable change in the *political* status of the king—but socially and artistically his *imprimatur* has a value and significance beyond all other temporal honors.

Our modern hereditary rulers—the Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, Bourbons, Coburgs and Guelphs are, in their respective countries, what Washington was to his people, "the first gentleman of the land."

The Crown of course makes many and varied purchases. The Royal Appointment, however, is reserved for those industrial leaders whose products, by their unquestioned merit, have earned this distinguishing mark of Royal approval.

The throne may be as Napoleon said "only boards covered with velvet," but birth, breeding, travel, training, opportunity and experience make the ruler a critical and discriminating gentleman of culture.

To Americans, the *imprimatur* of a king or of an emperor, translated into the words "by royal appointment," is significant because it stands for the highest and broadest culture, an intelligent appreciation, an authoritative *dictum*.

PROBABLY no articles of American manufacture have ever received so many or such distinguished honors from Royalty as the instruments made by the Aeolian Company. The regard in which these instruments are held by those so well qualified to judge of artistic merit, is reflected in these appointments.

Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Imperial Majesty Wilhelm II, German Emperor.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty George V of England.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty Albert I of Belgium.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty Alphonse XIII of Spain.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Majesty Ferdinand I of Bulgaria.
Royal Warrant of Appointment—His Royal Highness Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden.
Appointment from the Vatican—Pope Pius X.
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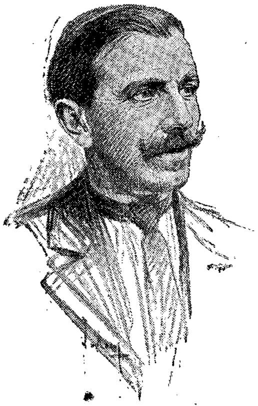
Aeolian Hall, New York
Steinway, Steck, Stuyvesant, Stroud, Wheelock and Weber Pianola Pianos

New York employs a fair-sized army. They have captured a great majority of the engineering jobs. They hold most of the minor legal positions. They are the city's searchers, process-servers, and law examiners. Most of the municipal office-boys are youngsters from the East Side; the stenographers and typewriters are nearly all Jewish girls; the bookkeepers and holders of minor clerical positions are nearly all Jews.

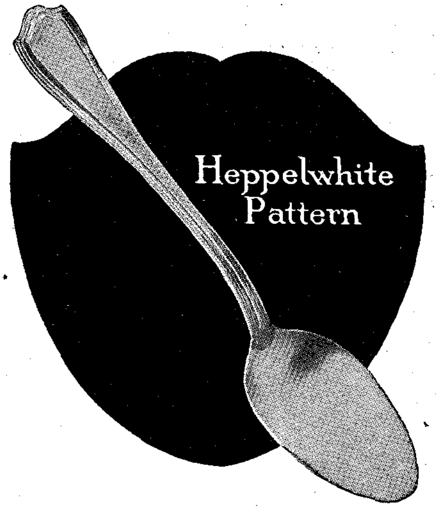
PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CHILDREN NOW TAUGHT BY JEWESSES; JEWISH POLICEMEN AND FIREMEN

TWENTY years ago the majority of school-teachers in New York were American and Irish girls. But the Jews are now the largest single racial element in the public schools. Nothing so strikingly illustrates their social and economic progress as their prominence in public education. In Russia these Jewesses would not be permitted to enter a school as pupils; here the primary education of even Protestant and Catholic children is largely in their hands.



A BULGARIAN JEW WHO HAS BEEN IN AMERICA BUT THREE YEARS

In view of the mental keenness of the Jews, their success in becoming the school-mistresses of the metropolis is not surprising; what is surprising is the extent to which they are making inroads upon a municipal activity that has always been regarded as the exclusive province of the Irish — the police department. Fifteen years ago the average New Yorker would have smiled at the possibility that there should ever be hundreds of New York policemen bearing such names as Levy, Solomon, Isaacs, and Abrahamson. That a Jew should work skilfully with his brain was accepted as a matter of course; but that he should engage



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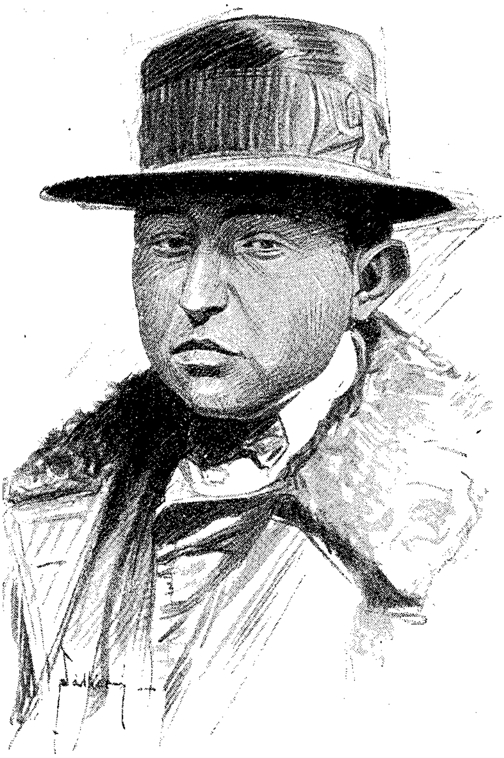
in work requiring primarily muscular power and personal bravery was hardly thought likely. The Irish still hold the higher positions; the Jews are still content, for the larger part, to serve as patrolmen, detectives, and members of the traffic squad. How long, however, the Irish will maintain a numerical superiority in this department is altogether problematical.

A few years ago, likewise, one would hardly have looked for Jews in the fire department. The idea of a Jew driving a hose-wagon, or scaling a ladder into a burning building, or serving as engineer on a fire-engine, seemed entirely foreign to his nature. One has only to run over the roster of employees, however, to find a large sprinkling of Jewish names. This new development, however, is no stranger than another fact which is a matter of common notoriety — that a majority of the prize-fighters in New York are really Jews who operate under Irish names.

JEWISH CONTROL OF THE THEATERS

THE activities of American Jews, however, extend far beyond the borders of New York. They control, in particular, one business that reaches into every part of the country — the business of public amusement. They absolutely dominate the "legitimate drama" on its business side, and are the largest single factors in vaudeville and moving pictures. Indeed, the business of relaxation and entertainment for more than 90,000,000 Americans is almost exclusively a Jewish industry. Here, again, the Jews have converted a hazardous speculative enterprise into an enormously profitable commercial undertaking. In doing this, they have completely made over the business, and have secured control in precisely the same way that they have secured control of the clothing business — by introducing and making all-powerful the middleman.



AN IMMIGRANT JEW. HE ARRIVED FROM GALICIA IN DECEMBER, 1912

One needs to go back only twenty-five years to discover how completely the Jews have eliminated all other races in the amusement field. Just glance, for a moment, at the names of the great theatrical "magnates" of a generation ago. They were nearly all Irish or plain Anglo-Saxon. The legitimate theater was dominated then by men like John B. Stetson, A. M. Palmer, J. H. Haverly, J. M. Hill, and Augustin Daly. In musical comedy the leading names were those of E. E. Rice and John A. McCaul. Scattered all over the country were successful managers of local stock companies of great competence — such as McVicker in Chicago, Mrs. Drew in Philadelphia, and Macauley in Louisville.

A similar roster now would show an overwhelming majority of Jewish names. It is not only in the matter of race, however, that these old-time "magnates" differed from the new. In many cases they represented an altogether different theatrical type. Nearly all were primarily theatrical managers, and only secondarily business men; many, indeed, had earned their apprenticeship as actors and playwrights. They understood writing as a technical art, and approached the business of entertaining the public largely from an artistic standpoint. The Jewish managers who control the industry now, however, are nothing but business men. A few exceptions, of course, must be made; certainly no one would say that such men as David Belasco and Charles and Daniel Frohman are primarily commercialists. With practically all the rest, however, the modern theater is simply merchandise, like ready-made clothing and women's cloaks. Whereas the old managers started their careers on the stage, it is significant that nearly all of the new managers started in the box-office or in one of the occupations closely allied to the theater.

Abraham L. Erlanger was a ticket-seller in a Cleveland theater, and afterward became an

"Mother was a beauty in her younger days."

Mother may smile deprecatingly—but—Watch her go to the little top drawer and take out the precious photograph "taken before I was married." Chances are she will also tell you of her admirers. And we can well believe they were many.

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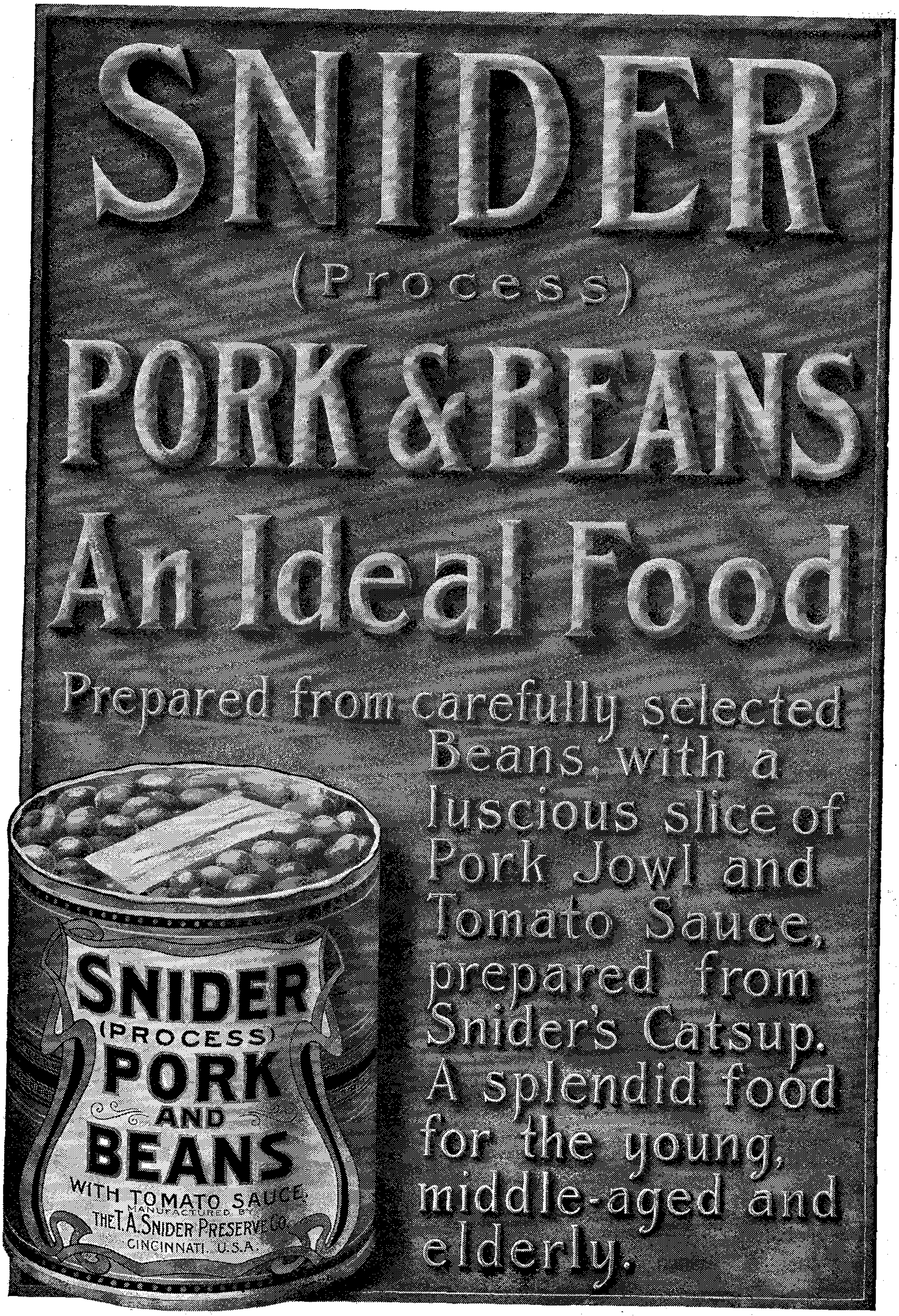

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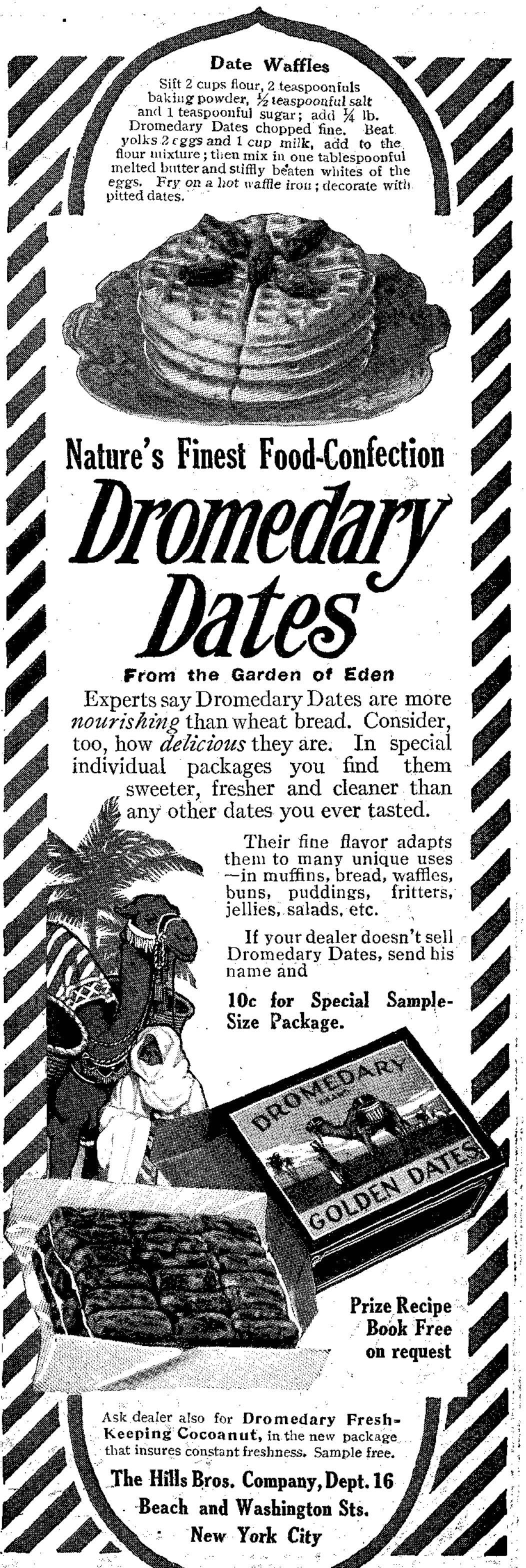
advance agent. Marc Klaw started as a newspaper man in Louisville, Kentucky, and also achieved early success as an advance agent. Frederick Zimmerman was a bill-poster, Theodore Liebler a printer and lithographer. Al Hayman did a profitable business in the West, financing stranded theatrical companies on a percentage basis. Martin Beck, one of the two great "magnates" of modern vaudeville, was originally a waiter in a Chicago music-hall. The Graus, who dominated grand opera in this country for forty years, used to work as street peddlers in front of the old Astor House. The Shuberts, originally haberdashers in Syracuse, made their theatrical beginnings as water-boys and ushers. One of the few rich Jewish managers of to-day who could be described as having entered the theatrical business from the "artistic" side is William Harris, who was once part of a popular black-face song-and-dance team in Boston. Daniel Frohman started life as an office-boy for Horace Greeley, and Charles Frohman as advance man for Haverly's minstrels. The figure of Charles Frohman marching at the head of the minstrel parade down Broadway is still vividly recalled by old-time New Yorkers.

COMMERCIALIZING THE THEATER

THE charge that the Jewish theatrical men have commercialized the theater is unquestionably justified; it is also true that a certain amount of commercialization was needed. Thirty years ago the theater was probably the most demoralized business that made any claim to respectability. Few theatrical managers of that day had advanced to the dignity of having a private office. The pavement of Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Fourth Avenue, was then the great theatrical exchange. Here, in late summer and early autumn, gathered every day a large concourse of people interested, in several ways, in the theater — actors, managers, playwrights, "producers," advance men, and the rest. Here the somewhat shabby managers of New York "productions" paraded up and down, note-book in hand, looking for chance meetings with the managers of out-of-town theaters, who came from all parts of the United States to make "dates."

This was almost the only way the managers in New England, Ohio, or Colorado had of securing "attractions" for the coming year. The method, however, was extremely unsatisfactory. The manager would go back to his native town, open his theater, and prepare for business; but he never had the slightest


Date Waffles

Sift 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt and 1 teaspoonful sugar; add ¼ lb. Dromedary Dates chopped fine. Beat yolks 2 eggs and 1 cup milk, add to the flour mixture; then mix in one tablespoonful melted butter and stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fry on a hot waffle iron; decorate with pitted dates.

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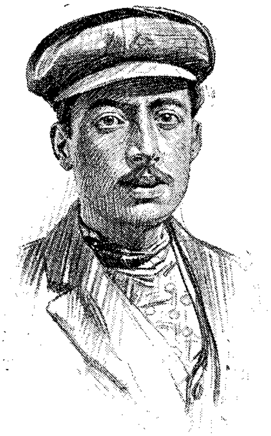
assurance that his "attractions" would appear. Sometimes the company would "jump" his town; more frequently it would become stranded and disband long before it came within a thousand miles of it. For, in those days, few theatrical troupes had any assurance that they would get very far, once they had left New York; sometimes they started out with expenses only to the next town, and trusted to luck. In New York the theatrical business was regarded as so speculative that few old-time managers ever succeeded in establishing credit relations with banks. In "one-night stand" towns the theaters were constantly changing their managers, and theatrical property was an especially hazardous form of investment.

In spite of this, the theatrical business, as a whole, offered a splendid opportunity. Americans are a nation of play-goers, and the aggregate amount spent on the theater in the United States is enormous. The industry was all at loose ends; it needed coördination: in a word, here was a splendid business chance for a middleman. In the Jewish firm of Klaw and Erlanger this middleman appeared. These men, keen, alert, and persistent, became, in the years from 1894 to 1900, the great clearing-house of the American theatrical business. They "cornered" the theatrical market by a perfectly obvious expedient. The way to control the business was not to corral the actors, the playwrights, or the managers: the thing to do was to get the theaters themselves. And, in order to monopolize the theater in the country, it was necessary actually to control only those in the large cities. Therefore, Klaw



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and Erlanger made Charles Frohman a part of their syndicate, as Mr. Frohman controlled many big theaters in New York. Nixon and Zimmerman entered the combine because they controlled leading theaters in Philadelphia. Al Hayman, who owned many theaters in large Western cities, was indispensable for the same reason. Rich and Harris, who had large theatrical interests in Boston, also affiliated themselves more or less directly with the syndicate. With the exception of Frohman, these men were not theatrical men in the old sense; the trust was simply a business organization of men who controlled theatrical real estate.

Having got the biggest theaters in the largest cities in their hands, the next step was easy. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger went to local managers all over the country with the proposition that they should take the season's "booking" of "attractions" entirely out of the managers' hands. For a commission, say five or ten per cent of the box-office receipts, they agreed to provide shows for the whole season. The local managers need take no more expensive trips to New York, or spend time in perplexing correspondence; all they needed to do was simply to sit at home, see that their theaters were cleaned and lighted, and take such attractions as the syndicate sent them. As a matter of fact, such was the power of the syndicate that local managers were compelled to accept this proposition. "Unless you let us book for you," the syndicate said, almost in these very words, "you won't get any attractions at all; your theater will remain 'dark' all winter." And they had no difficulty in making good their threat. Their control of the theaters inevitably gave them control of the managers who produced plays. You might bring out a wonderfully successful play in New York, but you could never get it "on the road", — where the largest money is made — except by grace of the theatrical syndicate.

THE MOST PERFECT TRUST IN THE COUNTRY

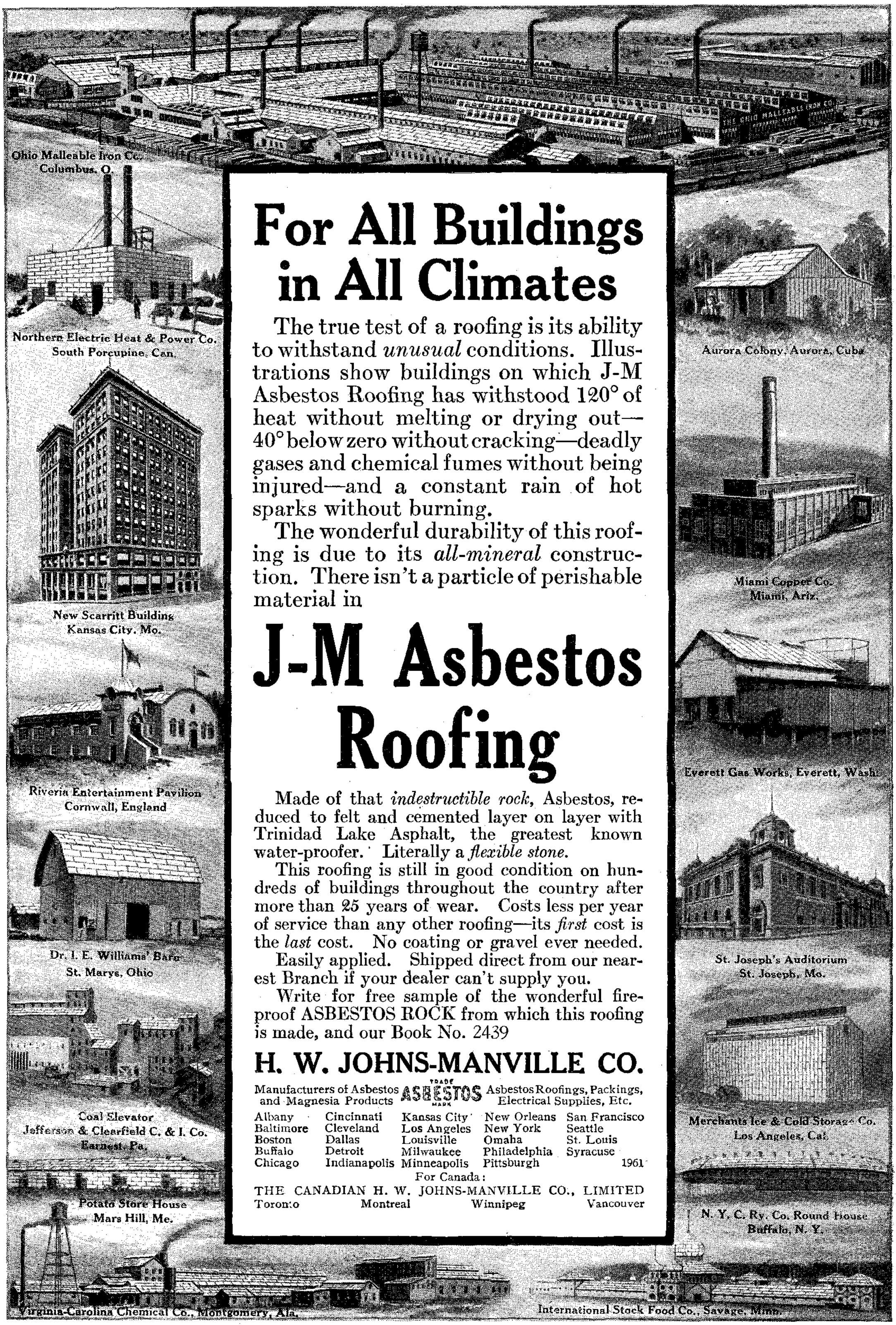
THIS syndicate was unquestionably the most perfect trust in the country, excepting perhaps the American Sugar Company. The Standard Oil Company does not control all the oil; the United States Steel Company has by no means a monopoly of iron and steel: but the theatrical syndicate absolutely controlled the theatrical business. And the industry was a marvel of organization. The business that had formerly had its headquarters on the sidewalk at Union Square now had an entire office building to itself. The booking headquarters had a complete record of every theater in the country. At a glance, Klaw and Erlanger could tell just what dates — or "time" — every theater had open or closed. A "producer" with a successful play could enter their offices and, in half an hour, arrange a six months' tour. Under these conditions, the theatrical business, formerly fugitive and uncertain, operated like clockwork. Attraction succeeded attraction without the slightest friction. All the incidental details — press work, advertising, programs — were arranged with the utmost skill.

SYNDICATE BROKEN BY RUSSIAN JEWS

CERTAIN managers and actors — Mrs. Fiske, Belasco, Hackett, and Francis Wilson, among others — tried to break this monopoly, but without the slightest success. As in the cloak business, the real competition in theatricals has been between German Jews and Russian Jews. The members of the syndicate were Germans, and it was three young Russian Jews from Syracuse, New York State, who finally destroyed their monopoly. When the Shuberts came to New York, in 1900, to open warfare on the trust, the idea seemed fairly grotesque. Sam Shubert, ablest of the three brothers, was only nineteen years old, and weighed only ninety pounds. These men had started business in New York State in the smallest possible way, getting a theater here and there in small towns. Their relatives, their grocerymen, their bakers, and their butchers financed their operations. The three brothers finally scraped together enough money to lease the Herald Square Theater in New York. A fortunate speculation, Augustus Thomas' play, "Arizona," put the Shuberts in funds and launched them on their career. At the present time the two surviving brothers — Sam Shubert was killed in a railroad accident a few years ago — control fifteen theaters in New York City, and also have theaters in every large city in the country. In all, there are nearly eighty theaters in their hands. They have a large number of traveling companies and booking-offices of their own. The old syndicate is still very rich and powerful; however, it no longer has the field exclusively in its hands, but now divides it with the Shuberts.

MILLIONS MADE IN THE THEATER

FEW of the old American and Irish managers reached any permanent stage of prosperity; nearly all died in poverty. Maurice Grau was the first impresario of grand opera in America who left money enough to pay his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Aurora Colony, Aurora, Cuba
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This roofing is still in good condition on hundreds of buildings throughout the country after more than 25 years of wear. Costs less per year of service than any other roofing—its *first* cost is the *last* cost. No coating or gravel ever needed.

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Write for free sample of the wonderful fireproof ASBESTOS ROCK from which this roofing is made, and our Book No. 2439

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Manufacturers of Asbestos and Magnesia Products — TRADE ASBESTOS MARK — Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Electrical Supplies, Etc.

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1961

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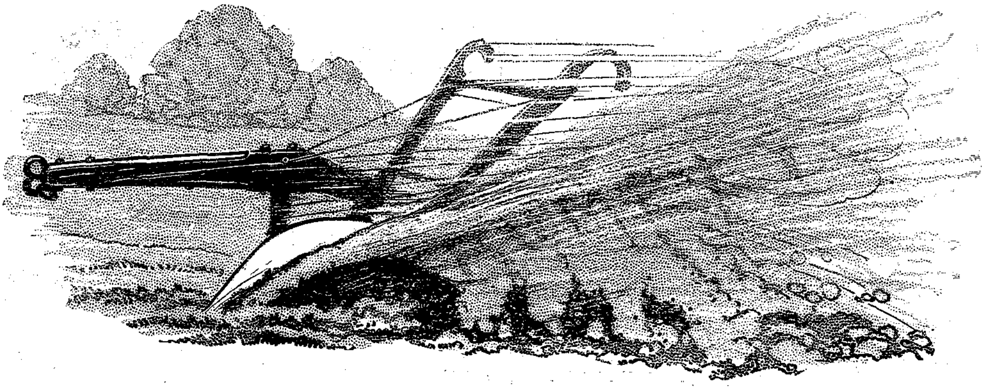


Plowing at 30 Miles an Hour

A Rumely OilPull Tractor pulls an Engine Gang Plow, often turning 12 furrows at once. This is equal to a single horse-plow moving at a speed of 30 miles an hour.

High Speed Plowing! That is what has been accomplished by the

RUMELY
OILPULL
TRACTOR
LA PORTE IND.

Until the coming of the tractor, the plow was the slowest of all farm machinery. It turned only one furrow at a time, and it moved at 2½ miles an hour.

A cablegram can be sent completely around the world while a horse-plow is moving 200 yards. But now, pulled by a ***Rumely Tractor,*** the plow has been speeded up. It is no longer the snail of the farm.

Tractor plowing means a Clear Net Saving of $1 an acre in Plowing alone; and you can use tractors for dozens of other jobs, winter and summer.

There are 51 Rumely Machines — all cost-cutters.

Send for our Tractor Book.

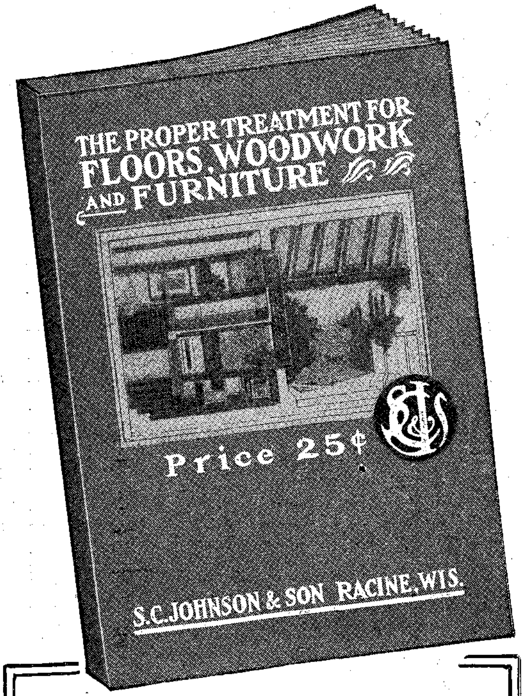
RUMELY PRODUCTS CO.
(Incorporated)
Power-Farming Machinery
LA PORTE, IND.

404

funeral expenses. Practically all the members of the two great Jewish syndicates of to-day are millionaires. In vaudeville and moving pictures the Jews have likewise made large fortunes. Here, again, they started in the humblest way. Marcus Loew, the millionaire proprietor of more than forty large moving-picture theaters, started as a worker in the fur business. William Fox, another Jew who has made a large fortune in moving pictures and cheap vaudeville, was a cloth-sponger in a clothing factory. The business of exhibiting moving pictures, all over the United States, is largely in the hands of Jews. A small army of push-cart men and small storekeepers on the New York East Side have made comfortable fortunes in providing popular amusement of this kind.

JEWS IN CONTROL OF THE BIG DEPARTMENT-STORES

IN all of the large cities of the United States the Jews are the largest factors in modern department-stores. Thirty years ago, among the large retail establishments in New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, and other large cities there was hardly a Jewish name. The typical "merchant prince" of New York was A. T. Stewart, of Chicago Marshall Field, and of Philadelphia John Wanamaker. In New York all the leading firm names were English, Scotch, or Irish — Arnold Constable, McCreery, O'Neill, Adams, Hearn, Lord & Taylor, Simpson, Crawford & Co., R. H. Macy. All these old firms still survive; two of the largest of the old establishments, however, are owned by Jews, and certain others have been weakened financially by Jewish competition and have lost their old-time leadership. On the other hand, at least a dozen large Jewish establishments have sprung up in the last twenty years, all of them exceedingly successful. Indeed, the modern American department-store is very largely their invention. More than half a century ago a retired sea captain, R. H. Macy, opened a modest establishment on Sixth Avenue that afterward became known as a "department-store." It was not a department-store, however, in the modern sense. Mr. Macy had a dry-goods shop of his own, and let out quarters in the same building to other merchants, who opened "departments." Mr. Macy had no financial interests in the business of his associates; they were merely his tenants. A few years after the Civil War the basement of Macy's store was taken by Lazarus Straus, who opened there a crockery and china store. When Macy died, sometime in the seventies, Mr. Straus' two sons, Nathan and Isidor, took


THE PROPER TREATMENT FOR FLOORS WOODWORK AND FURNITURE
Price 25¢
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A Book of Valuable Ideas for Beautifying The Home ---- FREE

Present this coupon to your paint or hardware dealer It is good for our 25c Instruction Book. Two 10c bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye and a 10c can of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

Our Book tells how to secure artistic wood effects with least expense and trouble.

Johnson's Wood Dye

is a *dye*, not a stain. It sinks deep down, bringing out the natural beauty of the wood. It dries in half an hour without a lap or streak. Made in 17 beautiful shades—Mission Oak, Early English, Mahogany, Fumed, etc.

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imparts a soft, velvety, protecting finish to all woodwork floors and furniture, including pianos. It is just the thing for Mission furniture. Can be used over varnish, shellac, etc.

Get the 25c Book and 10c packages from your dealer *free*. If he cannot supply you we will send direct, postpaid, on receipt of 25c in stamps or silver.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

(Coupon)

Value 55c—FREE

Good at your paint store for one 25c Book, one 10c can Johnson's Prepared Wax and two 10c bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

(*Only one set to a family.*) K-3

over the entire business. A few years ago the Strauses built a ten-story $6,000,000 building at Thirty-fourth Street, New York, to house their enormously increased business.

SMALL BEGINNINGS OF THE BIG DEPARTMENT-STORE MEN

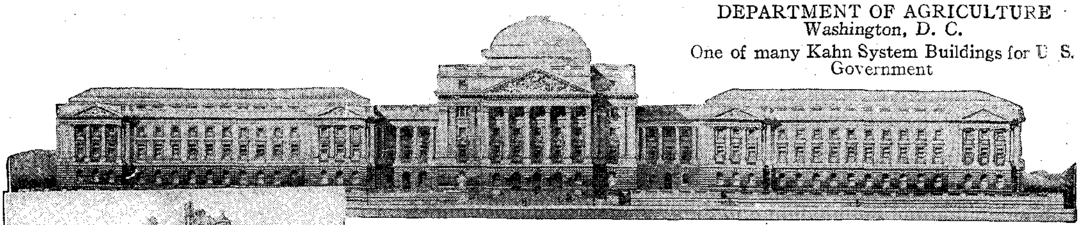
WHILE the Strauses were making their small beginnings, other Jewish merchants were also starting at the bottom. Fifty years ago two Jewish boys were working side by side back of a counter in a little Grand Street shop, in New York. One was Benjamin Altman, now the proprietor of New York's most luxurious retail establishment—a man with a fortune not far removed from $20,000,000. The other was Lyman G. Bloomingdale, afterward the founder of one of New York's largest department-stores. Some years later Isaac and Louis Stern opened a small retail shop in an inconspicuous location. The Stern Brothers did their own porter work; after the day's business was over they swept out the store, dusted the stock, wrapped the day's sales, and acted as their own delivery-boys. At the present time the firm is erecting, on Forty-second Street, one of America's greatest department-stores. About 1867 Henry Siegel, then fifteen years old and recently arrived from Germany, secured a job as an errand-boy in a retail shop in Washington. Henry Siegel now controls five of the world's largest department-stores, located in Chicago, New York, and Boston. J. B. Greenhut, the controller of several large retail establishments, whose fortune probably exceeds $25,000,000, started life as a distiller. In practically every large city in the United States, the department-stores will be found in the hands of Jews who made their beginnings in the same small way.

JEWS CONTROL THE WHISKY BUSINESS

ONE of the largest and most profitable businesses in this country is the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks. As the prohibitionists are constantly pointing out, the American people spend more money every year on fermented and spirituous liquors than they do on bread and meat. Judging from the amount of intoxicants consumed, alcohol may be regarded as one of the modern necessaries of life. The two favorite alcoholic beverages of the masses are beer and whisky. The Germans, of course, practically control the breweries; but the Jews dominate the whisky trade. There is a National Liquor-Dealers' Association, eighty per cent of whose members are Jews. A respectable authority figures that sixty per cent of the business of distilling and wholesaling whisky is in the hands of representatives of the same race. They also control the wine product of California. In this they are simply traders — or middlemen. In only exceptional cases do the Jewish wine merchants have vineyards of their own; they make the tour of the vineyards after the grapes are gathered, and buy up the "must," or the unfermented juice. In these activities, of course, American Jews are simply repeating history. The Jews were Europe's greatest wine merchants in the days of Charlemagne, and in more recent times they controlled the liquor business of Russia until this traffic became a state monopoly.

In the United States the history of the whisky business is again one of race displacement. Few people realize that the extensive use of whisky in this country is really a modern development. In certain back-woods sections, Americans have distilled and drunk whisky for two centuries; its widespread popularity as a beverage, however, dates back only fifty or sixty years. Before the Civil War the prevailing liquor drinks were rum, brandy, and gin. The Irish and the Scotch, quite naturally, introduced whisky into this country. The considerable number of Irish and Scotch names still identified with the trade — Gibson, Dougherty, Lanahan, Wilson, Carstairs, Stewart — sufficiently indicate its racial origin. The great headquarters of the business is now Cincinnati, from which point the whisky belt spreads over Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, south to Kentucky, and east to Pennsylvania. One needs only to glance at the roster of distillers and wholesalers in this section to appreciate the present extensive activity of the Jews. Fleischmann, Bernheimer, Westheimer, Guckenheimer, Rosenfield, Kessler, Woolner, Frieberg, Workman — these are the names that now figure at the head of the industry. There are more than fifty Jewish liquor merchants at the present time whose fortunes exceed a million dollars. The whisky trust was practically their creation; J. B. Greenhut, mentioned above as a leading figure in the department-store business of New York, was for many years its head.

Why is it that the Jews have so extensively engaged in the whisky business and played little part in the manufacture of that other popular American beverage, lager beer? The reason is evident: the brewing business gave no opportunity for middlemen. The great German brewers, through the control of the saloons, practically retail their whole product themselves. The business has had no wholesalers, no jobbers, and it was therefore impossible to break in upon it with a small capital. But



DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
Washington, D. C.
One of many Kahn System Buildings for U. S. Government

Marlborough - Blenheim, Atl. City.
Free Press, Detroit.
Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco.
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One Story Factory—Fireproof—Daylight.

Durable Artistic Buildings

Kahn Building Products receive their best commendation from the many thousands of buildings all over the world in which they have been successfully used. They are adapted to the finest type of public and monumental buildings as well as to those of strictest utilitarian character. To the architectural building Kahn Building Products insure fireproofness, permanence and economy. To the industrial building, Kahn Building Products bring not only these desirable qualities, but also a simple, dignified beauty of line and proportion.

KAHN BUILDING PRODUCTS

cover all constructions: Reinforced Concrete for every use; Steel Sash for windows; Hy-Rib for roofs and walls; Waterproofings; Technical Paints; and Building Specialties.

Hy-Rib, a steel sheathing with deep stiffening ribs, makes monolithic walls, roofs, partitions, etc., at very low cost. It obviates the use of wooden forms and other expensive equipment, combining within itself reinforcement, centering, studs and lath.

United Sash provide maximum daylight for industrial buildings. Made of solid steel sections unweakened by cutting or punching, but forced by tremendous pressure into perfect units. Large ventilators with double contact joints to shut out draft and storms.

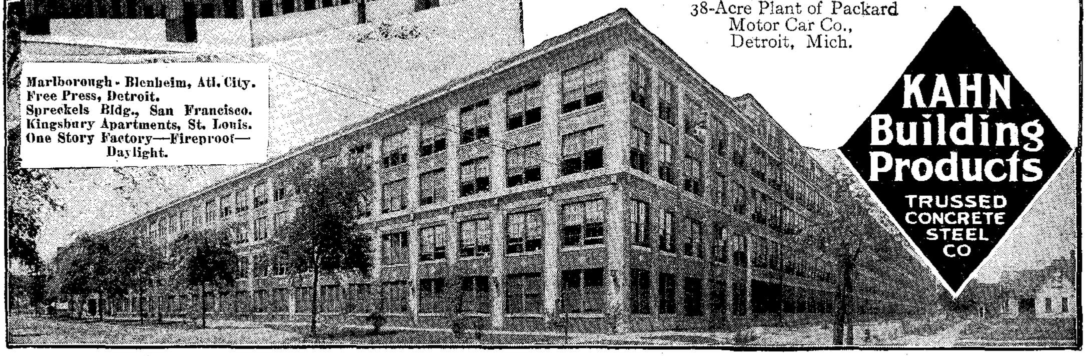
We make a specialty of

Economical Industrial Buildings

Our large force of engineers will furnish you, free of charge, useful literature, valuable suggestions, etc.

No matter when you intend to build, write us at once. It will pay you.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.
904 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



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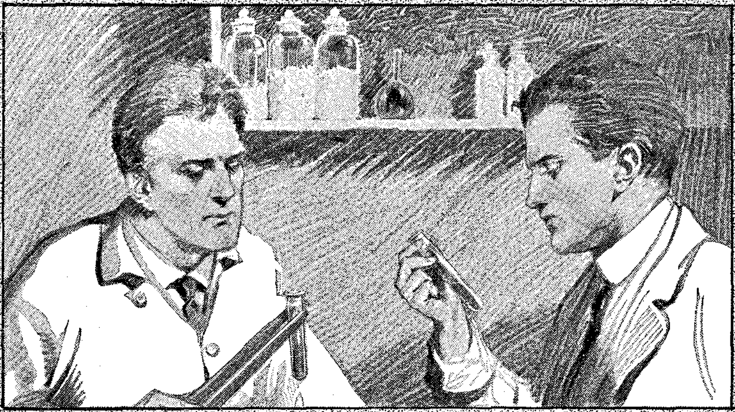
Tooth Preservation Involves more than mere Toilet Refinement



The Scientific Dentifrice is

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

PEBECO reaches the chief cause of bad teeth and bad breath—it neutralizes the mouth-acids that gradually break down the enamel, and it destroys the bacteria that cause these acids. To remove these mouth-acids means that you have a good chance to keep your teeth for life.

Pebeco is the most delightfully refreshing cleanser, polisher, whitener and deodorizer; it hardens the gums, purifies the breath and stimulates the salivary glands. And having done all and more than the ordinary dentifrice can do, Pebeco has "just begun to fight." For it is here that science steps in and makes it *the* dental preparation that is able to counteract the cause of 95% of all tooth decay, by preventing the acids of the mouth from attacking the enamel of the teeth.

Send for Ten Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers—FREE
by letter or postal and prove Pebeco's all-around perfection at our expense. "Will your tongue turn the blue test paper pink?" Try the test—it is interesting and scientific.

Pebeco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Company, Hamburg, Germany, and is sold all over the world. The extra large 50 cent tubes are economical because only a small quantity is used at each brushing.

LEHN & FINK 117 William Street New York
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Riveris Talcum

the whisky business gives the Jews a splendid opportunity to exercise their talents for buying and selling. And many began the business in the smallest possible way. They almost never opened saloons, but started in practically as peddlers of whisky. The little whisky huckster would make the rounds of his neighborhood, visiting first his relatives and friends, taking orders for small quantities of his product, always for family drinking. With this small basis as a business, he would purchase a small stock of "straight" whisky — that is, the "unblended" article, the direct product of the distillation. In his little tenement home at night, the whole family would assist in making this product ready for consumption. The embryo merchant, his wife and family became amateur "rectifiers,' pouring in a little prune juice or a little caramel, which gave the whisky the necessary color and flavor. Next day the family head would load his bottled product upon a push-cart and deliver it to his customers. Carefully hoarding his minute profits, he would presently assemble capital enough to open a "family store." From this he rapidly advanced to success and prosperity — in many cases to large wealth.

GREAT PROFITS IN THE MAIL-ORDER TRADE

IN the last few years the Jews have had a monopoly of the "mail-order" liquor business in certain Southern and Western States. The prohibition movement has poured riches into their hands. Hardly had Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and other States gone "dry" when a great "mail-order" industry sprang up, with headquarters in Cincinnati, Richmond, and Jacksonville. The prohibition laws, of course, ended the saloon; but there was no law to prevent a dealer in another State from sending his product by mail into the South, so long as he took the trouble to label it, "For domestic use." These mail-order houses sent their agents all through the Southern States, getting lists of whisky-drinkers. These prospective customers were then thoroughly "circularized" from the headquarters of the trade. Whisky was offered them in cases, at "fifty and seventy-five cents a quart." One of the most successful widely advertised "five quarts of whisky for $3.50." The traffic was exclusively on the cash basis; one sent his money to Cincinnati or Jacksonville, and received his supply of drinkables by return mail. Thousands of Southern citizens, in place of getting their occasional potations at the corner saloon, began having their whisky shipped to them by the gallon and the case.

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, under the Kodak name, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman,
it isn't a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Domestic drinking in many sections took the place of the public house. That the business was profitable was brought out a few months ago when the head of one of the largest mail-order whisky houses died, leaving a fortune of $6,000,000.

JEWS CONTROL THE TRADE IN LEAF TOBACCO

MOST people believe that the American Tobacco Company dominates the tobacco business in all its branches. There is one activity, however, that they have never succeeded in getting away from the Jews. These people practically control the raw product — the leaf tobacco. They do this because they excel all other people as traders. Every fall these Jewish middlemen visit the tobacco fields of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, and other States, and dicker with the farmers for their crops. The business is extremely speculative, as prices are constantly changing and there are a hundred considerations that regulate them. There are few buyers who really succeed, and practically all of them are Jews. The American Tobacco Company has to purchase from them nearly all its raw material. Moreover, the Jews control the cigar business in all its branches, except the raising of the crop. The American Tobacco Company manufactures about fifteen per cent of the cigars consumed in this country; the Jews make all the rest. Other departments of the business — smoking and chewing tobacco, and snuff — they leave absolutely alone. Here again the explanation is obvious. The manufacture of smoking and chewing tobacco requires a large capital and extensive machinery; one can start in the cigar business, however, on almost nothing. And the great Jewish tobacco men of to-day started in this way. With a small room to work in, a board, a knife, and a few leaves of tobacco, they became manufacturers.

The poor Jewish immigrant would work the larger part of the day and night, rolling with his own hands a few dozens of cigars. He would peddle these in his own neighborhood, visiting the saloons and drug-stores, perhaps even trading them for food with the corner grocery. He gradually increased his operations, became a wholesaler and a buyer and dealer in the raw leaf. The career of A. L. Sylvester, president of the American Cigar Company, the cigar department of the American Tobacco Company, is a typical one. Mr. Sylvester started, at the age of eleven, as a "sprig boy" in a cigar factory — his duties being to sit on the floor and pick up the tobacco leaves discarded by the cigar-makers. In a few years Mr. Sylvester was the head of the largest leaf tobacco house in the country and was doing a business of $5,000,000 a year.

But it is not only in the cigar business, the clothing trades, department-stores, and other fields in which they predominate that the Jews have made these modest beginnings. The great American Jewish banking houses similarly had a humble origin. The firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. is America's greatest financial power, next to J. P. Morgan & Co. Fifty years ago it was a retail clothing store.

SELIGMANS ORIGINALLY PEDDLERS

ONE of the greatest of American banking houses, as well as one of the most distingished of American Jewish families, bears the name of Seligman. James Seligman, the only survivor of the eight Seligman brothers, recently told in detail the history of this firm. The family came from Baiersdorf, Germany — the sons of David Seligman, a small merchant. James recalled how, one day, when he was only sixteen years old, his mother sewed forty dollars in a bag, tied it around his waist, and tearfully sent him off to America. He became a peddler in Pennsylvania, carrying a pack containing "rings, pins, chains, and German silver." Next year he traveled around the South, and accumulated a capital of $1,000. Then, with his brothers, he began establishing dry-goods and clothing stores throughout the South. The breaking out of the gold fever in California in 1849 led to the establishment of J. and W. Seligman in San Francisco. The firm made millions during the Civil War, supplying the Union troops with uniforms; and with this capital the Seligmans became bankers. They did splendid work reëstablishing the credit of the United States, which had suffered severely as a result of the Civil War. For forty years there was hardly a large issue of United States bonds in which the Seligmans did not have a share. In 1879, with the Rothschilds, they took the whole of the federal refunding bond issue, amounting to $150,000,000.

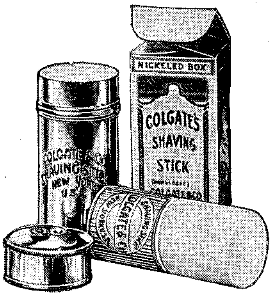
JEWS A GREAT POWER IN AMERICAN RAILROADS

UNTIL recent years the Jewish bankers had been chiefly identified with government bonds. The elder August Belmont, a Jewish banker from Frankfort (the family name was originally Schoenberg, the modern form representing merely its translation into French), came

COLGATE'S

SHAVING LATHER

STICK - POWDER - CREAM


NICKELED BOX
COLGATE'S
SHAVING
STICK
COLGATE & CO.
NEW YORK
U.S.A.

Whichever method you prefer Stick, Powder or Cream—you find in Colgate's the fullest measure of both comfort ***and economy.***

They all give the same creamy, "smartless" lather that softens the beard while being worked up with the brush—no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers is necessary.

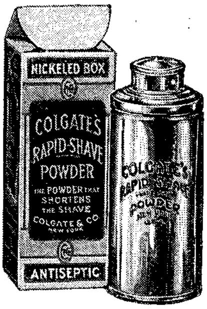
There is no waste.

Shaken on the wet brush, the last particle of Powder is as good as the first.

The Cream can be squeezed out to the very end of the tube.

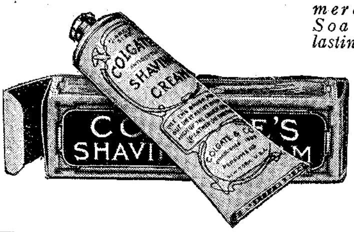
Those who favor the Stick find economy as shown below.

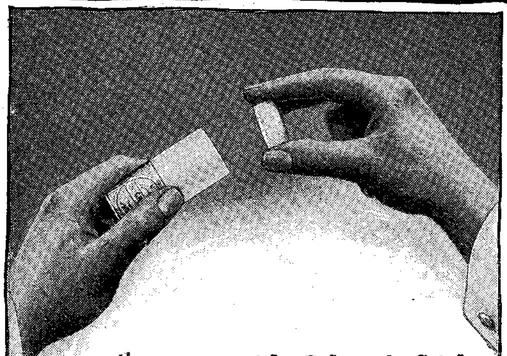
Learn the comfort of a Colgate shave by sending 4 cents in stamps for a trial size of Stick, Powder or Cream.


NICKELED BOX
COLGATE'S
RAPID-SHAVE
POWDER
THE POWDER THAT SHORTENS THE SHAVE
COLGATE & CO
NEW YORK
ANTISEPTIC

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. G
199 Fulton St.
NEW YORK

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.


COLGATE'S
SHAVING
CREAM
COLGATE'S
SHAVING CREAM



Economy with Colgate's Stick

When the one you now have is nearly used up, wet it and press it firmly on the end of the new Stick. It stays—and you use every bit instead of having to throw away the last half inch or so as usual.

You can Weigh what you Should

I know it because I have **reduced the weight** of 30,000 women and have **built up** the weight of as **many more.**

My pupils are among the most refined, intelligent women of America.

You Can Be Well

so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality — feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health prescribed to suit your particular needs.

No Drugs — No Medicines

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to *common sense.*

By teaching **deep breathing** and **correct poise,** so that each vital organ is in its proper place, and by **strengthening the nerves and muscles** to these vital organs, I have built up the strength and vitality by Nature's own means.

The best physicians are my friends — their wives and daughters are my pupils.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at *your best.*

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as:

Indigestion
Nervousness
Rheumatism
Constipation
Headaches
Sleeplessness
Torpid Liver
Anaemia
Catarrh

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in women. Call and see me when in Chicago. I am almost always at my desk and glad to see any woman interested in this great work.

Sit down and write to me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it.

I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95 624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

here in 1837 as the American representative of the Rothschilds, and laid the foundations of the Belmont fortune in United States bonds. But the last few years have witnessed the encroachment of Jewish influence in a field that for more than seventy years had been the peculiar province of the native Anglo-Saxon stock, that of railroad ownership and finance. The two greatest powers in American railroads to-day are J. P. Morgan and the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. One is down-East Connecticut Yankee — the other is composed of German Jews. *Inasmuch as the railroads are the agencies* that most directly influence the welfare and economic and political destinies of the people, the commanding position that the Jews have secured in American life is at once manifest.

THE RISE OF OTTO KAHN

NO railroad man or banker had ever had such a golden opportunity as that presented by the finances of the Union Pacific in 1897. Practically all the non-Jewish houses in New York, however, *after an attempted dissection of the* tangle, refused to undertake it. J. P. Morgan had the proposition under consideration for a year, and then abandoned it as hopeless. It remained for a young man, scarcely turned his thirtieth year, to grasp the opportunity. The early life and surroundings of Otto H. Kahn were markedly different from those of many of the other Jews described in this article. He was born in Mannheim, Germany, the son of a prosperous banker, and had behind him several generations of the finest Jewish culture. His early inclinations were all toward art and literature, rather than toward finance. He spent a year in the German army and served an apprenticeship in a German bank at Carlsruhe. Here his training was of the strict, old-fashioned kind; he had to fetch and carry, clean the desks, sweep out the office, and run errands for the older clerks. Inasmuch as promotion went by merit, however, Mr. Kahn made rapid progress, and soon found himself in a responsible position in a German bank.

In a few years he was pro-manager — a title that corresponds to that of vice-president in this country — of the London branch of the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. He became a British subject, and was rapidly becoming a financial influence in England when some one suggested that his real opportunities lay in the United States. The idea was a new one and appealed to Kahn's adventurous spirit. No definite opening was offered; he was told that he would have to start at the bottom and find his

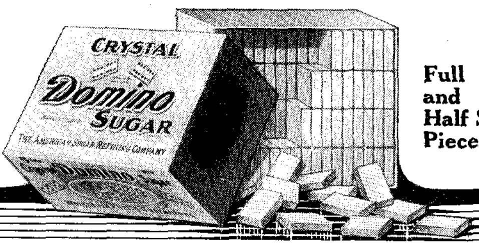
CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR

PURITY is the chief claim to household favor held by Crystal Domino Sugar. The attractive, sparkling whiteness that pleases at first sight—the great, clear crystals, which dissolve like nectar—are simply the outward proof of innate purity. The dainty, easy-breaking shape adds the last touch of refinement.

One of the Quality Products of

The American Sugar Refining Co.
117 Wall Street **New York City**

Read the story of its making in our splendidly illustrated booklet. Sent free on request. : : : : : : Address Department 9.


CRYSTAL
Domino
SUGAR
THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY

**Full
and
Half Size
Pieces**

This Wooden Man Shows How This Razor Can Guarantee

500 Shaves from 12 Blades

IF A WOODEN MAN CAN DO IT, YOU CAN

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

Read this Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

EVERY barber, every steel expert—even common sense—tells you that no razor can stay sharp without stropping.

No human hand can strop as well as a machine. A separate machine is a nuisance.

There is just one razor in the world that combines safety shaving and mechanical stropping in one instrument. That one is the AutoStrop Razor.

The perfect mechanical stropping is what makes 12 AutoStrop Blades last through 500 shaves and more. Cheapest shaving ever devised. Cheaper than a 25c razor.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of a silver-plated, self stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart case, $5. Price in Canada and U. S. the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

Do not be overmodest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Razor on 30 days' free trial. Because if you take it back, we protect him from loss.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

This Razor Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Removing Blade

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 354 Fifth Ave., New York. Toronto. London.

own way. His decision to come was a remarkable one; it meant that Kahn would have to sacrifice what was an assured career in England, on the merest chance of making a success here. For the first few weeks after his arrival in New York, Mr. Kahn almost regretted that he had made the plunge. He reached Wall Street in the summer of 1893. The panic was then in full blast; values were tumbling everywhere, banks were failing, and railroads were going into receiverships. Disconcerting as all this seemed, these conditions really furnished Mr. Kahn his opportunity; the panic of 1893 and the railroad reorganizations that followed it contributed greatly to his own personal fortunes, as well as gave the Jewish bankers, for the first time, a commanding position in American railroads.

Mr. Kahn started as an arbitrage clerk in the office of Speyer & Co. He married the daughter of Abraham Wolf — another remarkable American Jew, who started life as an office-boy at three dollars a week, and died, a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., leaving a fortune of $20,000,000. Soon after his marriage, Mr. Kahn became a partner in this firm. Though it was then one of the richest banking houses in America, it had by no means reached its present preëminent position. Soon afterward, when the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. undertook the rehabilitation of the Union Pacific Railroad, Mr. Kahn was brought into close association with Harriman. From the beginning Otto H. Kahn and Harriman were drawn to each other. In many ways it was a strange association. Kahn was a much more cultured man than Harriman; he was interested in other things than finance—in art, music, and the drama; Harriman was a man with an abiding passion, railroads, and, at that time, was particularly absorbed in the despised and broken-down Union Pacific. Kahn's manners were suave, adroit, diplomatic; Harriman was simply a sledge-hammer. A year or so after this first meeting, however, Kahn and Harriman were working side by side in the rehabilitation of the Union Pacific.

This brilliant railroad achievement was thus the joint product of what are perhaps the two keenest business intellects in the world — the Yankee and the Jew. To tell the story of Kuhn, Loeb and Co. and Kahn in American railroads would simply be to tell once more the story of the Union Pacific. As a result of this association, the railroad field in that great section extending from the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast, and south from the Missouri River to the Mexican line is now largely dominated by the Jews. Among other properties this influence extends to the Illinois Central — the

BEST FOR BABY'S BATH

Cuticura SOAP

IS

CUTICURA SOAP

It tends to keep baby's skin clear and healthy, prevents minor eruptions, and establishes a permanent condition of skin and hair health. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment it is unrivaled in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and other itching, burning infantile eruptions so often the cause of baby's fretfulness and sleeplessness.

Cuticura SOAP SHAVING STICK

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For sample of each, with 32-p. book, free, address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. At stores or by mail, 25c.

DO you know who made the telephone that you use every day?

It is the product of the Western Electric Company—for more than 30 years manufacturers of *all* the "Bell" telephones.

This same company offers, in every piece of electrical equipment bearing its familiar trade mark, the perfect workmanship, the high efficiency and the remarkable reliability of the "Bell" telephone, upon which you depend so absolutely.

So, when you want a vacuum cleaner, a motor or an electric cooking utensil, if you would be sure of its quality, look for the Western Electric name.

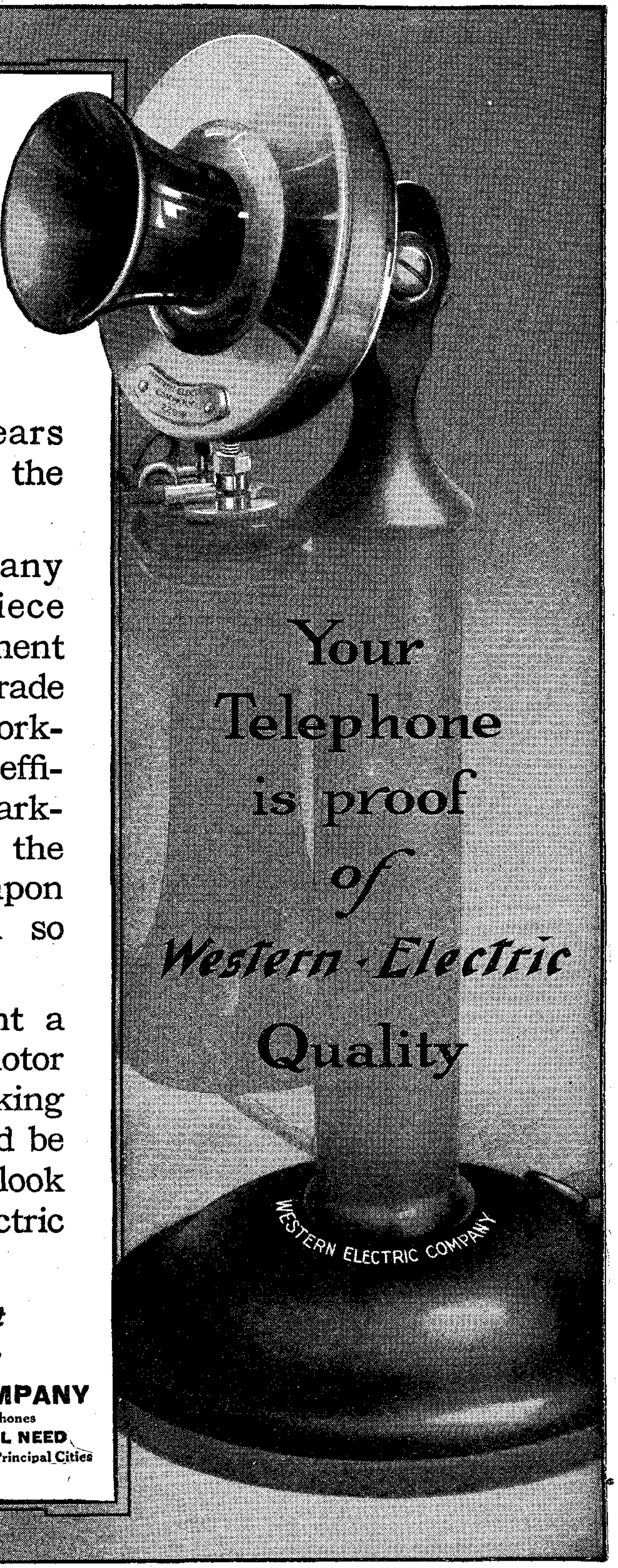
If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Main Office: New York City ∴ Branch Houses: All Principal Cities



road which, for fifty years, was popularly known as the "society road," because its largest owners and managers — the Goelets, the Astors, and Stuyvesant Fish — were leaders in the old New York "aristocracy." This Jewish house is also the largest single power in the Baltimore & Ohio — a property long associated with one of the most famous of old American railroad families, the Garretts of Baltimore. It is also influential in the Southern Pacific — the creation of those hardy and adventurous Anglo-Saxons, the Huntingtons, the Crockers, and the Hopkinses of pioneer California days. It is by no means without power in the great railroad system built up by Commodore Vanderbilt, the New York Central, though J. P. Morgan is still here the predominating figure. A year or two ago the whole Gould system escaped, at the eleventh hour, from falling into the hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and George Gould rescued himself only by appealing for help to another Jewish banking house, that of Speyer & Co. Had the United States Supreme Court not interfered — in the Northern Securities decision — there is every likelihood that the same combination would have taken over the larger part of the railroad mileage of this country. And the Jews have been important in other than the financial side; thus Julius Kruttschnitt, Harriman's chief lieutenant in the operation and maintenance of the system, and at present vice-president of the Union Pacific, is a Jew. He is a nephew of Judah P. Benjamin, the famous Jewish leader in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

The foregoing gives some idea of the extent to which the Jews are making progress in the United States. The writer has contented himself chiefly with recording facts, and has only incidentally touched upon the racial traits and training that have made possible this success. In succeeding articles in this magazine, a well known writer, himself a distinguished Jew, Mr. Abraham Cahan, editor of the *Vorwaerts*, a Jewish daily with a large circulation on the New York East Side, will analyze this phase of the subject. Mr. Cahan will show, by concrete example, the minute workings of that wonderful machine, the Jewish brain. His articles will make clear why it is that the Jews so easily surpass or crowd out, at least in business and finance, the other great immigrating races,— Irish, Germans, Scandinavians, and Italians,— and why, in the next hundred years, the Semitic influence is likely to be almost preponderating in the United States.

"Our Boy Now Lives at Home!"

A Mother's Splendid Tribute to the Brunswick Home Billiard Table

A mother who purchased a Brunswick Home Billiard Table for her son writes us:

"When we attempt to make plain to you what pleasure your beautiful billiard table has brought to our home, words fail us and we can only say— 'OUR BOY NOW LIVES AT HOME.'

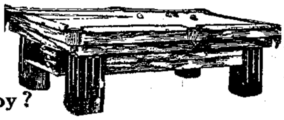
"My sincere opinion is that The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company has done a great and noble work in making it possible to have billiard tables in our homes."

Not "make believe" billiards or a makeshift "toy" table. You can now play this finest of all indoor games *at home*, on a magnificent "BABY GRAND" made by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, whose tables are used exclusively by the world's billiard experts.

Why Not a BRUNSWICK

"BABY GRAND"

For *YOUR* Boy?



Multiply home attractions, keep the young folks and the whole family entertained, enjoy the mental stimulus of billiards by the purchase of one of these superb tables. The "Baby Grand" is made of *genuine mahogany, inlaid design, richly finished*. Has a Vermont slate bed; celebrated Baby Monarch Cushions; concealed drawer holds Complete Playing Outfit; scientifically constructed, with perfect playing qualities. Furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table or as a combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table.

OUR BRUNSWICK "CONVERTIBLE" BILLIARD TABLES can be instantly changed from billiard or *pocket-billiard tables into handsome Davenports or* Dining and Library Tables. Equal in playing qualities to our "Baby Grand" styles.

Over a Year to Pay!

Complete Playing Outfit Free

The purchaser has the option of paying all cash or small monthly payments spread over an entire year. Your investment in a "Brunswick" will pay dividends in health and happiness for the family circle. Price of table includes complete playing outfit.

"Billiards—the Home Magnet," Free

Our beautiful book, "BILLIARDS—THE HOME MAGNET," accurately describes and illustrates in *full colors* the many styles of Billiard and Pocket-Billiard tables designed for the home. Gives special prices and full details of Easy-Payment Proposition. (72)

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
Dept. D. O. 324-328 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

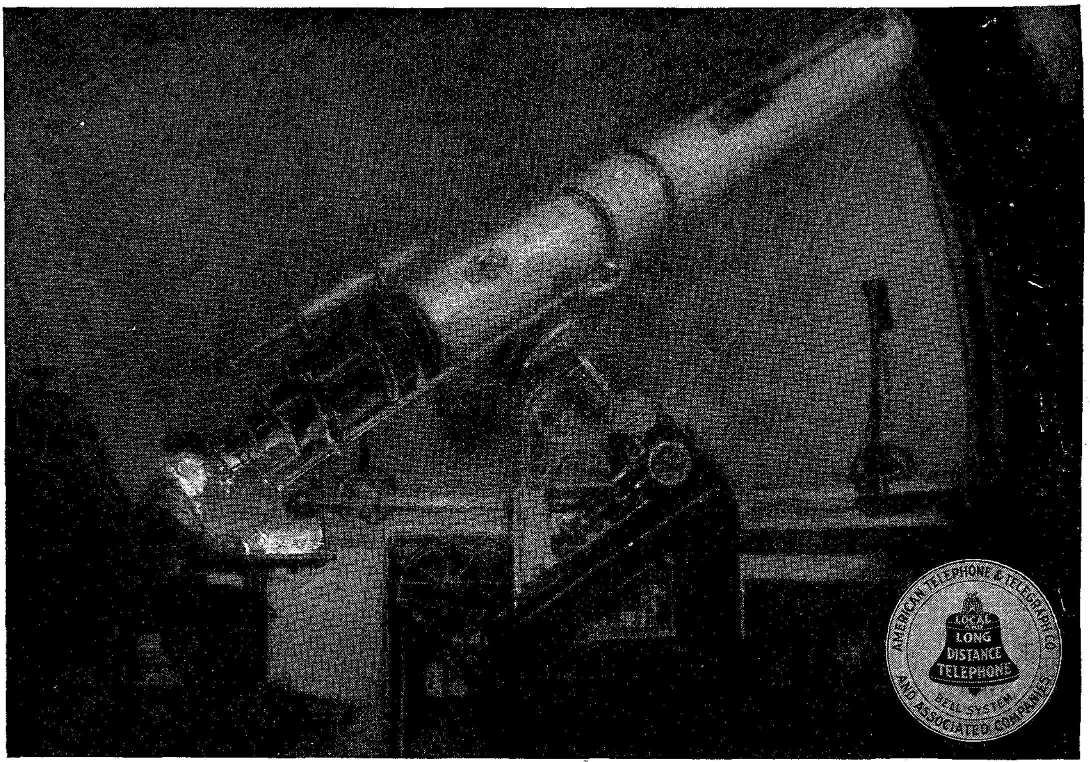
HEALTH
PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
A New McClure Department
CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

No man in this country is better fitted than Mr. Adams to report to readers of McCLURE'S *on the progress of preventive medicine and of the new science of public health. For a dozen years he has followed the work of national, State, and city health officers, the experiments of physicians and investigators, and the advance of the great pure-food movement. To an extraordinary degree he has the confidence of the medical profession, and his name and reputation are a guaranty of the soundness of the information and suggestions that will be presented here month after month.*

MAN never lives, and seldom dies, to himself alone. In this vast interdependence of existence, which is civilization, the question of whether Citizen Jones perishes to-morrow, or fulfils his normal span, is by no means determinable by Jones himself: but hangs upon the actions or accidents of a hundred Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons. Dairyman Perkins, a hundred miles away, washing his milk-cans at a typhoid-infected well, or Car-Conductor Murphy smearing a transfer with influenza germs deposited from a moistened thumb, may slay Jones just as efficiently, and with a good deal more expense to the victim and danger to the community, than if Jones had quietly swallowed a dose of carbolic acid all by himself. Broadly speaking, the well-being or ill-being of the individual is influential to the uttermost bounds of his association. This truth has attained recognition only within the last generation. Hence the new and expanding science of Public Health.

Essentially, public health and private health are one. None live safely in a sick city. We are ready enough, all of us, to recognize the danger when it comes in strange and sensa-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LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

The Telescope of Speech

The astronomer, by the power of his telescope, becomes a reporter of the movements of a hundred worlds greater than ours, and the student of celestial activities millions of miles away.

He points his instrument at any spot in the heavens, and his sight goes rushing through space to discover and inspect a star hitherto unknown.

Up to the power of his lenses, his vision sweeps the universe.

As the telescope may be focused upon any star, so the telephone may be focused upon any person within the range of its carrying power.

Your voice may be directed anywhere in the Bell System, and it will be carried across country at lightning speed, to be recognized and answered.

The telescope is for a very limited class, the astronomers. The telephone is for everyone.

At the telescope you may see, but cannot be seen. At the telephone you may speak and be spoken to, you may hear and be heard. By means of the Bell System this responsive service is extended to the whole nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

Safety

Only the most sanitary of refrigerators should be acceptable in modern residences. The health of the family often depends on how foods are kept in hot weather. The danger of tainting or poisoning of foods by soggy, stagnant air or zinc linings can be absolutely prevented by installing in your home a

McCRAY Refrigerator

In the McCray a perfect circulation of pure dry, cold air keeps food sweet, fresh, cool and absolutely untainted. Scientifically insulated walls and sanitary, easily cleaned interiors lined with opal glass, enamel, porcelaine or odorless white wood—no zinc.

McCrays are quality refrigerators chosen by the U.S. Pure Food Laboratories and are installed in the most luxurious institutions and private residences.

A wide range of stock sizes and built to order types to suit the smallest or largest families. Outside icing doors may be added to any McCray, thus avoiding the iceman's tracking up the kitchen floor.

Write for our free book "How to Use a Refrigerator" and any of the following catalogs:

No. 90—Regular Sizes for Residences.
No. 73—For Florists.
No. 49—For Hotels, Clubs, Institutions
No. 69—For Grocers.
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For branch salesrooms in other cities see your local phone directory

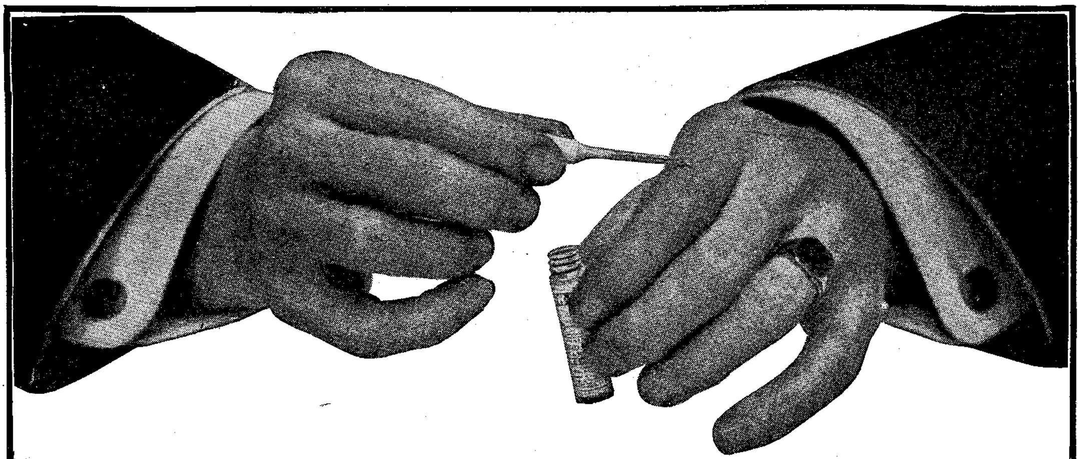
tional guise — when cholera flaunts its yellow war-flag at our ports, or typhus runs like a flame through our slums. But the more familiar and greater dangers we are prone to ignore, or to accept with a sort of fatalism: tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid, diphtheria, measles, scarlet fever, and the vaguely designated "intestinal disorders" that slaughter our babies wholesale. Perhaps this season we have individually escaped. Next year we may be fortunate again. But not forever. No man can remain twenty years in a city without suffering from that city's ills. The individual must pay for the sins of the community, just as surely as the community pays for the sins of the individual.

Health Can be Made as Contagious as Disease

Within the memory of our fathers, disease was regarded as the curse of God upon sinful man. Now we know that it is the curse of man upon his fellow men. We are even able to reduce it down to its primal causes: to greed, to sloth, to avarice, to neglect, to selfishness, to lawlessness, to vice. Half of it is clearly preventable. A great part of the other half would perhaps be avoidable, could marriages between the unfit be controlled. That is a matter for the future. The vital question of to-day is, how most effectually to check the transmission of disease, through direct or indirect media of communication, from man to man. To this question this editorial department will be mainly devoted. Its highest ambition is to bear some useful part in the fight to "make health as contagious as disease."

Things the Department Will Not Attempt

Some things the department will not attempt. It will not prescribe. It will not give medical advice, "free" or otherwise, to those seeking a cure for illness. The editor is not a physician; and, if he were, he would not undertake to advise upon a case of illness that he had never seen. In his own personal view, treating disease by mail is on a par with repairing a watch by the same method, and the person who undertakes it, be he regular practitioner, quack, or nostrum-vending layman, should be made answerable to the law for malpractice. The word "Private" at the head of this department does not imply consideration of individual cases of illness: your own physician is the person to consult about your own ills. It does mean that, in so far as the conditions of health or illness on the part of the individual are ascribable to the conditions of his environment,— that is, wherever



New-Skin

For Cuts and Scrapes

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for emergency use on cuts, scrapes and small hurts. The liquid dries quickly and forms a film. This film is flexible and transparent and will not come off even when washed with soap and water. It protects the hurt and allows it to heal.

Any one is liable to need New-Skin at any time. When you want it you'll want it badly. The best way is to keep it on hand in the house and always to have a bottle of it with you. The time to buy it is *before* the accident occurs. The small size can be easily carried in pocket or purse.

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF. GREAT BRITAIN AND OTHER COUNTRIES
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
NEWSKIN COMPANY
NEW YORK & LONDON
ANTISEPTIC ASEPTIC
FOR CUTS, SCRAPES,
BURNS, BLISTERS ETC

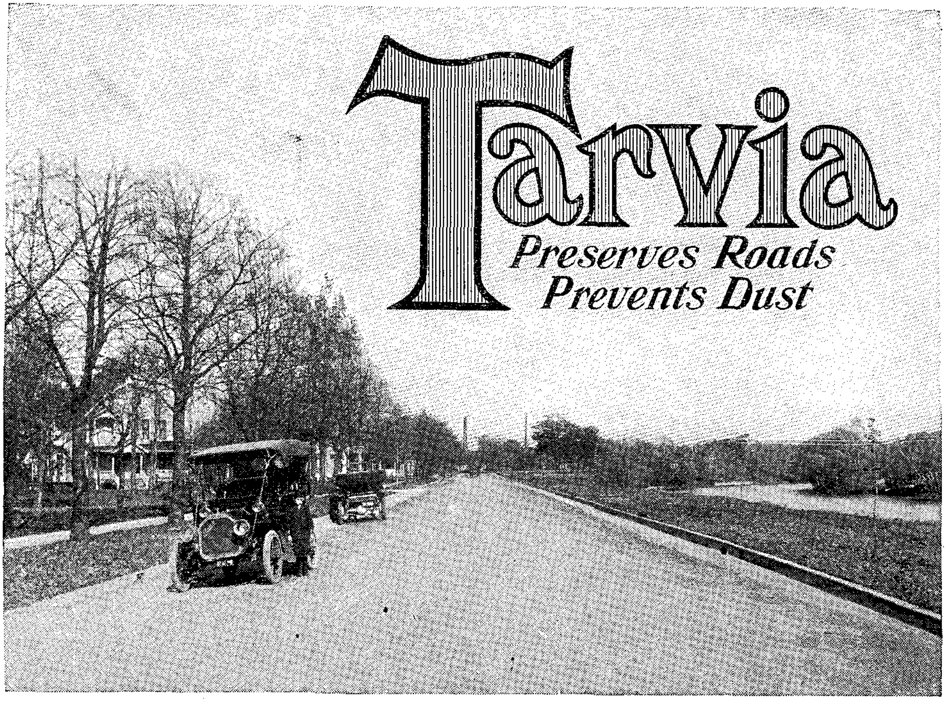
New-Skin is also for chapped hands, hang-nails, corns, blisters, callous spots, etc. See circular in package, "200 Uses."

There is only one genuine New-Skin. Make sure that you receive it if you ask for it.

Home size, 25c. Pocket size, 10c. Surgeon's size, 50c. At druggists. If you cannot get it at a store we will supply the 25c or 50c sizes (one or more packages), by Parcel Post, upon receipt of price. Stamps taken.

NEWSKIN COMPANY, DEPT. H.

98-100 Grand Avenue **Brooklyn, New York.**



Riverside Drive, Elkhart, Ind.

Elkhart's Experience with Tarvia

WHEN ordinary macadam is laid on a boulevard where there is considerable automobile traffic, the macadam will last about a year; sometimes it will go to pieces in less time than that. At any rate, its life under such conditions is never long, because plain macadam lacks sufficient cohesiveness to enable it to resist the thrust of automobile driving wheels.

Tarvia is a dense, tough, waterproof, viscid tar product which can be incorporated into the macadam during construction so as to form a matrix for the stone. In this construction the stone does not ravel or loosen; it is held to its work despite automobile traffic. The road remains smooth, firm and dustless for years.

A typical boulevard built in this fashion is Riverside Drive, Elkhart, Ind., which was constructed in 1909 and 1910, using 2½ gallons of Tarvia X per square yard. The road complete cost $1.06 per square yard and proved a great success.

Mr. Amandus M. Smith, City Engineer of Elkhart, wrote on October 1, 1912:

> "To-day the road is as good as when constructed. We feel proud of this boulevard, as it proved most satisfactory, and have received the finest compliments on this splendid drive."

Our experts are ready to show any city or town how to get the same results.

There are three kinds of Tarvia—Tarvia X for road and pavement construction, Tarvia A for surface work and Tarvia B for dust suppression and road preservation. The first two are very dense and viscid and require heat for application. Tarvia B is applied cold. Booklets free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Corey, Ala.
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd:— Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N.B. Halifax, N.S.

the relation between private health and the public health is implied,— the experience of the editor of this column, gained by twelve years of first-hand studies in this and other countries, and by association in field-work with many of the nation's foremost hygienists and sanitarians, is at the service of any reader.

To no formula of medical practice are we bound. Good may be found in most of the schools. Homeopathy has vitally affected and modified the whole practice of medicine. Osteopathy maintains its useful place, in certain forms of affliction. Mental healing has powerfully influenced the thought of all but the most conservative physicians. Even Christian Science, despite the malign influence of its negations, bases its philosophy on a broad truth, still warred against by our pessimistic, predestination-haunted inheritance of Puritanism; that to think health is to gain health. Against quackery alone, whether that of the self-exploiting pseudo-scientist, or of the charlatan who wrings his profits from the ruin of piteous hopes and the destruction of lives by his lying promises of cure, we shall stand uncompromisingly.

The Next Medical Discovery

Toward new discoveries in medical science we shall be receptive, while not over-credulous. Hardened skepticism is, to-day, an absurdity and an anachronism, in view of the fresh marvels that every year brings forth. On the other hand, there is the long category of bitter disappointments when some heralded "sure cure" for cancer, tuberculosis, or other scourge, advanced, it may well be, by a wholly reputable and well-meaning experimenter, has failed utterly to substantiate the claims made for it. With perhaps two exceptions, the great triumphs of medicine have been preventive, not curative. What further advances are now imminent, no man can guess. In some remote laboratory or bustling health department may be obscurely working to-day the man who to-morrow will revolutionize our conception and treatment of one or another of the deadly diseases against which science still battles blindly. To record such developments as they manifest themselves will be the news function of this department.

Health as a News Feature

Public health as a factor of vital public interest is the child of the new century. Look back in the '90's and see how little part in the day's news was played by health matters. Undoubtedly

A Good Catch

is an every-day experience with a Tessar lens. The wonderful speed resulting from its great power of gathering and transmitting light, makes it possible to get action pictures of the most difficult subjects and insures good results on gray days or in waning light. With a

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you are assured perfect illumination and uniformly clear definition of detail. Nothing equals its all-round efficiency with action subjects, landscapes, indoor portraits, etc.

Booklet 2H, giving prices and details as to the best lens for your purpose, sent on request. Inquire also of your dealer

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Leads in Tone Quality in America

The EVERETT PIANO

One of the three great Pianos of the World

Prices - Regular Styles $550 to $1500

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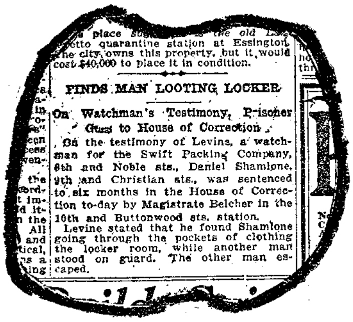


place ... the old ...
...etto quarantine station at Essington. The city owns this property, but it would cost $40,000 to place it in condition.

FINDS MAN LOOTING LOCKER

On Watchman's Testimony, Prisoner Goes to House of Correction.

On the testimony of Levine, a watchman for the Swift Packing Company, 6th and Noble sts., Daniel Shamlone, 9th and Christian sts., was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction to-day by Magistrate Belcher in the 10th and Buttonwood sts. station.

Levine stated that he found Shamlone going through the pockets of clothing the locker room, while another man stood on guard. The other man escaped.

Stop Thief!

A Locker System that will absolutely prevent success of sneak thieves, with Skeleton Keys.

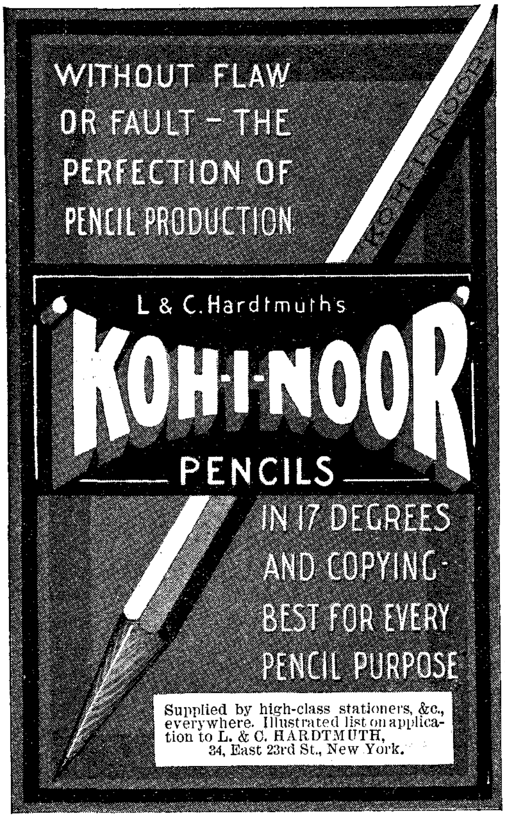
PEN-DAR
PLANISHED STEEL
LOCKERS

are a positive insurance against thieves, fire, and vermin.

Write for copy of "Locker Information." It's free and it shows equipments for down-to-date Schools, Factories, Offices and Homes.

Representative Sales Agents wanted.

EDWARD DARBY & SONS CO., Inc.,
240 Arch Street, Philadelphia,
Designers and Makers of Steel Cabinets, Bins and Shelvings



Supplied by high-class stationers, &c., everywhere. Illustrated list on application to L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 34, East 23rd St., New York.

the Spanish war, with its mortal scandal of wasted lives in filth-stricken camps, served to arouse general attention to the subject. But it was not for several years thereafter that the great movement now in full swing gained impetus. In the last century the health bureau was, to the average citizen, a potentially meddlesome power which might, under certain conditions, make him a prisoner of quarantine in his own house. The health officer was an obsession instead of a protection. Sanitary or hygienic laws were for the other fellow. Responsible and otherwise conscientious citizens violated them, often with the tacit or overt consent of physicians. There was no civic conscience as to hygienic sins.

The Sixth Commandment in Terms of Hygiene

What a change has come! Everywhere now, from the editorial chair, from the school rostrum, from the pulpit, from the lecture platform, the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," is being taught in terms of hygiene. National, State, and municipal bureaus issue simple and practical publications of information, warning, and advice. Great commercial concerns, such as insurance companies and large factories, maintain private agencies, not for treatment alone, but for education. Public schools set aside special days as Health Days, when the pupils are instructed how to protect themselves against communicable disease. Colleges and universities have established courses in public health and sanitation. States have founded lecture bureaus, which furnish lecturers free to any public meeting in the interest of health. Exhibitions travel the country over, educating the people pictorially, and without charge, in the avoidance of tuberculosis, infant mortality, and other causes of death. Even the most modern of devices, the moving-picture show, has been pressed into service, and daily exposes that Beelzebub-agent of filth and sickness, the house-fly.

The New Life-Savers

The hygienist, too, is coming to his own. Twenty years ago the only medical man whose name was familiar to the public was some surgeon who had successfully charged a $10,000 fee, or the fortunate attendant upon some martyred statesman or slow-dying millionaire. Recognition has come, tardily but surely, to the public health workers, official and unofficial, who are the nation's real life-savers: scientists and investigators like Welch, Chapin, Hill, Kiefer, Stiles, and Flexner; executives and administrators like Goler, Dixon, Young, Hurty, Dowling, Levy, and Bracken; organizers and

Don't Sacrifice Safety
For Convenience

Have BOTH by Using

PREST-O-LITE

Gas lighting with an automatic lighter offers every convenience, plus safety, reliability and economy unequaled by any other system

No lighting system can be more convenient than gas when used with a good automatic lighter. We make one—the Prest-O-Liter. By its use you can have gas in all your lamps and can easily light or extinguish any or all of your lights from the driver's seat whether the car be running or standing. An automatic reducing valve attached to the tank regulates the flame to exactly the proper height at all times.

And should this convenience ever fail—you still have light and safety by the use of a match.

Whenever you drive your car at night, you place the safety of your passengers and yourself on the dependability of your lighting system.

Five hundred thousand experienced drivers can testify as to the *absolute reliability* of Prest-O-Lite.

It is a system so simple as to be trouble proof. Prest-O-Lite agencies in every city and town and nearly every cross-roads village guarantee its service.

Prest-O-Lite has no delicate mechanism to get out of order—it is not affected by a downpour of rain or any other contingency of touring. Why should you complicate your lighting system so that in case of trouble only a factory expert can give you light?

As to cost. The average cost of Prest-O-Lite does not exceed $10 per year. Figuring the cost of power used in operation and the cost of repairs and replacements, no other lighting system is so economical. Just one repair on any more complicated system may easily cost more than years of Prest-O-Lite's reliable service. But even if Prest-O-Lite cost more—instead of less—its dependability, its efficiency, its added safety, should make it twice as valuable to the experienced driver.

No matter what self-starter you have on your car—insist on gas lighting. Self-starter convenience is safe-guarded by the use of the crank in emergencies. It is even more important that lighting convenience be safe-guarded by the use of a match to insure light in emergencies. Almost any manufacturer will equip your new car with Prest-O-Lite and an automatic lighter if you insist. If your car is now equipped with Prest-O-Lite, any dealer or any of our service stations can install an automatic lighter at small expense.

By all means, before you decide on any lighting system, send for the vital facts on automobile lighting. The coupon attached will bring you a free book on this subject by return mail. Send for it NOW and know the facts.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., 220 E. South Street
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Canadian Factory and General Office, Merritton, Ont.

SERVICE STATIONS IN THESE CITIES: Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Memphis, Tenn., Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minn., San Antonio, San Francisco, Seattle, Syracuse. SERVICE STATIONS IN CANADA: Merritton, Ontario; Toronto, Ontario; Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Insist on Gas Lighting

THE PREST-O-LITE CO.,
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statesmen of public medicine like Blue, McLoughlin, and White of the United States Public Health Service; philosophers and educators like Wesbrook, Rosenau, Fulton, and Flick; publicists like Gulick, Hutchinson, and Evans. And, from outside the ranks of the profession, such invaluable allies as Howard the entomologist, Hoffman the statistician, Irving Fisher, Rittenhouse, and Wiley of pure-food fame.

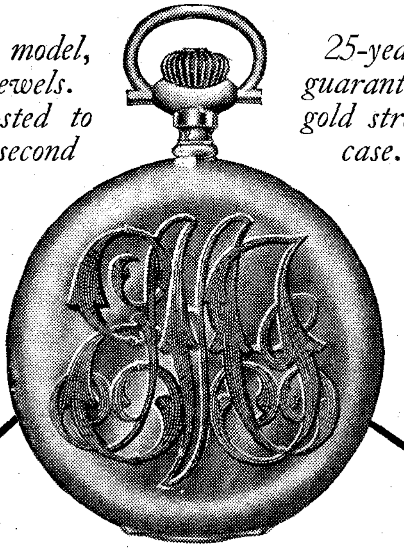
All this change within a generation; most of it within a decade. Few things are more wonderful in this wonderful twentieth century than what an able writer has prophetically termed "the Dawn of the Health Age."

The inciting of readers to ask questions is one hopeful purpose of this department. Not, preferably, of the editor; rather of themselves, their doctors, and their health officials. What do you, who read here, really know about your own environment? Have you ever read a local health report? Are you cognizant of the principal cause of death in your city? — in other words, of what you yourself are most likely to die? Does your municipality issue weekly or monthly health bulletins? If not, why not? They are more important than the stock-market quotations or the weather forecasts, for which people look daily. If it does issue them, do you read them? Information that may save you money, health, and even life, is likely to appear in any paragraph.

Questions

Put a few queries to yourself, and see if you can't get them answered. Ask yourself about your milk supply. Everybody drinks milk, and a great many people die of it. Is your own supply reliable? A Connecticut dairyman was recently (and too soon) released from jail, whither he had been sent for killing twenty-odd people by putting typhoid in his milk, through criminal carelessness. Unless your Board of Health can tell you about your milk supply, it isn't doing its work.

Are you reasonably sure of the city water? If there is a rise in the local typhoid rate, you can avoid one source of peril by boiling your drinking supply. What about your air? Do you get it fresh and plentiful, at your work and at your home? Starved lungs fall easy prey to the omnipresent tuberculosis and pneumonia germs. Does your street-cleaning department dry-sweep the city? If so, it scatters poison when it scatters dust. Are the common infectious diseases — measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough, diphtheria — advancing in your vicinity? Then somebody's children are scattering them; how can you know but what your children may be the next recipients?



Thin model, 19 jewels. Adjusted to the second

25-year guaranteed gold strata case.

Here Is the Exquisite Ribbon Monogram Design—You may have your own initial handsomely engraved by hand on the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of scores of other handsome designs.

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The Great Burlington Special at the Rock-Bottom Price

The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture **now sold direct** to the consumer at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay. The superb Burlington Special—adjusted to temperature, isochronism and all positions—19 jewels, fitted at the factory into the superb gold strata case—now sold direct to you at the rock-bottom anti-trust price.

The Fight Is On!

We will not be bound by any system of price-boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "high profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to by ANY "system". **No matter what it costs,** we are determined to push our independent line even if we should have to fight a combination of all the watch manufacturers of the country.

And so we are making this offer—the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high-grade watch. The famous Burlington direct and **at the same price wholesale jewelers must pay.** And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of **$2.50 a month.**

Get the Burlington Watch Co.'s Free Watch Book

Read our startling exposure of the amazing conditions which exist in the watch trade today. Read about the anti-trust fight. Read about our great $1,000 Challenge. Learn how you can judge watch values. Send your name and address for this valuable **FREE BOOK** now—TODAY. Sign and mail coupon.

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Chicago Ill.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1023, 19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago

Please send me, *without obligation* and prepaid, your free book on watches and a copy of your $1,000 challenge with full explanations of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the superb Burlington Watch

Name

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No letter necessary; coupon will do.

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No hill too steep
No sand too deep

Consider Comfort—

Do this and you become more than ever a Jackson prospect.

Because in this feature also the Jackson stands unexcelled.

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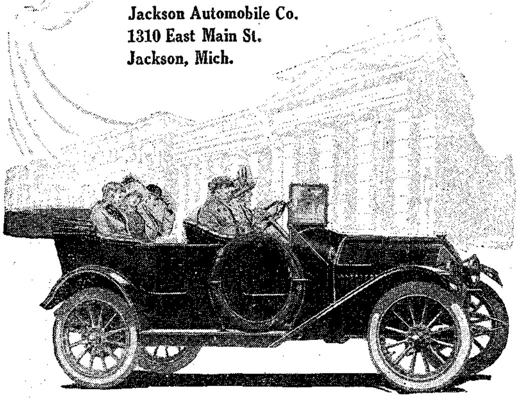

$92^{50}—Our Price for Next 30 Days

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

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Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble.* Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book *by return mail.*

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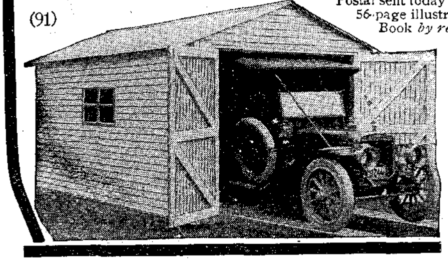


The Edwards Mfg. Co.
613-663 Eggleston Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio

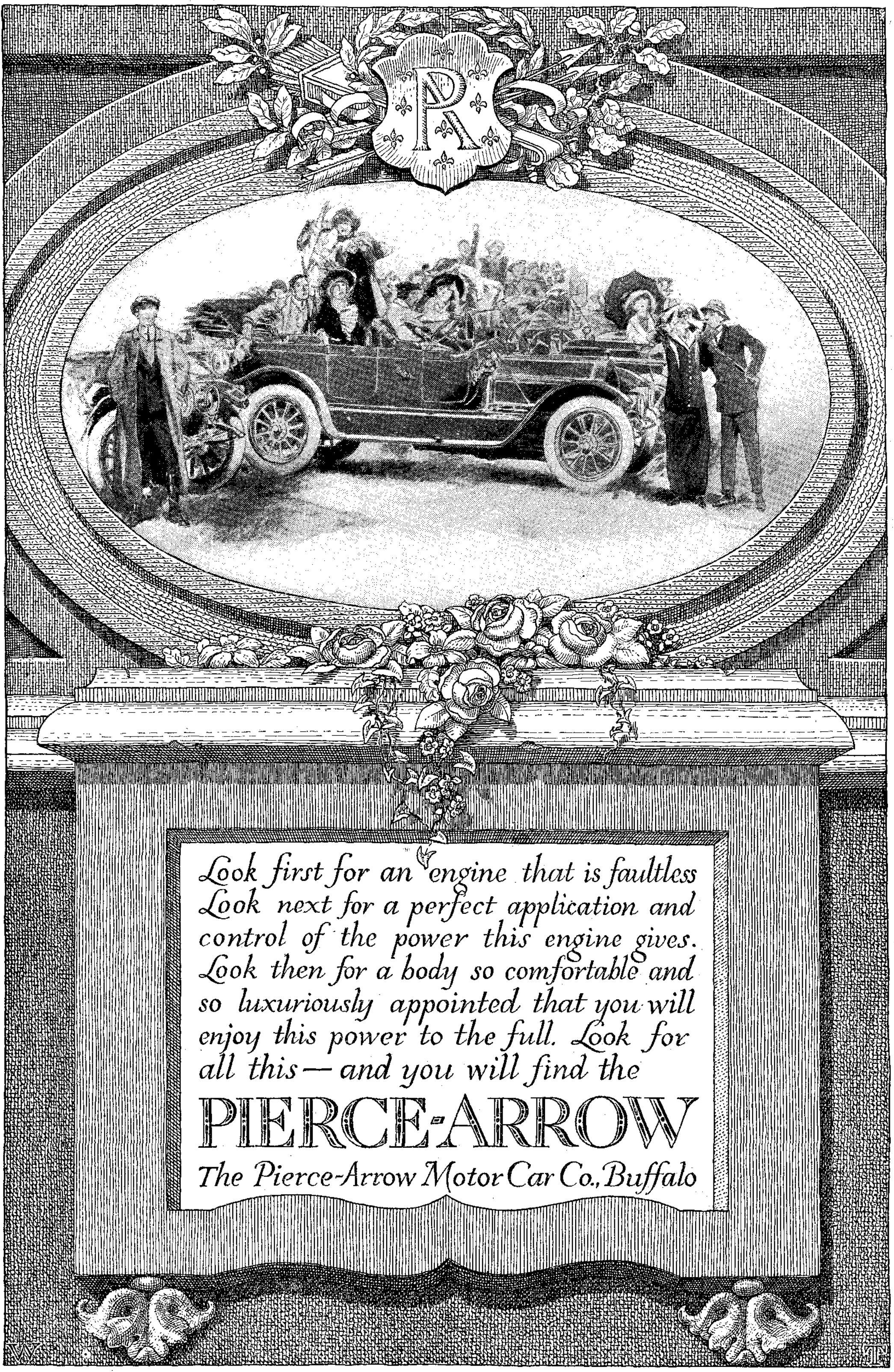
Have you first-hand knowledge of your schools? A Michigan jail investigation recently brought out, as a side-light, that the children imprisoned in the near-by schoolhouse were worse off for light, air, and environment than the malefactors pent in the jail — and it was a pretty foul jail, at that. In a high-class Eastern private school it was discovered that the pupils were suffering from eye-strain because of the glaring and unrelieved light reflected from glazed white walls. Are there unconnected cess-pools within a fly-flight from your house? Pittsburgh had twenty thousand of them only a few years since; every one a peril as well as an offense against decency.

Take these questions home and try them on your family doctor. If he can't answer, present them to the local health authorities. In case they aren't interested, ask the newspapers. Perhaps you'll stir up something. In time you might even get a sanitary survey of your city. Springfield, Massachusetts, had one not long since, in the course of which it asked itself a lot of personal questions quite publicly, and proceeded to find the answers. Springfield hasn't recovered from the shock yet. But it is a better Springfield — and it was very decent, as American cities go, before — because of its sanitary self-analysis.

The Conquest of Infantile Paralysis

By the subjection of monkeys to the bite of the common stable-fly (the fly having been previously infected), it has been established that the insect is the agent of the dreadful and hitherto mysterious disease of infantile paralysis. Potentially, it is now practical to eliminate infantile paralysis from any afflicted locality by destroying the biting fly, just as our Southern cities have been delivered from the terror of yellow fever by the destruction of the stegomyia mosquito, and many of our country districts from the plague of malaria by wiping out the blood-sucking anopheles. When one considers that there have been, within the past three years, wide-spread and uncontrolled epidemics of infantile paralysis in localities as far apart as Massachusetts, Texas, and Nebraska, before which private and public health agencies alike stood helpless from lack of knowledge, while child after child died or was hopelessly crippled, some vague estimate of the importance of the discovery made by Entomologist Brues and Doctors Rosenau and Richardson of Massachusetts may be gained. Anterior poliomyelitis bids fair to join the category of conquered diseases.

In a certain city where the health laws



Look first for an engine that is faultless Look next for a perfect application and control of the power this engine gives. Look then for a body so comfortable and so luxuriously appointed that you will enjoy this power to the full. Look for all this—and you will find the

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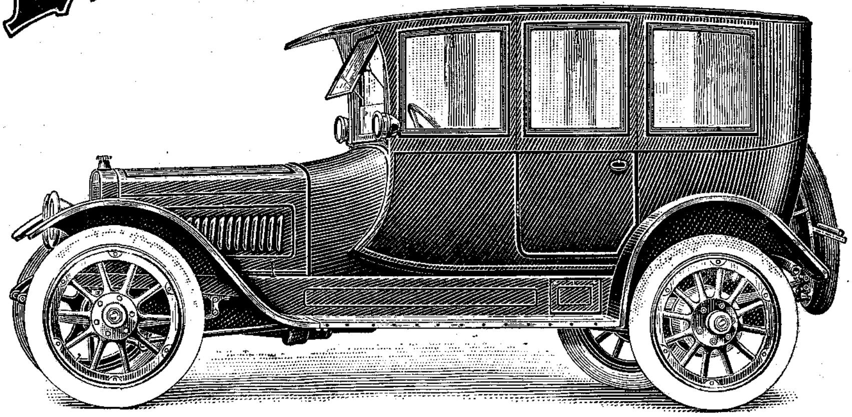
LOZIER

"The Choice of Men Who Know"



Lozier "LIGHT SIX" Metropolitan, $4450

JUST as Lozier power and strength and speed have made it pre-eminent as a touring car, so the extreme flexibility of Lozier motors and the ease of handling in city streets have made it pre-eminent as a town car.

In this, the sixth successful season of Lozier Sixes, we offer for the first time a Lozier Six —and it is a *true* Lozier—for less than $5000.

"BIG SIX"—88 Actual Horse Power—Left-side Drive, Center Control, Electric Lighting. Touring models and roadster, $5000. Limousines and Landaulets, $6500.

"LIGHT SIX"—52 Actual Horse Power—Left-side Drive, Center Control—Stream-line body design—Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System. Touring model and runabout, $3250. Coupe, $3850. Limousines, $4450.

Catalogues mailed on request.

LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 3703 Mack Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Factory Branches in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco.
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LOZIER

are really enforced, a high dignitary received a call from an inspector. "Where is your garbage-can?" the inspector inquired. The high dignitary did not know, nor did he evince any marked interest in the matter. He passed the query on to his butler, who transmitted it down the line until the answer came back from the depths of the household. The garbage-can, it appeared, had been stolen a few days before. "Twenty-five dollars fine," said the inspector, making a note in his book. "I shall appeal," said the high dignitary, and he did. The case went at once to court, where the appellant was found guilty, and the fine doubled, with costs added, as is the course of procedure in such cases. The high dignitary then went home and bought a garbage-can. That city, as the intelligent reader would logically infer, is one of the most sanitary in the western hemisphere.

Life Better Safeguarded in Havana than San Francisco

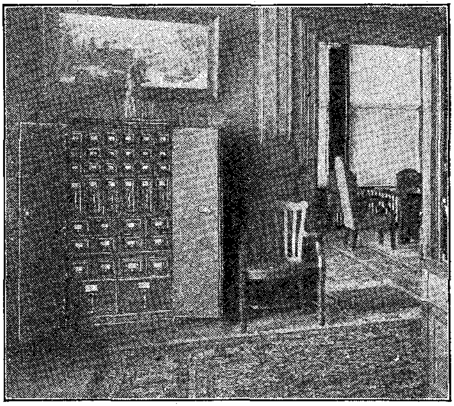
At the other side of the western hemisphere is a certain other city wherein the enforcement of the health laws is somewhat different. After the lesson of a paralyzing epidemic, all citizens were required to protect their stables against plague-bearing rats. A big, powerful, and rich firm ignored this notice. When recourse to the courts was threatened, it employed, through its legal talent, every trick and device of delay. Appeal was made to the federal health authorities, whereupon the concern worked a political "pull" in Washington and blocked that move. For a year and a half that big, rich, and treasonable firm imperiled the whole city by its contempt for the law. Finally a personal appeal to the head of the firm prevailed upon his good nature, and he condescended to order the work done. That city, as the intelligent reader may infer, with equal logic, is *not* one of the most sanitary in the western hemisphere. (To do it justice, however, it is to-day in a sound condition of plague defense.)

The city of the law's potency is Havana, Cuba.

The city of the law's helplessness is San Francisco, California.

Life is to-day better safeguarded in the capital of "semi-civilized" Cuba than in the western metropolis of the United States, because the Cuban, unlike the American, is too wise to "flout the law he makes," when that law bears directly upon his own and his neighbor's life.

All communications in reference to topics discussed in this department should be addressed to Samuel Hopkins Adams, care of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.



Privacy and Protection in Executive Offices

IN every office are certain documents, statistical card records, contracts, legal and financial papers, letters of a personal nature that should never find their way into the general office files or storage vault.

Such records are not so numerous but what they can receive the individual attention of the manager or his private secretary.

Globe Cabinet Safes

Because of the added security afforded by Double Steel Walls—Bolted Steel Doors—Yale Combination Locks, the Globe Cabinet Safe with an interior that can be quickly upfitted with our stock sizes of shelves, partitions and sections, offers decided advantages to those who realize the need of such protection.

Our agent furnishes model interiors arranged as *you* want them.

These Cabinet Safes are made in several different sizes, that accommodate Globe-Wernicke Steel Fixture Cabinet Sections and which can be duplicated at any time. Shelves and Partitions quickly and easily adjusted.

Enameled in Olive Green,—Oak or Mahogany Grains to match Wood interior trims. Catalogue on request.

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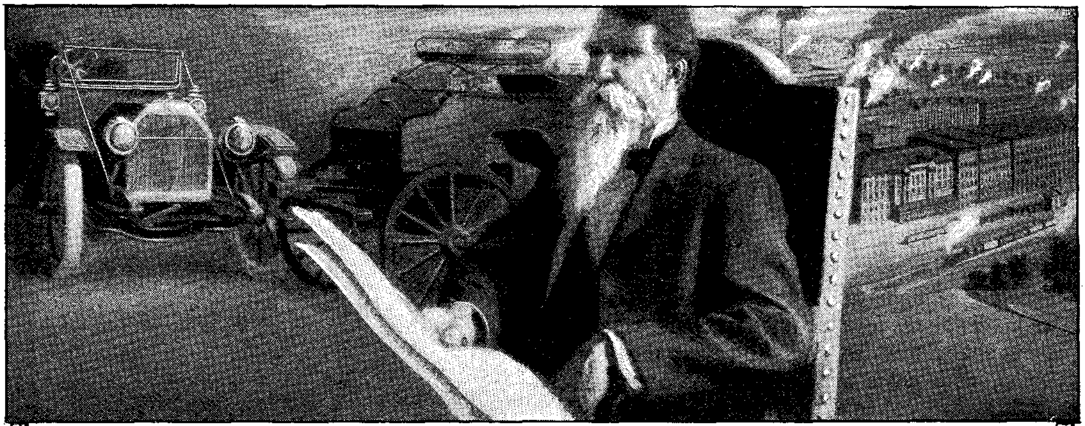
Branch Stores — Cincinnati, 128-130 East Fourth Avenue; Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Avenue; Boston, 91-93 Federal Street; Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut Street; New York, 380-382 Broadway, cor. White; Washington, D. C., 1218-1220 F St., N. W.



EACH MAN HAS AN APTITUDE BORN WITH HIM TO DO EASILY SOME FEAT IMPOSSIBLE TO ANY OTHER.

—EMERSON

Studebaker

Clem Studebaker—and his brothers—laid a foundation of energy and integrity, sixty years ago, which has given a lasting impetus to a great work. The modern Studebaker organization, whose products travel to the ends of the earth, holds loyally to the ideals of its founder, and the enduring impress of those time tried qualities "born with him" appears today in Studebaker harness, wagons, carriages and automobiles.

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SOUTH BEND, IND. :: :: DETROIT, MICH.

DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

The Conspirators

AS TOLD TO

ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

IT was nearly twenty years ago that Burns took up, and followed by various paths to its end, the exceedingly interesting and romantic case of the Costa Rican bank-note. Counterfeit Central American paper money — under ordinary circumstances — is not among the chief causes of anxiety of the United States Secret Service. But this note, unfortunately, was manufactured in the United States.

Burns started at once for the office of the consul-general of Costa Rica in New York.

"Ah, you come from the grand government of the United States," said the consul, in exuberant friendliness. "Welcome! I greet you!"

He seated Burns in his innermost office.

"It is the revolutionists," he explained. "This much we know, but not yet can we prove it."

"The revolutionists!" said Burns.

"You are surprised, my friend? No wonder," said the consul. "But listen; I will tell you. It is like this.

"My country has no revolutions. It is not like other Central American countries. It is Costa Rica — the Rich Coast, as you say it in your English tongue. We have riches, we have property, we have justice. We have more school-teachers than soldiers. But now, two, three years ago, we find the revolutionary junta — here in your great city, New York. They plot and plan to destroy my country. At the head is a very bad man — General de Mora; his grandfather once was Costa Rican President — a bad, a very devilish man."

"I see," said Burns. "What then?"

"I will tell you. Listen. This is the hard times, is it not?" (It was the darkest period after the big panic.) "Very well. To have revolution, one first must have what? Money. Am I not right? But there is no money. What, then, will they do? Ah — they will make the false money here! They take it with them and pass it in Costa Rica. In this way they will get funds for their revolution. You see? Is it

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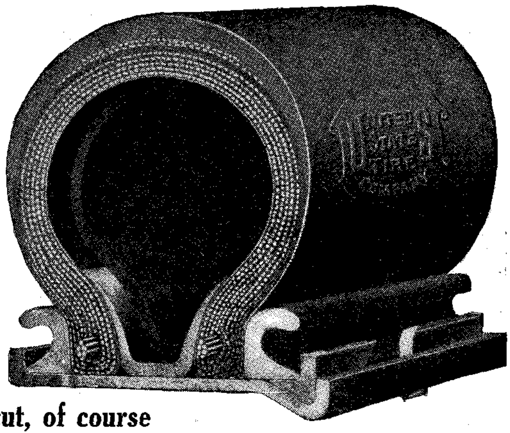

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Tire
on the
market
to put on
or
take off

Cannot Rim-cut, of course

THEY represent what thousands of motorists regard as the ideal *type* of tire. It is in no sense a *new tire.*

The Hartford Rubber Works practically introduced it into this country more than ten years ago, and it has always been one of the standard Hartford (now United States) tires.

No other tire has ever been imitated so widely as has this tire, and yet in no other tire has the *original principle* been so firmly adhered to.

The illustration on this page is of the original Dunlop tire, stripped of any and all the so-called "improvements" which some of the Dunlops have shown.

As an indication of the growth in favor which this *genuine* Dunlop has enjoyed, it may be stated that the United States Tire Company has, without the blare of trumpets, actually taken care of

More than a 600% Increase in Sales in Less than a Year's Time

So insistent has the demand become for this tire (in the face of the most strenuous competition on the part of other tires of a similar type), that we have been obliged to add immensely increased facilities for its manufacture during 1913.

From now on the United States Tire Company will undertake to supply all the *genuine* Dunlop Tires demanded by the trade. Bear in mind—this Dunlop is the *only* Dunlop possessing *all* the merits of this extraordinary tire.

Made Exclusively by the

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

Makers of America's Predominant Tires

not terrible? Is it not diabolical? My friend, they will destroy my country by first passing counterfeits among its people!"

"Do you know this?" said Burns.

"This much we know — though yet we can not prove even this much definitely. This money has been passed — two, three months ago — by one member of this junta — at Port Limon, our seaport."

"Who passed it?" asked Burns. "This General Mora?"

"No. He is the chief. He would not act so openly. It was a younger man, a man called de Requesans."

"Was he alone?"

"No; there was another with him — ah, yes, a woman. A most charming lady — an American, whom they say he will marry."

The Shadows and the Revolutionist

In a day Burns had his shadows on the suspects — all of them in New York. The first and most important was General Federico de Mora — a distinguished-looking old man, with dark skin, piercing black eyes, and a shock of silver hair. He was an old sinner in the revolutionary business. His grandfather had been president of the little republic; and the grandson would never be satisfied, it seemed, until he succeeded him.

Ricardo de Requesans, the second man, was much younger — a handsome figure, straight as an arrow, wearing a black mustache and imperial. He was a widower, and lived part of the time with his mother-in-law, a Mrs. Collins, in Long Island City. Part of the time, when funds permitted, he had stopped at the semi-fashionable boarding-house in New York which General de Mora graced with his presence.

The third figure was the "little widow," as Burns has always called her — Mrs. Girard, a bright-eyed, vivacious young woman, who, following the death of her husband in California, had come to New York to cultivate her rich contralto voice. By chance, she and a companion had come to live in the same boarding-house with the revolutionists. She was rich, talented, and lively, and de Requesans had from the first been her devoted suitor.

The Two-Million-Dollar Sofa

Having fixed his shadows on them, Burns began his investigations of their celebrated sofa.*

The money-changing expedition upon which the revolution was to be founded had ended

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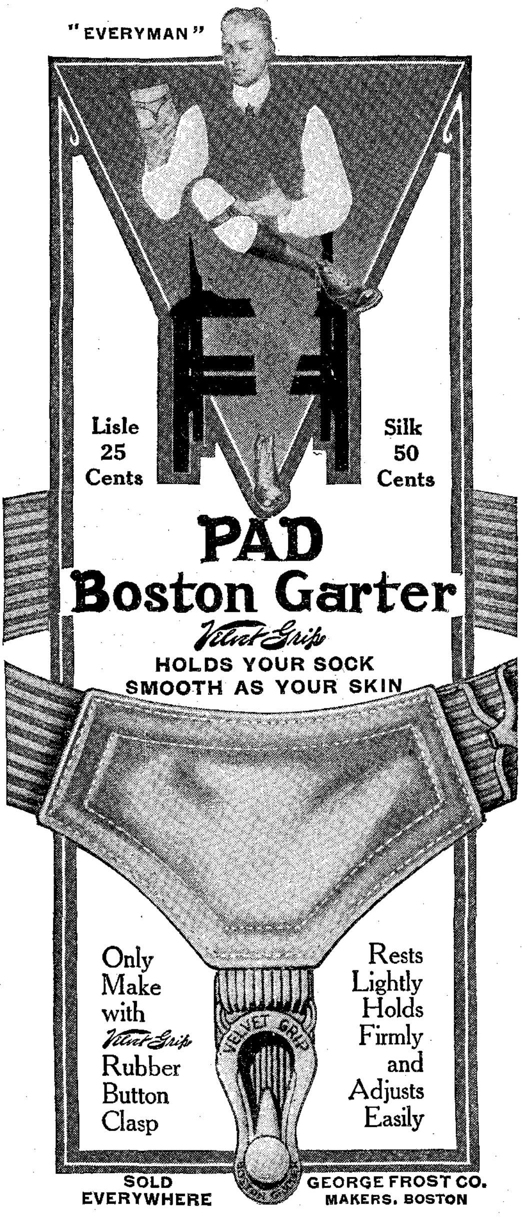
*A short description of the following of this clue, as one of the celebrated pieces of detective work in the annals of the Secret Service, was given in McCLURE'S for April, 1911.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Handsome Colored Catalogue Free.

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H-7 Shur-on Guards make eyeglasses a pleasure and comfort for those who have been unable to even wear eyeglasses.

After 35 years' experience the first Shur-on was made 12 years ago. Today, with new guards and improvements, Shur-ons, always the standard, are better than ever.

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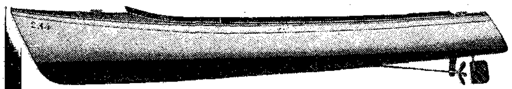
LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRIDGE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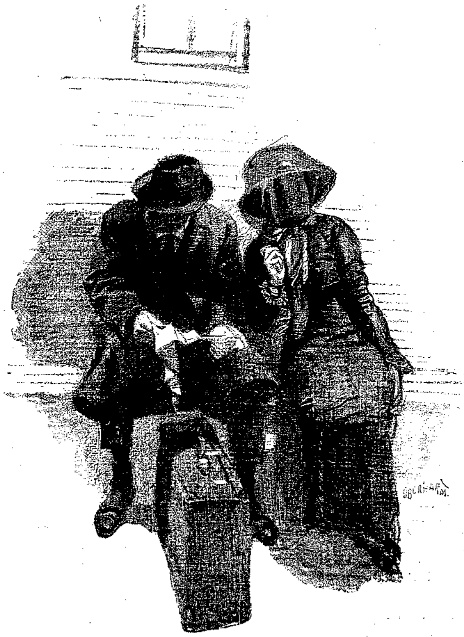
ONLY $28 for knockdown frames, patterns and instructions for this 23 footer—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Everything made simple. Easy to build if you can handle hammer, saw and screw driver. We also furnish complete knockdown boat. Or patterns alone at from $2 to $12 according to design. Thousands of Brooks boats in use and building now. It's fun—and profit—and real pleasure to build a boat. **Write for Brooks Boat Book today**—just a postal. Mailed free. Scores of models and sizes of all kinds illustrated. Save two-thirds the boat builder's price. Get our offer.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 6103 Sidney St., Saginaw, Mich.

suddenly, some weeks before, where it had begun — at Port Limon, on Costa Rica's seacoast. De Requesans and his charming widow had only started their campaign of lavish spending of counterfeit bills, when it became known that there was counterfeit money in circulation; and the handsome "passers" fled between days.

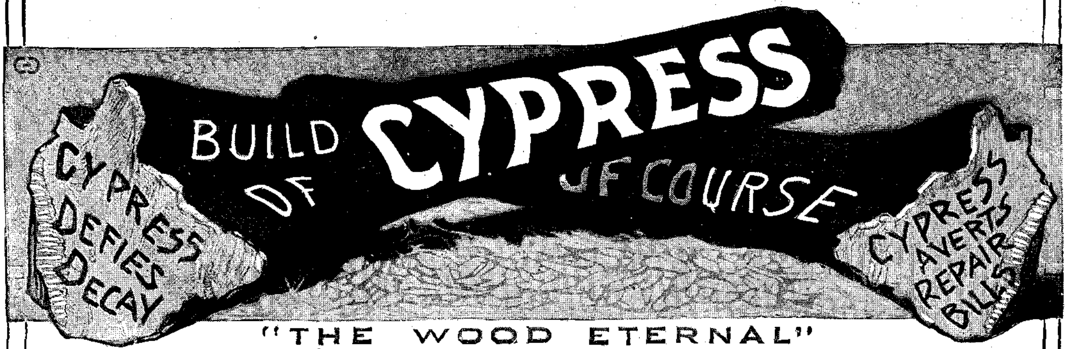
They had escaped successfully, and with them, supposedly, their counterfeits. But the government officials of Costa Rica took no chances. Hunting anxiously around Port Limon, they had chanced upon a piece of furniture, a sofa, which had reached the country at the same time de Requesans had. They had undone its careful packing, torn it apart, and found hidden in its back two million dollars' worth of counterfeit bills.

Now, in all probability, this sofa had been taken to Costa Rica by de Requesans and his fiancée. The practical question was, could this be proved definitely before a court of law? Burns at once sent an operator to Costa Rica to bring back the mysterious sofa and all its packing. It arrived at length, and Burns went over it in detail. The most likely clue, he came to think, was the piece of burlap it was wrapped in. And that certainly was not a very likely clue to the ordinary mind.



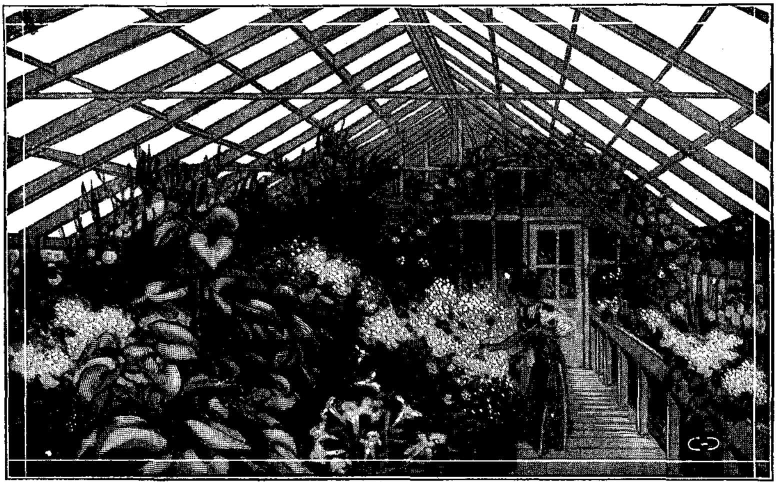
"IT BECAME KNOWN THAT THERE WAS COUNTERFEIT MONEY IN CIRCULATION, AND DE REQUESANS AND HIS CHARMING WIDOW FLED BETWEEN DAYS"

DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD A GREENHOUSE RIGHT NOW? THEN DECIDE NOW TO BUILD ONE NEXT SUMMER — AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES TO FAIL TO



"THE WOOD ETERNAL"

One of the largest greenhouse manufacturers, J. C. Moninger Co., Chicago, says: "We first began using Cypress *exclusively* for greenhouse construction in 1885, using it previously in conjunction with pine. The greenhouses then built with Cypress *are being used today* by their owners and the *wood* is found *perfectly preserved and free of any decay or rot.*" *Figure it out yourself.*



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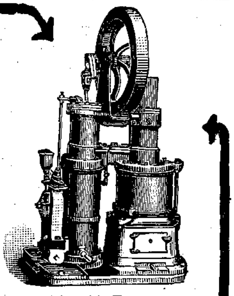
INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S — IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY*



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This Engine Has Pumped Water Since 1881

"At one of the houses on my property here there is an Ericsson Engine, sold in 1881, still pumping water from well to attic tank. Chas. B. Going, Parkesville, N. Y."

Every "Reeco" System we install is capable of equaling this performance, if properly treated.

"REECO" Water Systems

ECONOMICAL—NOISELESS—TROUBLE-PROOF—Backed by 70 years' experience are built to meet all water-supply requirements for *hotels, factories, farms, country homes, etc.* Water can be taken from lake, stream or deep artesian well, carried several hundred yards, if necessary, raised to elevated storage tanks or forced into pressure tanks at moderate cost.

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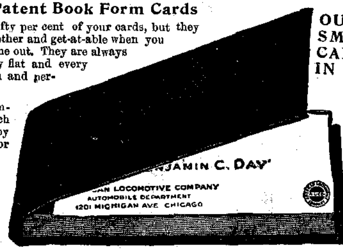

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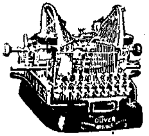

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It was, on the face of it, just a piece of common burlap. If you have ever had occasion to pack anything in burlap, you will probably recall that, after you secured the stuff from some shop-keeper, you found it covered with marks, which you put on the inside of your own package. Sometimes the marks tell a straight stamped or stenciled story about the former use of the burlap — So-and-So's coffee, or Such-and-Such brand of other goods.

Let XX Represent the Unknown Quantity

This burlap told no plain story. On examining it, Burns found merely the following cryptic marks:

$$\frac{2\ XX}{64}$$

Now, what did that mean? Was it merely a useless circumstance, or did it contain a clue?

In the hope of securing some light on the problem presented by this simple piece of burlap, Burns visited a great number of places. Among them were the wholesale dry-goods houses that cluster in the region of Worth Street in New York. They told him of several commodities that were marked with the double X as a brand. The "64" was a different matter. That might refer to something else. The double X, for instance, was used for shirts. And there was also a chance that the burlap might have been used as a covering of shipments of overalls.

Burns visited a number of overall manufacturers, and finally, at Newburgh, New York, he found the factory from which the shipment had been made. So far, so good. But it seemed like hunting for a needle in a haystack to discover just where the shipment had gone. The manufacturer said it would be impossible. Burns kept doggedly on his path; and in a few hours, by examining order-book after order-book, he was able to determine what the factory manager had said was impossible. He found the destination of those overalls. They had been bought by a little dry-goods store in Long Island City.

Burns went straight to the little dry-goods store, and asked if they could sell him some burlap. There were piles of it in the cellar; they were glad to get rid of it.

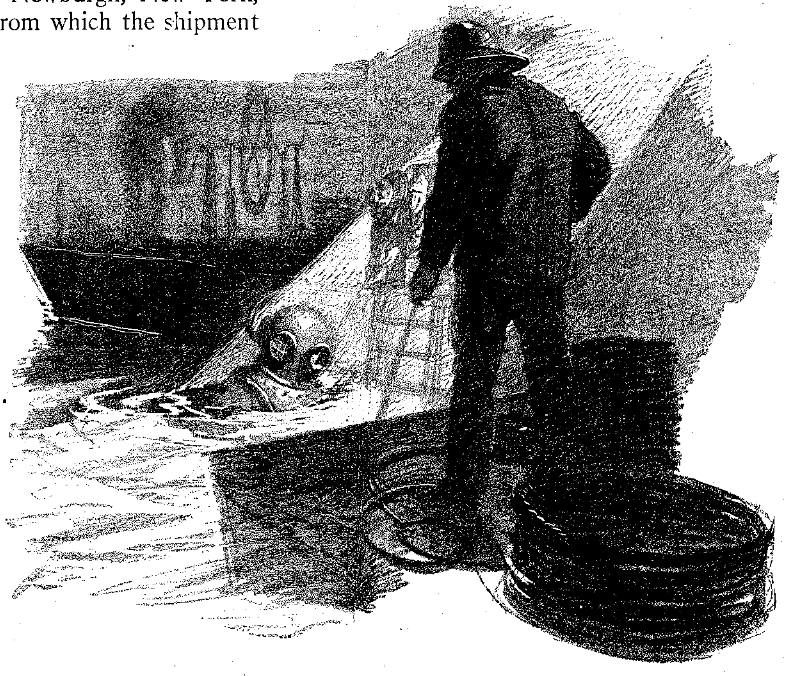
Confidentially he explained to the shipping-clerk, when they reached the basement, that he did not want any burlap, after all. He had enough of it in that piece which bore the tell-tale marks. But could the clerk remember selling any within the past few months to any one who had come to him with a similar tale? The clerk thoughtfully scratched the side of his nose. Yes, he did remember. An old lady with gray hair, dressed in mourning, with gold-rimmed spectacles, had bought some.

"And would you know her if you saw her again?" asked Burns eagerly.

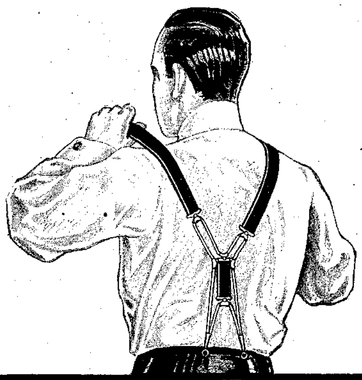
"I think so," replied the clerk — "although I never saw her before or since."

Burns had been doing some rapid-fire thinking. Mrs. Collins was an old lady in black with gold-rimmed spectacles. With the clerk, he sauntered around to her house and rang the bell. An inquiry for a mythical lodger brought a sharp negative from her; but as the door closed the clerk cried under his breath: "Yes, that's the woman who bought the burlap!"

Burns felt that he was now on solid ground. He canvassed the express drivers of the neighborhood, and finally found the identical man who had carried the sofa from Mrs. Collins' house to the pier where it had set out upon



"A DIVER WAS SENT DOWN, AND THE ORIGINAL PLATES OF THE COUNTERFEIT WERE FOUND"



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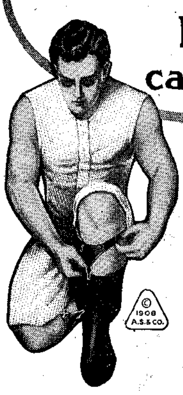

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its eventful journey to Costa Rica. The expressman was able to recall that a "tall Spaniard" had engaged him for the job, and had paid him well.

The case was now perfect, so far as it had gone. The shadows who had dodged de Requesans and the little widow reported them still in New York. It was the work of merely a moment to arrest both of them.

That was only the beginning, however. The real goal, as always, was the man highest up, together, of course, with all those all the way up. In this case there was one wily old conspirator who stood at the very pinnacle. The problem was to get him. Could they?

A Call from the General

Scarcely had de Requesans been arrested and, with the little widow, lodged in the old Ludlow Street jail in New York, when General de Mora himself walked, in his dignified fashion, into the very office of the Secret Service and asked to see Mr. Burns. Burns came to the window.

"Good ahfternoon, Meestair Bearns," purred the General. "Here ees my car-rd. I understand you like to see me? Thees ees my address. At any time that I can ser-rve you, you will find me in my rooms."

It was bold, crafty. The old fellow was as cunning as a rat. He knew there was nothing "on" him, so far.

"That is very kind of you, General," replied Burns, suavely putting the card into his pocket — as if he had not known already every time the General went out to buy a newspaper or overthrow a government. "When I want anything I will call on you."

"Thank you, Meestair Bearns. Adios, sir." And the General bowed himself out backwards.

He had known that he would be suspected; but he felt so sure that no evidence could be obtained against him that he had actually derived pleasure in thus sticking his head into the trap, and then withdrawing it safe still on his shoulders.

As it was, de Mora had good reason to congratulate himself. The case against de Requesans and his fiancée was pretty clear. But how could the counterfeit be traced back to the chief criminal? There was only one way, apparently — a confession. It was necessary that either de Requesans or the little widow tell.

The little widow was a pathetic figure, in her present circumstances. A wealthy and dainty woman, who was certainly not a principal in the affair, and who was separated by the width of the continent from her older friends and

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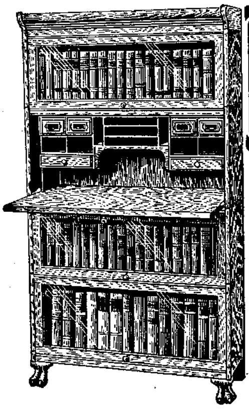

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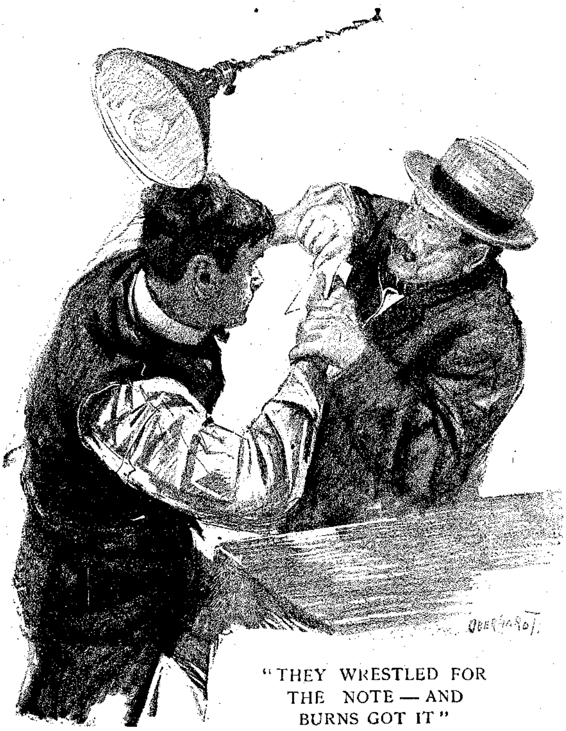
acquaintances, had been thrown into the old jail of New York's East Side, noted everywhere as the most ancient and squalid prison in the city. Her situation was enough to arouse sympathy in a casual stranger. But there was at least one person in New York who had more than a casual interest in her. This was a young American business man named Bates, who formerly, before she had given her confidence to de Requesans, had been her suitor.

The Pretty Widow in the Old Jail

Hearing of her ill fortune, Bates went to visit her, and was horrified at seeing her in that dark, ill-ventilated jail. He lost no time in looking up Burns and finding out exactly how far Mrs. Girard was involved.

Burns told him. "The trouble is," he continued, "she's tied, hand and foot, to that crowd. If she would only drop them, as they will drop her, it would be simple enough."

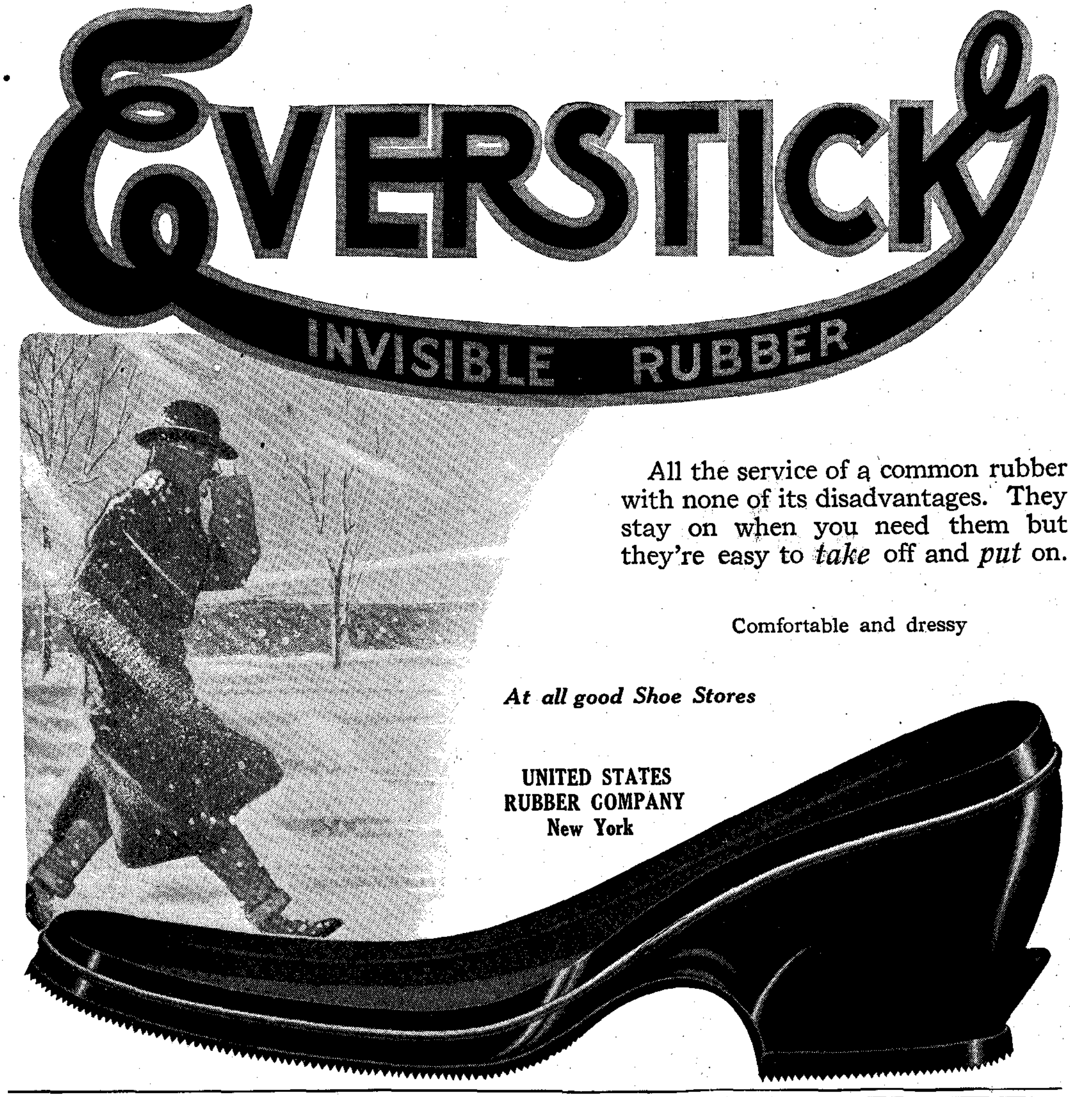
Bates went away, planning what could be done.



"THEY WRESTLED FOR THE NOTE — AND BURNS GOT IT"

In a short time Burns had another caller who was very much interested in the situation of the widow. The warden of the jail came in to see him, to learn about her chances. After hinting around for some time, he asked pointblank about her case.

"I'm very sorry for Mrs. Girard," said Burns slowly, as if weighing something very



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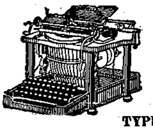

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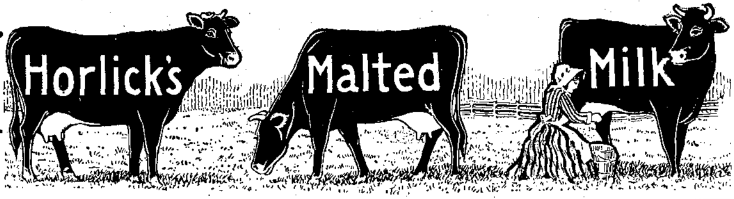

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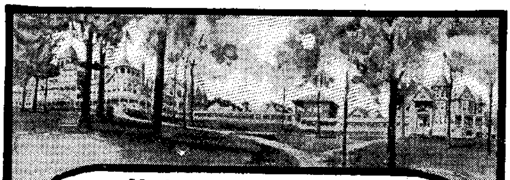

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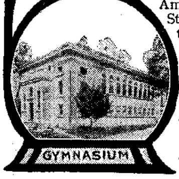

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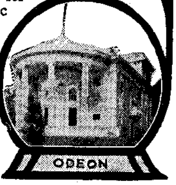

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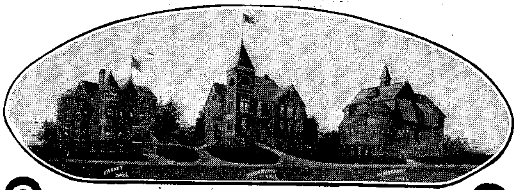

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carefully in his mind. "They're putting up a job on her." Then, in an apparent burst of confidence, he explained — what he knew was true — that de Requesans had made plans to go free and leave Mrs. Girard to take care of herself. It was true; but it was also an excellent chance to work upon the feelings of the woman and get the much-needed confession.

"Yes, I'm very sorry for that little woman," said Burns pensively; "she's up against a pretty hard situation."

"Don't you think you ought to tell her about it?" asked the warden.

Burns laughed. "What — I tell her? I guess you've never heard her give her opinion of me. No — it wouldn't do the slightest good; she wouldn't believe a word I told her."

"I think she would," said the warden — and went back and told Mrs. Girard the whole conversation.

It worked exactly as Burns hoped. In a very short time he was invited to an interview with the widow. She didn't trust him entirely then, of course. He had no hope of persuading her himself. But he proposed, instead, that she select some friend in whom she had absolute confidence; and she selected Bates.

The rest was simple. Burns went with Bates to the office of a surety company downtown. The proofs Burns had collected there were very clear. Bates was easily convinced of the plot of the conspirators to desert the widow. He returned and told her of it. As she heard and understood it all, she broke into hysterical crying and denunciation of the man who had deceived her. They should all suffer for what they had done to her, she said.

Burns had his confession at last.

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The part of the little widow had begun months before, when she had first reached New York from California. It was a new world; she entered it with the interest and freedom of a young woman left alone in the world, with several hundreds of thousands of dollars in her own right. Her husband had been older than herself. She had seen little of the excitement of life, and she had come East to see the life of the great city as well as to train her voice. And then she had chanced to meet the two fascinating Central American adventurers in her boarding-house.

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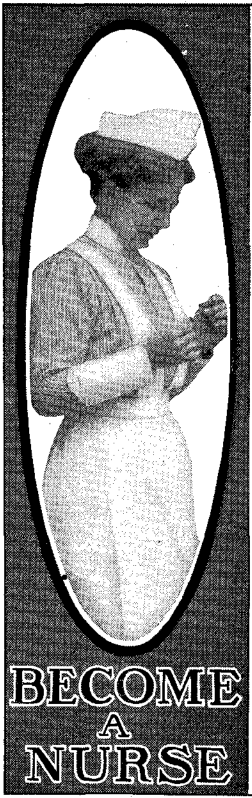

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In a very short time they admitted her to their conferences about their impending occupation of Costa Rica. It was a matter, seemingly, that was just about to be consummated.

"We shall strike a blow that will paralyze the government from the very start," explained General de Mora, bringing his fist down on the table as if the blow had already fallen. "Our troops will land here, and here," he said, sticking pins in a map of Costa Rica that lay before him.

"Ricardo," he asked, looking up, "have you closed the deal with the German agent for the rifles?"

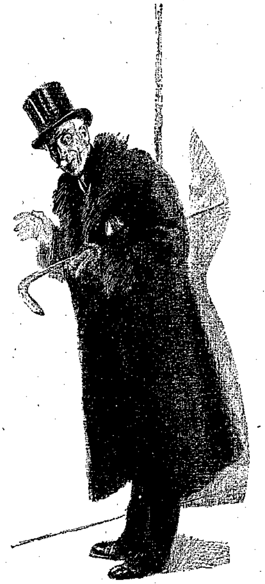
De Requesans answered that all was ready—the rifles and ammunition, and the supplies. There seemed to be no possible slip. And when the revolution came the young man was to be Costa Rica's ambassador at Washington.

Counterfeiting as a War Measure

While the lights burned pinkly on the tables in the lobster palaces on Broadway, de Requesans had poured his story softly into the little widow's ear; and finally the psychological moment came. Ricardo de Requesans and Julia Girard were engaged. Then at last the great coup itself was sprung.

One night de Requesans unfolded to her the latest scheme of de Mora's. It was brilliant, ingenious. It struck a double blow at the republic. It provided them with funds to finance the revolution, without calling on the numerous mythical bankers who stood ready to aid them; and, at the same time, it would ruin the Costa Rican government itself, and make it an easy prey. The scheme was nothing less than counterfeiting the currency of Costa Rica.

Of course it was not really counterfeiting, after all, he said. They were so nearly in control that they might issue their own money if they chose. But this plan had its advantages.



"'THAT IS VERY KIND OF
'WHEN I WANT ANYTHING

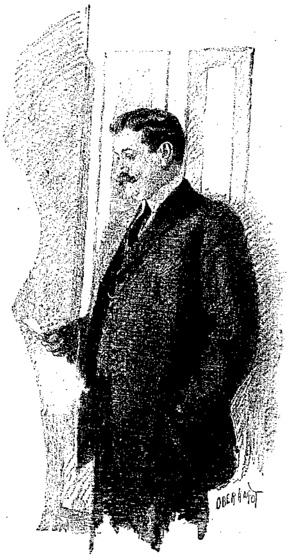
"It is a war measure, my dear Julia," he said. "You see, we shall introduce the notes quietly in Costa Rica, and exchange them for gold. Of course we shall have to do it at a premium; but we can afford to do that, for, don't you see, it will be nearly all clear profit. Think of it — we shall make them put up the money for our own revolution! And, at the same time, we shall strike a tremendous blow at the monetary system of the country. It will cripple them so that they can not raise funds to fight us. There is considerable trouble in money affairs now, and the government is in arrears even on the interest on the existing debt."

So he rattled on, sketching what indeed was one of the shrewdest schemes ever devised for carrying on a revolution.

$3,000,000
Worth of Counterfeits

And now he had found a financial backer, a capitalist to float the enterprise, in the woman who loved him. He did not have to urge the little widow to put money into it; she thanked him for allowing her to do so.

Once there was real money to work with, things moved fast and furiously. A photo-engraver in New York was found to make a plate by the photo-etching process. From this photo-etched plate, transfers were made by an expert transferer. It was all done in about the same manner in which the government printed its money. They printed an enormous batch of the money, some three million dollars' worth of hundred-colon notes. At last everything was ready. One day de Requesans and his fiancée sailed together secretly for Costa Rica, with the benediction of de Mora. In their grips they carried $285,000 in counterfeit notes. They also shipped the sofa to Costa Rica.



YOU, GENERAL,' SAID BURNS: I WILL CALL ON YOU'"

De Requesans and Mrs. Girard landed at Port Limon, one of the points on the map in which de Mora was fond of sticking pins. De Requesans began quietly to pass the counterfeits, and the chink

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Present Occupation
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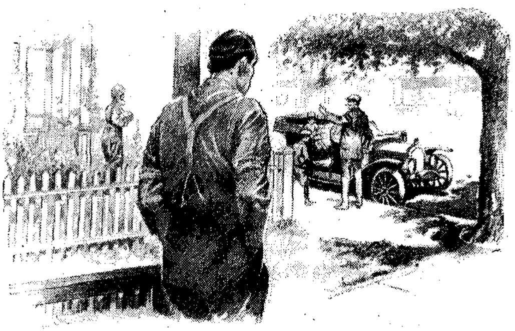

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of the gold in exchange was sweet music to his hungry ears — even sweeter than the musical voice of his pretty fiancée. Then came the deluge, and they were compelled to flee. The glamor on the romance of the little widow began wearing off. Instead of dinners and society at Washington, she found herself fleeing secretly from place to place like a hunted creature. And yet, like womankind from the beginning of the world, she had still the uncomplaining faith that it would all turn out right in the end. Ricardo said it would.

The Trunk with a False Bottom

But now that the disillusionment had come, the woman, wild with anger and hatred, poured out into the willing ears of Burns the bitter story of her deception at the hands of the conspirators. There were more cases of counterfeiting than one. She told them all fully, and Burns sat and laid his plans for returning General de Mora's call. His whole concern now was to fasten his hands upon the crafty head of the whole operation.

The widow had not confined herself alone to financing the operations in Costa Rica. She had backed, as well, a plan for counterfeiting Colombian notes; and in this de Mora had acted directly. He had arranged for printing $250,000 worth of bills, had had a trunk with a false bottom made for carrying them, and had sent them down. The government of Colombia had then confiscated the notes, and shot de Mora's accomplice — the man who was introducing them.

"That trunk," said Burns to himself, when he left Mrs. Girard, "was probably made by some trunk-maker near the boarding-house."

So he started out to look for trunk-makers in the neighborhood. He found two within a few blocks, and he dropped in to see one of them.

"About four months ago," he remarked, "you put a false bottom in a trunk for a friend of mine. I want one just like it."

The trunk-maker was puzzled. Burns described his friend — de Mora. Still the trunk-maker was puzzled. He didn't recollect. His puzzlement was genuine — for a good reason: he hadn't made it.

Burns excused himself as best he could, crossed the street to the other shop, and put the same question to the second man.

The look on the trunk-maker's face was most encouraging. "Oh, yes," he nodded; "I remember well. A big, tall man with a large white mustache, and a small fellow, fat, dark like a nigger."

That was enough. The little fat man was

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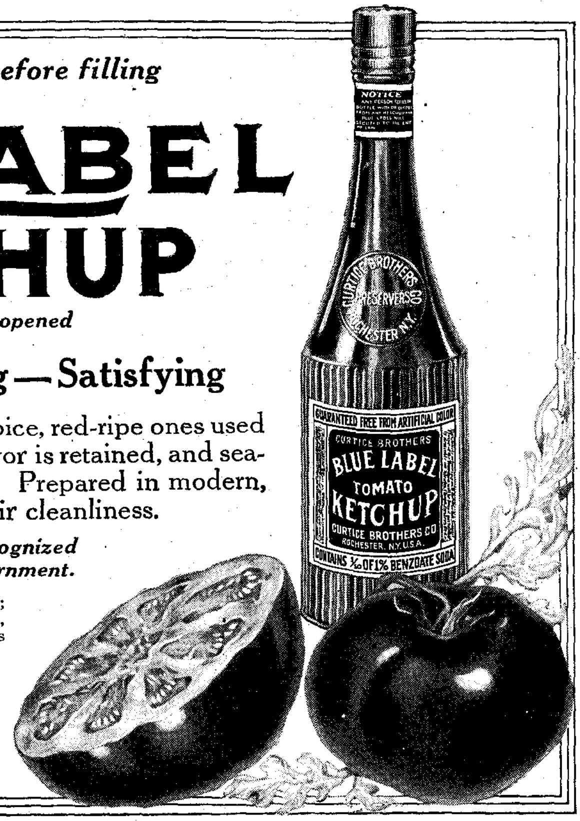
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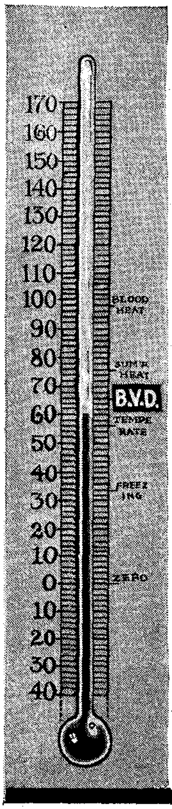
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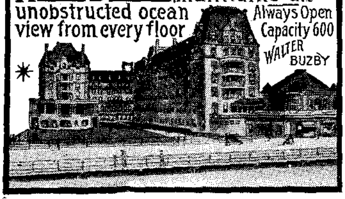

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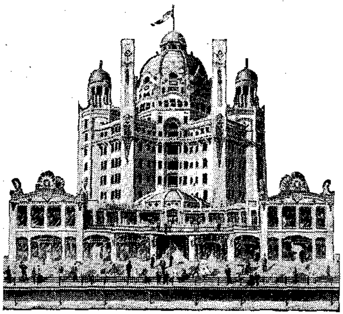

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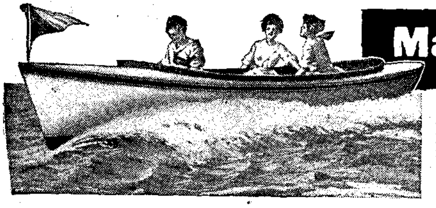

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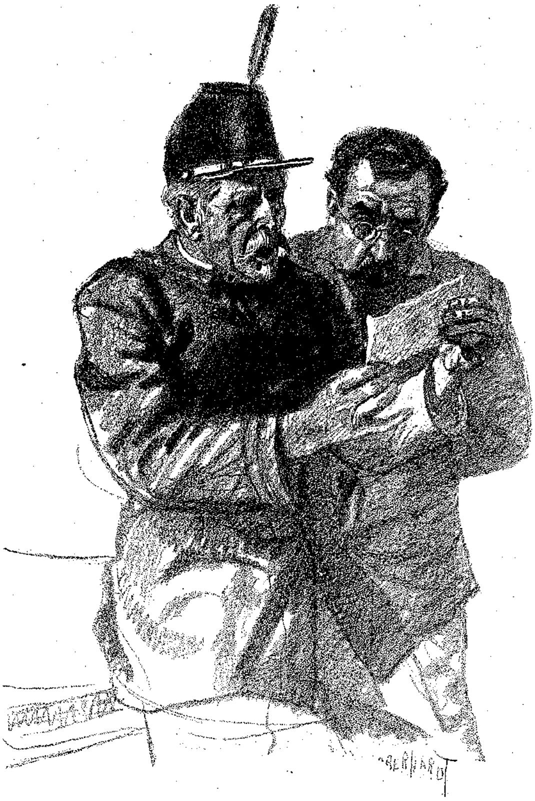
the one who had been shot by the Colombians. Burns thanked the trunk-maker and said he would call again. The first the man knew that all had not been right in the making of a secret hiding-place for "some valuable papers" was the summons to appear before the federal Grand Jury to identify de Mora



"THEY FOUND HIDDEN IN THE BACK OF THE SOFA $2,000,000 IN COUNTERFEIT BILLS"

It next became necessary, in building up the case against de Mora, to find the men who had made the counterfeit for him. In her confession the widow had been hazy as to names, dates, and places. But there was enough to serve as a beginning.

The Cuban Photographer

Moreover, in a memorandum-book in the pocket of de Requesans was found a long list of people to whom he had paid money. Burns took the names and ran them out. One proved to be that of a Cuban photo-engraver in New York — Burnez. Burns called on him.

"I am the attorney for de Requesans," he explained. "You know, he's in jail. Now, I want you to keep still, Burnez, and not tell anybody you made those plates for that scheme of

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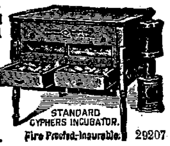
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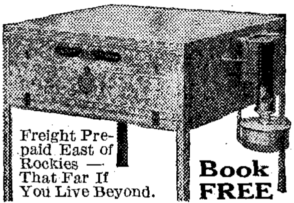

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JOHNSON, INCUBATOR MAN, Clay Center, Neb.

his. I'll make it right with you. What do you think it will be worth to you?"

Burnez said he didn't know whether it was worth anything. He assured Burns that, as far as he was concerned, he didn't want to make any trouble.

"You see, de Requesans was interested in a revolution," he said. "As a good Cuban revolutionist myself, I thought we should all stick together. I was just helping the cause."

"Have you the original negatives and positives?" Burns asked, affecting alarm that they should be at large.

"Oh, no," Burnez answered. "They were destroyed as soon as the plates were made."

Burns pulled out one of the hundred-colon notes, and asked the man if he could identify it. "Yes," he answered positively; "that's the note all right. But, you know, it went through a transfer process."

So much for the photographer. Now for the maker of the plates.

The Plates in the North River

Mrs. Girard had told of a man somewhere on Fulton Street who had delivered the notes and had the plates, but she did not know his name or where his place was. The next thing was to look up all the engravers on Fulton Street. That, in itself, is not the easiest of tasks.

An establishment doing business under the name of Dobbs seemed to be the most likely place. A note purporting to come from de Requesans was carefully prepared to be sent to him. A boy was picked out to carry it, and coached to play his part. The note read to this effect:

> Take good care of the plates, because I may aid myself in getting out by giving them over to the government. You can rest assured you will not be involved. Keep them intact and hand them over only to myself or my attorney.

The boy had been instructed to wait until the man read the note and said something. If the engraver said, "All right," the boy was to cough.

Everything went smoothly. A very much forced cough suddenly issued from the open door of the engraver's shop. In walked Burns.

"How are you?" he said, extending his hand cordially to Dobbs, who was holding the note in his left hand.

One look was enough for each. They wrestled for the note — and Burns got it.

Dobbs, however, denied all knowledge of the plates. Even when Burns and his men searched the place from floor to ceiling, they could find nothing. Dobbs was, nevertheless, hustled off

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Of all finishes (brilliant or otherwise) for floors and woodwork none has the peculiar richness, the soft, pleasing, silky lustre of good wax. But waxes differ in effect. The beauty of "Old English" finish, admired for centuries, is principally due to the liberal proportion of hard and imported expensive waxes always used in its making. That is why you should be sure to use only

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Old English doesn't show mars nor scratches and is free from stickiness and tendency to collect dust.

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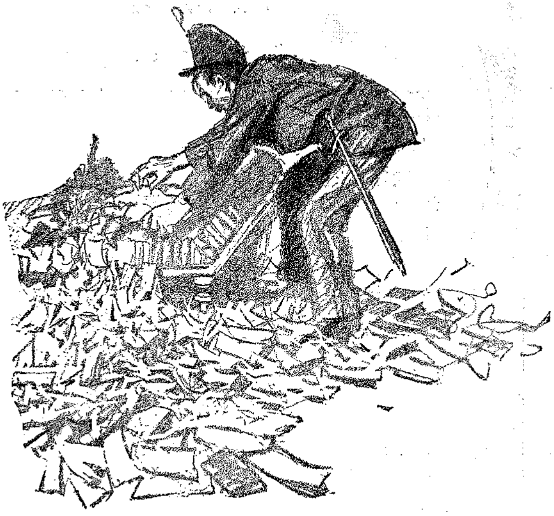
with their chilling, marring, roughening breath, leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.
Refuse substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*
BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Department 19,
125 Kingston Street, - - Boston, Mass.

to the Secret Service headquarters, and Burns waited for the man's partner to come in.

At last he came, open-eyed at the disorder in their little place of business.



"THEY UNDID THE CAREFUL PACKING OF THE SOFA AND TORE IT APART"

"Sh-h," whispered Burns, drawing him aside. "I'm from a lawyer's office. Your partner has been arrested, and wants to see you quick. But he told me to tell you to say nothing to the Secret Service. See?"

Fortunately, the partner "fell" for the story that Burns had handed out almost on the spur of the moment.

"Are they hidden?" whispered Burns, bringing his lips close to the partner's ear in confidence.

"What?" he asked in momentary caution.

"The plates — the plates!" feigned Burns, in great excitement.

"Oh, yes," succumbed the partner, "the Colombian plates are hidden, but the others are in the North River."

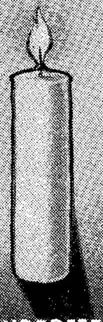
With never a smile, Burns disclosed his identity.

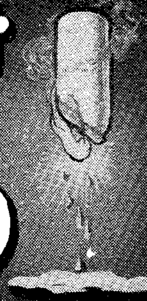
The Colombian plates were found at the home of a friend of the firm, and a wrecking company was engaged to search for the Costa Rican plates. They lay at the Jersey City end of a ferry. A diver was sent down, and for four or five nights he dived, until at last the original hundred-colon note plates of the counterfeits were found.

This was the last link in the chain that Burns had been forging for the gallant invaders of Costa Rica.

Coal Bills Cut ½ to ⅔ BY THE UNDERFEED

Four Reasons Why


UNDERFEED PRINCIPLE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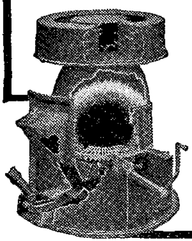

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The time had come to return the call of General de Mora. The shadows reported that he was at home and Burns sallied out toward his boarding-house.

"I should like to see General de Mora," asked Burns of the neat-capped maid.

"He is not in, sir," answered the maid, returning to him.

Burns handed her his card and asked her to try again. A moment later she tripped back. "I beg pardon, but I made a mistake. The General says for you to come right upstairs."

There the sly old fox stood in the middle of the room, smiling and balancing the pasteboard thoughtfully between his finger-tips.

"Ah, Meestair Bearns, it is indeed a great plaisir," he exclaimed politely. "A cup of coffee? No? A cigar or cigarette? No? A drink? No? It is too bad. I am at a loss to entertain you."

Burns Explains His Call

"You know, General," hastened Burns, "I'm merely renewing our acquaintance of the day you so kindly called at our office. You said you would be glad to be of any assistance to me."

"Yes."

"And I have called —— "

"Yes."

"With a warrant for your arrest."

The General moved not an eyelash. "This is very annoying to me," he protested coolly. "There is not one particle of evidence that I am concerned in any matter that interests the Secret Service."

"I am very sorry, General," pursued Burns firmly, "but you understand I have a duty to perform in this matter."

"My dear fellow," he returned heartily, "no excuses. I shall go with you."

He went with Burns to the Federal Building in the same outward spirit in which he would have gone to a club. There he was turned over to the United States marshal, who placed him in jail. That was the last the boarding-house saw of this soldier of fortune. There was a long trial, in which de Mora and de Requesans had the benefit of some of the best legal talent in New York. But they were convicted, largely on the testimony of the "little widow."

And two years later two subdued soldiers of fortune left a federal prison to revolutionize in safer regions that knew no Burns.

*Next month "**The Customs Spy,**" by William J. Burns—one of the five additional features that McCLURE'S is offering its readers.*

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THE CHANGING HOME

WOMAN'S share in the business of life has taken two main directions: marriage and industry. Marriage has not infrequently been a refuge for girls and women overtaxed in industry; industry has in many cases offered an escape from unsuccessful marriage. But in each of these great departments of life woman has mainly served the traditional or conscious purposes and desires of man in a civilization mainly devised and administered by men.

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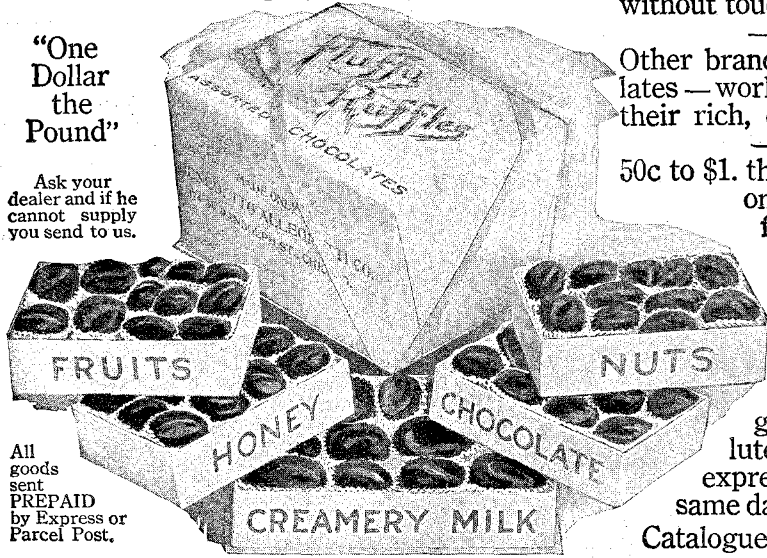

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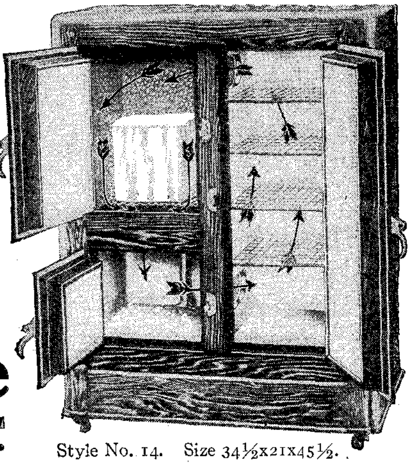

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in its social results — the baffling, age-old custom of prostitution.

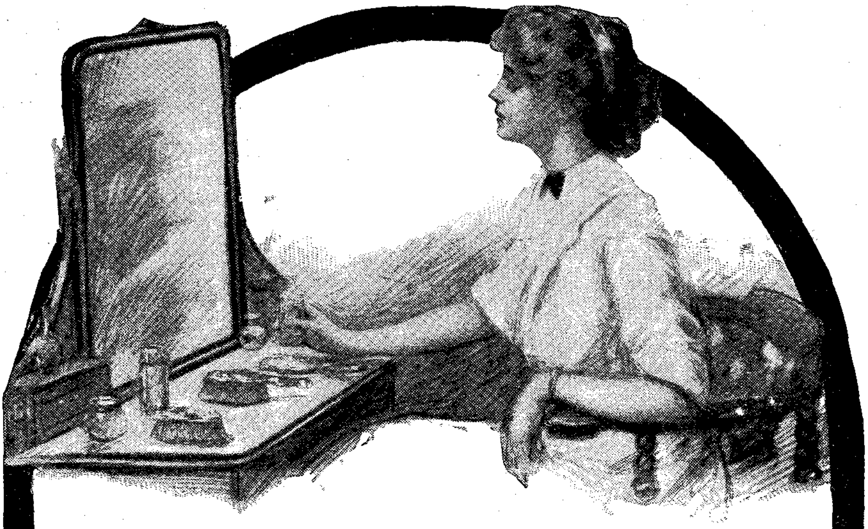
The present swift advance of women toward some actual sharing with man in the responsibility of administering the business of life can hardly mean less than that man's roving freedom and traditional authority are to be somewhat curtailed in these three departments of life. Which implies, of course, the most genuinely radical revolution of recent times, if not of all history; for the relations of the sexes are the very material out of which the fabric of life is spun and woven, whereas the political, even the economic revolutions of the recent past have worked changes hardly deeper than the pattern of the fabric.

PROPERTY RIGHTS IN WOMEN ARE DISAPPEARING

THIS is why the growth of the feminist movement arouses so real a panic among the more conservative men and women. So much of our thinking has its roots deep in the analogies of history that we are at a loss when it becomes necessary to face really new issues. And certainly the historical analogies can not help us much here. Repeating the familiar aphorisms that "these things move in cycles," that "it has always been so and (therefore) will always continue to be so," that "after all, you can't change human nature," gets us nowhere at all. It does no good to insist that nothing can possibly happen, when every day brings fresh evidence that the race is moving on into a new phase.

Certainly something is happening; and the something is, at least in part, new to human experience. The past fifty years, with their key discoveries in science, have unlocked the secrets of earth and air, have given us modern production and distribution, have brought the ends of the world together in an entirely new sort of neighborhood, with the beginnings of a new common understanding— have, in a word, expanded man's thought, feeling, and social power as the explorations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries expanded his geography.

These discoveries and the resultant harnessing of newly discovered natural laws, have made possible the "social surplus" of which the Socialists say so much. For the first time in human history, the race can produce enough of the necessaries of life to go round. While we have not yet arrived at such a fair distribution, the tendency of modern social and political effort is distinctly taking that direction all over the world. And, coincidentally with the struggles of workers everywhere for a share in the fruits of life under the new conditions, we see woman, with individual economic independence



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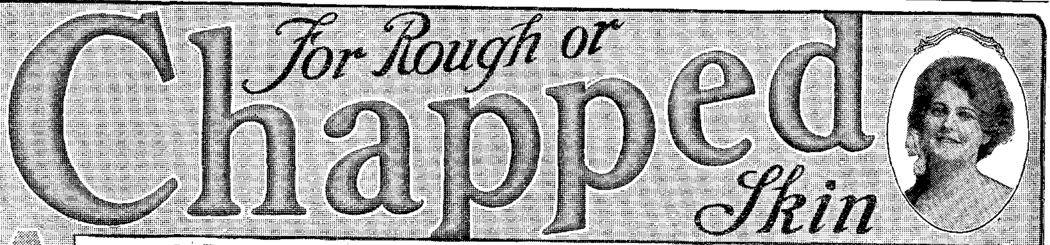

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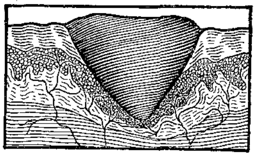

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See What Must be Done—and How

If you pare it, that means to take off the top layer. The root is left to grow. If the blade slips, there may be infection.

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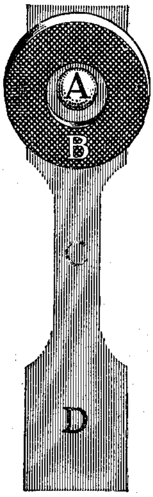
Apply the little Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly.

Then this wonderful wax begins to loosen the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness. *That's the end of that corn.*

So many folks know this that a million corns monthly are removed in this simple way. For your own sake, try it now.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue=jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists — 15c and 25c per package

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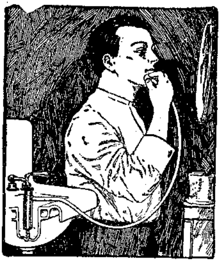

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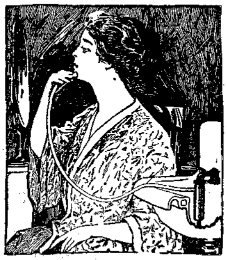


Beautifies After Bathing

at last in sight, stirring and striving to free herself from property-subjection to man in industry, and in marriage itself.

HOME HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE WOMAN

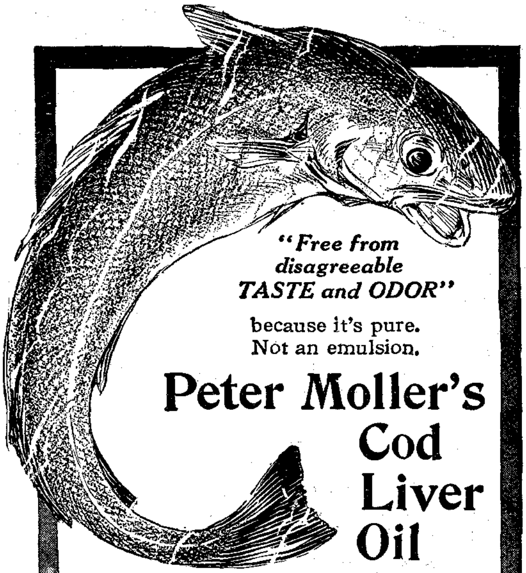
IT is still said, in some quarters, that "woman's place is the home"; but it is becoming increasingly difficult to understand the phrase. For the home, in the earlier sense of the term, has been pretty effectually removed from the woman. In the traditional idyllic home which apparently still exists in the fancy of many conservative thinkers (but which probably never existed as generally as these thinkers imagine) woman spun, wove, and made clothing, milked and churned, put up foods, and so on. Her duties were many, arduous, sometimes dignified and important. Her "sphere" was defined with some clearness. Within it she exercised a real authority. In addition, she bore and reared children. And she found time for all!

To-day, if woman is to "go back to the home" in the only sense that the phrase can possibly carry, she will have to follow it into the canning factory, the packing-house, the cotton and woolen mills, the clothing factory, the up-State dairy, the railroad that handles the dairy products, the candy factory, etc. As a matter of fact, she has already been forced in considerable numbers to follow these tasks into their new industrial environment. But, whereas in the home she had some authority and certain partnership rights, in industry she has no voice except as she can make herself heard through the medium of a trade union or (less directly) of the vote.

So the "home" has, in part, been removed, and the eight million women actually engaged in industry to-day indicate with some force that woman has had to go with it. To order her "back to the home" is, therefore, nonsense. It is like ordering the cab-driver, displaced by the taxicab chauffeur, back to the stage-coach to compete with the railroad.

WOMAN'S OLD OCCUPATIONS GONE

THE existing homes to which she can, in fact, be consigned, offer no such scope for useful service as that traditional "home." It is still left to her to bear and rear children, a task in which a considerable number of American women are to-day engaged with a fine sense of responsibility; but in the great majority of cases this is not enough. Motherhood is a particular job that builds character, but that carries with it little in the way of mental preparation for the broader tasks of life, and, except in the case of unusually large families, it occupies a woman's



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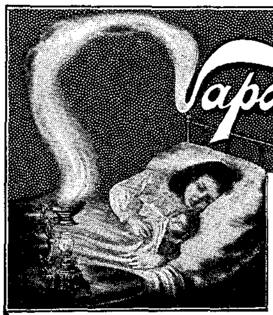

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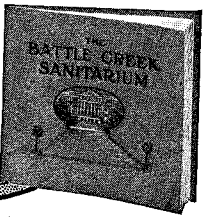

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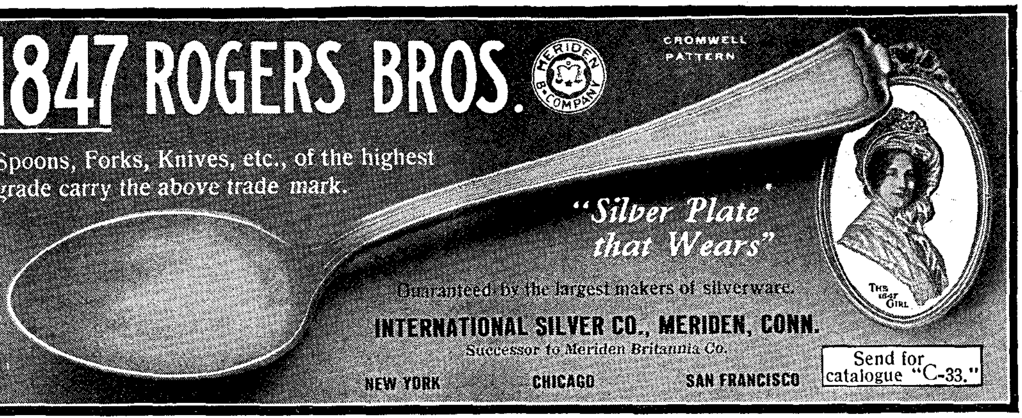
whole time for relatively few years out of what should be a long, active useful life. It is plainly the women from these comfortable homes who find so much time for bridge, shopping, and theaters, and for other unproductive, unreal activity, and who so often end by presenting the tragic spectacle of the untrained, unoccupied woman of fifty about whom Charlotte Perkins Gilman has written so convincingly.

These women of the actual modern home appear to divide, largely along lines of temperament, into two camps on the feminist and suffrage questions. Those who are content to be maintained in some ease and comfort by their husbands drift inevitably into a conservative position. Those who are stirring with a healthy discontent drift as inevitably into some more or less conscious alliance with that great army of workingwomen who have been driven to follow the old "home" tasks into modern industry. And we witness the interesting spectacle of comfortable, well-kept women organizing and financing such extremely modern institutions as the Woman's Trade Union League, giving of their own energy to fight alike for the vote and for a direct voice in industry — all in harmony with the new spirit that is pressing woman to extend in every direction the new freedom and power of a sex that is on the eve of liberation from an age-old subjection to man.

WHITE-SLAVE INVESTIGATIONS CHIEFLY UNDERTAKEN BY WOMEN

MOVING along directly with this many-sided and active contest on the part of women for a fuller share in the main business of life, animating it, illuminating it, is the new spirit of inquiry into many puzzling aspects of life as it affects woman. With this searching inquiry comes inevitably a growing freedom of discussion. Woman is no longer shut away from consideration of the rougher facts of life. Indeed, now that she is beginning to see what certain of these facts mean to her as a woman, it is doubtful if they can ever again be successfully hidden from her.

The present keen inquiry into the causes of prostitution has been carried on to a considerable extent by women. Man has always refused to take this problem seriously, or at least to admit that anything could be done about it. He has been fond of saying that it "has always existed." He has not widely called attention to the unassailable fact that it has always existed for the use of men. These inquiring women have already done enough to justify certain partial conclusions. It is clear now that more girls are driven into evil courses by the pressure of want — or, if you prefer, by the love



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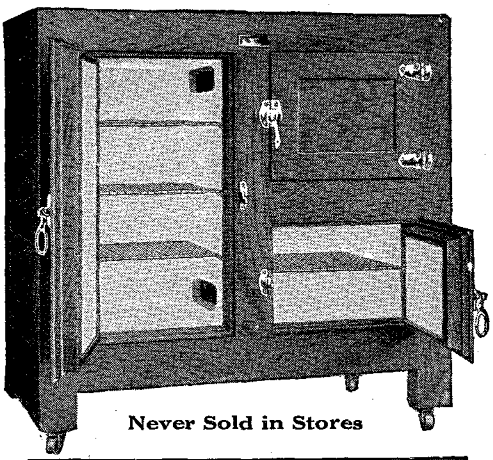

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WORKING-GIRLS' WAGES

THE first step toward relieving some part of this condition has been taken in the past year. A few far-seeing business houses have established a minimum wage for girl employees. One of these houses places the minimum at eight dollars a week, another at nine dollars. At the same time the new ideals of "social justice" that have split the Republican party (and permeated the Democratic) are educating men and women alike to the fact that we have got to consider paying workers, including the girls, enough to live on, to compensate them in case of accident or illness, and even, ultimately, to provide for their helpless old age. Undoubtedly the surest way to cut down the supply of prostitutes is to make decent living possible for the millions of girls who have to work for a living.

The same light of open-minded inquiry has been turned on the institution of marriage. A new phrase has quietly come into use — "marrying for a living." And it has brought a new stigma with it.

MARRIAGE BY INTIMIDATION

NO one, of course,— least of all the advanced feminist thinkers,— questions the imperative beauty and value of romantic love. Indeed, the hope is that marriage, far from being undermined or destroyed, can be made real and lasting. Above all, that later idyl of human mating, the settled, sensible companionship between a man and a woman after the blaze of young love has passed, offers a benefit, alike to the individual and to the race, that is incalculably rich and lasting. What thoughtful women are distinctly beginning to object to is the time-honored belief that it is decent for a woman to bestow her sex, legally or illegally, in exchange for a guaranty of food, shelter, and clothing.

That millions of women have had to do precisely this in the past is too commonly known to be gainsaid. They have had to do it sometimes because there was no other way in which they could live according to reasonable standards of what living is, and sometimes, often, because the prevailing masculine ideal of the ornamental, comparatively useless woman has withheld from them the training and equipment that would have enabled them to cope with life as it is.

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I CALL it Evinruding; this gliding along through the water in a motor-driven rowboat, and then when I hang this portable motor over the stern of *any rowboat* (it attaches in less than one minute) and skim up the river or lake at an 8-mile pace, I feel that I am having a *real* summer. The

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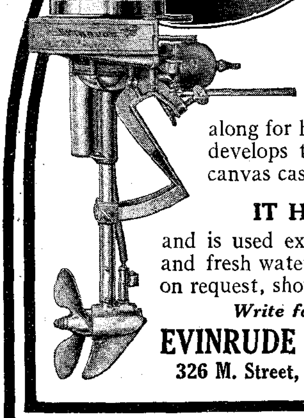

is not cranked as other motors are, one simply gives the fly wheel a swing, and the weedless propeller drives the boat along for hours and hours, anywhere. This motor weighs but 50 pounds, develops two full horse-power, is reversible, and above all, carries in a canvas case just like a satchel. Anyone can operate it.

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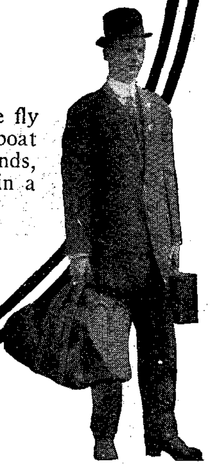

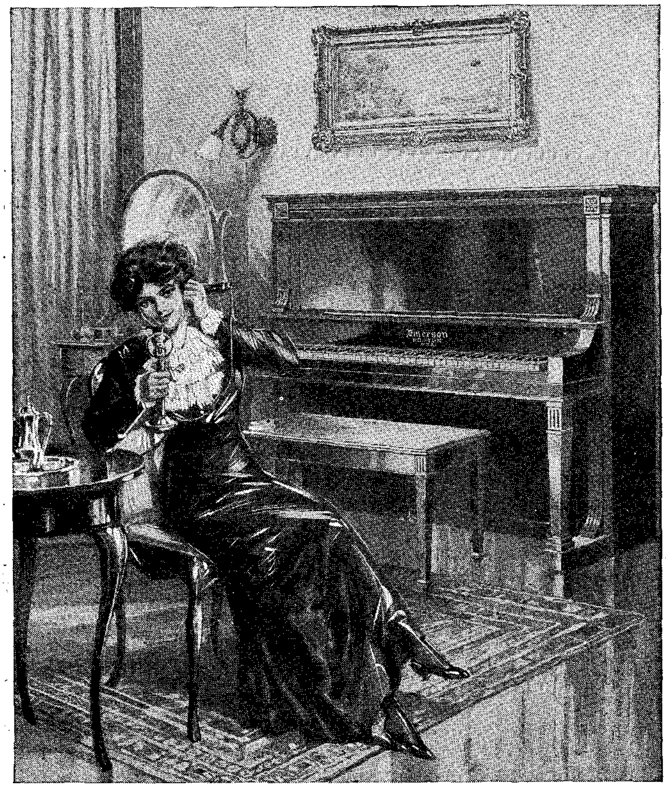

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FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy a* **bicycle** or a pair of **tires** from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard-of prices* and *marvelous new special offers.*

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But, now that the changing economic conditions have forced woman in some degree to meet life squarely and directly, and at the same time have begun to make some sort of economic independence seem possible for almost any individual, she is making the interesting discovery that she can in some measure subsist without throwing herself, legally or illicitly, on the mercy of the individual man. Accordingly, she is pressing and striving to increase her economic opportunity, even to gain some real economic authority; and at the same time she is getting a grip on the lever of political power.

MOTHERHOOD PENSIONS

A particularly significant idea that is stirring in the minds of advanced women all over the world to-day is the idea of "motherhood pensions." It has not yet found its place in political debates, but it is none the less a live and growing thought. It suggests that woman will one day insist on some sort of direct compensation for her peculiar service to the state in bearing and rearing little citizens, and this quite independently of her relations with the individual man.

THE NEW POWER OF THE WAGE-EARNING WOMAN

A GENERATION ago woman married, in the absence of romantic love, because there was nothing else to do. And, in cases where marital conditions were degrading and intolerable, she stayed married, because there was nothing else to do. The gradual increase of economic opportunity is enabling her to choose her mate with greater freedom and intelligence; it is also enabling her to divorce him in the event of a marriage turning out distinctly unsuccessful. There is now an alternative. Man can no longer starve her into submission.

For that this new condition carries with it a new social attitude toward divorce goes without saying. The promise of the new relationship between man and woman is that the deeply rooted, perennial mating instinct may begin to work more spontaneously and finely in conditions permitting freer choice. It is beginning to be recognized that real marriage can not be brought into existence through fear of want or through other social intimidation.

It is further recognized that unsuccessful marriages can not be made real and fine by any imaginable pressure of the law or of public opinion. It is as easy to make a dead rose-bush blossom by a court order as to breathe life into a sex-relationship that is

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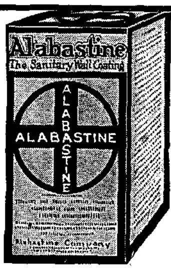

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IN THE selection of an investment, the fundamental consideration should not be "Is it safe enough?"—but "Does it possess *every possible element* of safety that can be devised?"

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We give reasonable assurance of convertibility through our custom of repurchasing securities from our clients, when requested, at par and accrued interest, less a net handling charge of 1%.

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not a real marriage in the hearts of the persons concerned.

A mere casual survey of current books and plays makes it evident that a calm, intelligent study of these elemental facts is rapidly taking the place of our traditional attitude of outward conformity tempered by inner panic. We are beginning to perceive that we can not successfully fit all of life into a preconceived mold; that our real task is to try, soberly and patiently, to learn what this strange substance we call life really is.

THE FEMINIST IDEAL OF MARRIAGE

MORE than ever before in the history of the race, the ideal of marriage is a fine, healthy, continuous companionship and sharing of burdens, permitting the rearing of healthy children under the continuous intelligent and loving care of the parents.

To say that we have been able very widely to live up to so high an ideal during the long era of the economic or property marriage, with the man dominant, is to say an absurd thing.

And to stop our ears or run away in fright when the subject is broached will no longer do, certainly not in face of the vast economic change that is profoundly affecting the institution of marriage, as it is affecting every other human institution.

Hitherto we have proceeded on the theory that the fine blaze of young love must in every case remain a blaze for fifty years, or there was wickedness somewhere. It was like finding a man in some sudden and natural enthusiasm or other nervous excitement, and sentencing him to remain in that condition for the rest of his life. The only possible way in which we could maintain this theory was by winking at the dreadful devastating abuses it led to. This we have traditionally done.

THE NEW ERA OF WOMAN IS HERE

Recognizing that the attraction between the sexes is at once the material out of which the social fabric is woven and an elusive complex quality that has so far evaded successful control, recognizing that woman is distinctly different from man in certain particulars, and yet is able and determined to share the business of life with him on equal terms, recognizing that the shifting conditions of life make this new relationship not only possible but imperative, we must try to adjust our minds to these changes. For they are here.

6%

Is Your Money Doing Its Best?

THOUSANDS of those who save fail to take advantage of investment openings because they do not realize what may be done with small amounts of money. They imagine that Bonds and other securities are only for the well-to-do.

This is no longer true.

Moreover, persons of limited means are the very ones who should begin to invest their savings safely and profitably. They particularly should demand good security and the largest interest return consistent with safety. In this way only can they materially improve their financial position.

Have you $100, or more, which is not doing its best for you? Is it earning 6%, and is it safe?

You can invest $100, $200, $500, $1000 or more in A-R-E 6's, the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company, receiving your interest every six months and your principal in ten years.

The Bonds are based on the ownership of millions of dollars' worth of New York real estate. For a quarter of a century they have paid 6% interest and matured principal at par, returning over $10,000,000 to investors.

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THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT

A New McClure Department

CONDUCTED BY ELLEN YALE STEVENS

TWO years ago McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article on the work of the great Italian educator, Dr. Maria Montessori. The article described the new ideas that Dr. Montessori had introduced in education, and the success that she had met with in her first schools in Rome. At that time Dr. Montessori was scarcely known outside of a limited circle in her own country. In a few weeks, however, her name had reached practically every part of the civilized world. Few magazine articles have attracted such widespread and spontaneous interest. The press of the United States and of nearly every country in Europe reprinted the article in whole or in part, and letters have come flowing into the McCLURE office by the thousand.

In view of this great and increasing interest, the editors of McCLURE'S have decided to publish every month a regular Montessori Department, which will serve as a central bureau of information regarding the progress of the movement and as an open forum for discussion. Correspondence is particularly invited. A place will be found for letters of interest, and, when possible, Dr. Montessori's own reply to special questions will be obtained.

CABLE messages just received from Rome announce that the Montessori training course opened on January 16, with an enrolment of seventy-two students. The opening lecture by Dr. Montessori was followed by a reception of the students by the Italian Committee under the patronage of Queen Margherita. Arrangements have been made for the students to observe the working of the Montessori method in the Convent School in Via Giusti, the school of Saint Angelo in Pescheria, the Municipal School on the Pincio, and other municipal schools.

This group of more than seventy teachers are to be congratulated on the successful inauguration of this unique school — unique because so many trained educators are to have the unusual opportunity of direct contact with so inspiring a personality and creative genius.

On the walls of the Sistine Chapel in Rome is painted what is perhaps in its suggestive power the most wonderful picture in the world — Michelangelo's "Creation of Adam." The outstretched finger of God touches that of Adam, and the spark of life passes from one to the other. Such direct communication of power from one personality to another is a laying on of hands, an apostolic succession which makes movements living and permanent. The Greeks who followed Socrates realized this truth; so did those medieval scholars who wandered from one university to another, seeking the personal touch, the intimate communication with the master.

With the introduction of printing the reception of knowledge at first hand gradually grew less. The written book carried the message, which formerly came direct from the speaker's lips. Now, in the twentieth century, the age of scientific discoveries, of material advancement, the old custom is revived again. Exchange professors in America, France, and Germany bring direct to scholars in those countries their special gift of knowledge. So this band of pilgrims to Rome will, each in her own way, receive inspiration and power from her four months' intercourse with a wonderful woman in a wonderful city.

In this issue of the Department we publish a remarkable article by Dr. Montessori outlining her plan for an International Institute in Rome, to be developed as a center for experiment and research in education. The training course which has just been opened may prove to be the first step toward the formation of this Institute.

PLAN FOR AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE

BY DR. MARIA MONTESSORI

THE only way worthily to respond to the demand for the widespread diffusion of my method would be to found an institute where the method can unfold itself, be demonstrated to teachers and to all those who desire to learn something of it at first hand. The fact that the method is not complete is no reason for putting off until some future time the training of teachers; *everything* that can be of any use at all to men should be taught and widely diffused.

Sixteen years of unchanged unit construction tell why Goodrich Tires are the best for your car

FORTY-THREE years of successful rubber manufacturing are in Goodrich Tires We made the original American clincher automobile tires. That was sixteen years ago, when automobile tire-making began. The twenty-seven years of rubber experience that had preceded were crystalized in our principle of Unit Construction.

This principle demonstrated its soundness from the start, and Goodrich Tires always have been and always will be so made. You know what you are getting in Goodrich Tires—they are a protection to your automobile, and they give you comfort and mileage.

Goodrich Unit Construction Tires

Best in the Long Run

Made as a Unit

Unit Construction means just what it says—each Goodrich Tire is made as a unit. The unit idea prevails in the placing of the layers of fine rubber-impregnated fabric which build up the backbone of the tire, and in the finishing with the thick, tough tread of the purest rubber which is compounded in a way our forty-three years of knowledge of rubber makes us know will resist road wear.

The result is a unit tire which is bound to give both resistance and resiliency, as both tire users and automobile makers testify by their choice.

Each layer of fabric, each strip of rubber—every part of a Goodrich Tire, is placed just as accurate knowledge of the demands to be made upon it demonstrates is best.

Users' Opinions a Unit

Goodrich Tire users are a unit in recommending them. Over a million Goodrich Tires did not satisfy the complete demand in 1912. Our increased factory facilities will enable us to take care of the much greater demand in 1913. Makers of 175,000 of the 400,000 new automobiles which will be marketed in 1913 have already contracted for Goodrich Tires.

Fully half the automobile output of 1913 will go from maker to buyer with Goodrich Tires as the original specified equipment.

This overwhelming verdict of automobile makers and owners is the most tremendously convincing argument you can desire for the advantage to you, as a tire user, in Goodrich Unit Construction.

Cured as a Unit

The critical point in making a tire is the curing—the vulcanizing. To be perfectly cured, rubber requires just so much heat—*once.*

Goodrich Tires are cured as a unit. Body and tread are cured together in our vulcanizers under proper heat. The rubber impregnation of the fabric strips, the breaker strips, side strips and the thick, tough tread, in this most particular operation, literally *become one tire—a unit.*

This is the secret of the non-stripping of Goodrich treads. Our unit curing converts the built-up tire into an integral structure, strong, full of life. We wouldn't cure the tire twice, any more than you would bake a pie twice.

Write for Goodrich Route Book for your tour

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Wear as a Unit

Goodrich Tires wear uniformly. Curing them as units unifies their strength as well as their buoyancy. The thick, tough tread—extra heavy and extra strong—because of the unit curing, is perfect at every point. One inch wears the same as another.

The Goodrich unit construction gives the same dependable staunchness to the body of the tire—the inside. Body and tread are one—they cannot come apart—they hold and wear together.

This is what the tire user wants.

For all these reasons you owe it to yourself and your car to buy only Goodrich Tires

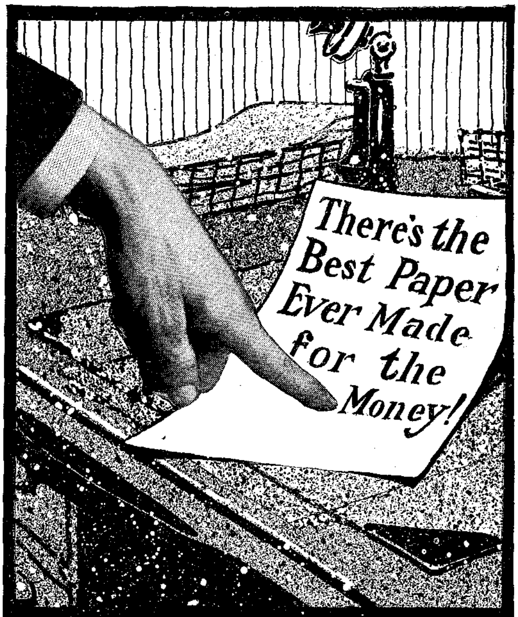
If you are an experienced automobilist you know immediately the value to you of the verdict of the makers of nearly half the 1913 output of cars.

If you are not, their decision, coupled with that of hundreds of thousands of experienced motorists, is worth even more to you. Don't get *your* tire knowledge from future experience. Benefit now by the experience and judgment of all this majority of makers and tire users, and begin with Goodrich Tires.

Goodrich dealers and service stations everywhere.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio

TRADE MARK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If you want proof of our claims for Hammermill Bond, write on **your letterhead** for Book of Samples. See for yourself Hammermill Bond's finish and wide range of colors. Notice how it takes printing and typewriting. Consider it as a standard paper for all your business uses. Deliveries of Hammermill Bond are immediate. That alone is a feature worth money.

Hammermill Paper Co.
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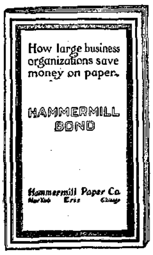


This has been the method adopted by all the positive sciences; immediately after their appearance, they have been perfected by universal collaboration. This is a sort of democracy introduced into science by the principle of experimentation. In the place of the teacher, on whose word every submissive pupil was to hang, is substituted nature herself. Scientists go straight to her, drawing truth from her bosom, and in this way there has been substituted, for the authority of an individual on the mass, the right of all people to free knowledge.

EDUCATION SHOULD BE AN EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE

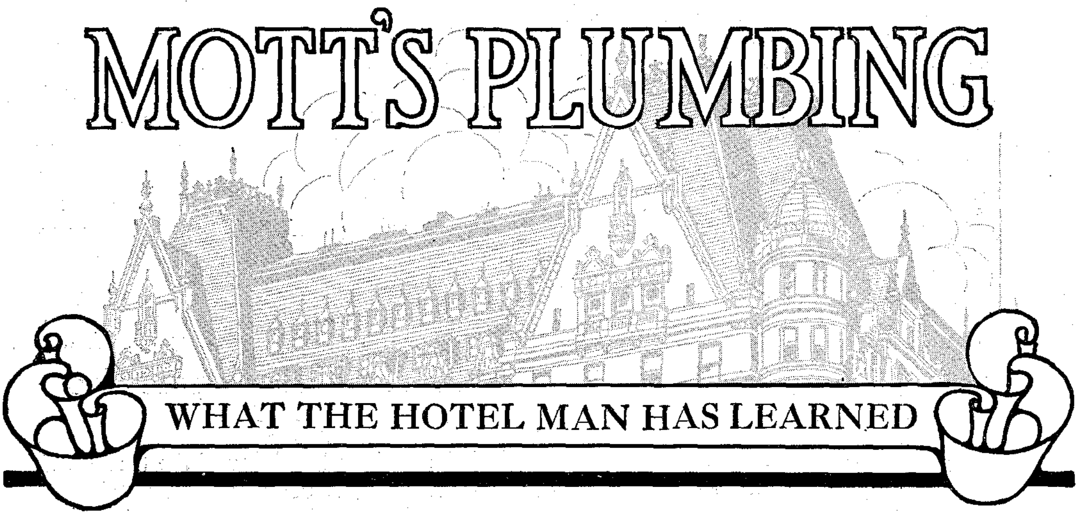
WHEN the study of bacteriology demonstrated the existence of pathogenous microörganisms, and the possibility of isolating them, of cultivating them, and of destroying their virulence, there sprang from this fact alone a science of positive hygiene which does battle against the death-rate. But it was not thought necessary to delay the foundation of the bacteriological institutes, laboratories, and chairs of hygiene until *all* the microbes were discovered or all the theories elaborated; there was no notion that a complete doctrine should be determined, like that of Hippocrates, which was transmitted whole among the Greeks and Romans.

If the practice of medicine had advanced only by means of the work of masters, as it passed from Aesculapius to Hippocrates, it would not have gone a single step forward. In the same way, when pedagogy thinks that it can progress on individuals, passing from Rousseau to Herbart, to Pestalozzi, to Kant or to Froebel, it deludes itself with the notion that it advances at all; in reality it remains perfectly stationary, trampling down successively the men who appear to it for a moment as the steps of an ascending stair.

TEACHING CAN NOT BE MEMORIZED

NO pedagogue can lead us toward progress; no pedagogic doctrine can contain the whole truth: it must be a *method*, capable of putting us in free contact with human nature, which will send us forward over the road of progress and perfectibility.

To learn the content of a science, as the students of antiquity did when, armed with the books of Hippocrates, they drew near the bed of sickness, or with the works of Aristotle instructed the younger generation, was far easier than to possess, as our modern scientists do, a *method* of investigating, and with this to advance



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WHAT THE HOTEL MAN HAS LEARNED

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Because hotel men have learned from experience that solid porcelain fixtures are more economical than any other kind when compared on the basis of initial cost, plus servant's time, plus the cost of upkeep.

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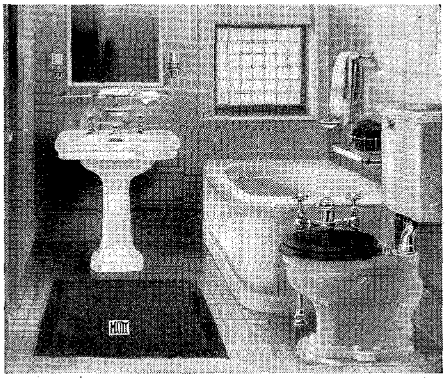
In order to meet all requirements, we make plumbing fixtures in three kinds of ware —Imperial Solid Porcelain, Extra Heavy Vitreous Ware and Enamelled Iron. Each has its proper use in bathroom equipment.

To enable others to know the strong points of each of these wares we offer an 80-page booklet, "Modern Plumbing." This book shows 24 views of model bathroom interiors, ranging in cost from $73 to $3000, with full description and prices.



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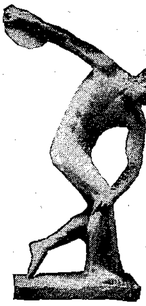

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will help you. It will build up your run down condition—make your body healthy and vigorous—your brain more alert—it will enable you to do more and bigger things—it will make your daily work seem like play. Our course will only take a few minutes a day—requires no apparatus and does not force you to alter your regular habits. We prescribe exercises necessary to suit your individual needs, to develop just where it is needed or to overcome any particular deficiency that you may have.

The course covers a period of three months time and at regular intervals the pupils' conditions are examined and proper changes in exercises prescribed.

Our system has proven most successful—it is now practiced and followed by many of the brainiest men in the country.

Course suited for both men and women. Ladies' Department under direct supervision of Mrs. E. F. Miller, who has been eminently successful in this work. **Write for our interesting booklet. Do it today. It is the first move in securing a healthy body, which means a wealth of power.**

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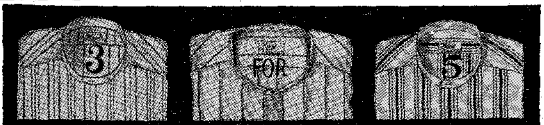

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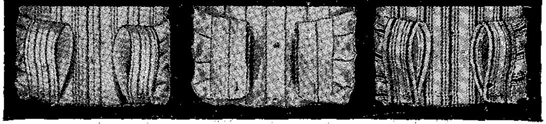

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SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, 57-63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

toward the enigmas of nature, to search into the secret of the stars, the hidden forces of the earth, or the mysteries of life.

The teacher of the new pedagogy will not be able to commit to memory the content of the thought of any new pedagogue. He must acquire a *scientific method*, together with the characteristics of the scientists. The school in which to train this new teacher will no longer be a hall where a professor lectures and an assembly listens, but a place of *experimental education*, where his personality can perfect itself. And on such principles all future schools will be founded.

SCHOOLS WILL BE TURNED INTO LABORATORIES

IN the perfected training of the teacher, thus understood, is bound up the possibility of transforming the schools for children into laboratories for experimentation, since the spontaneous and natural development of the child, his liberty, depends on the teacher.

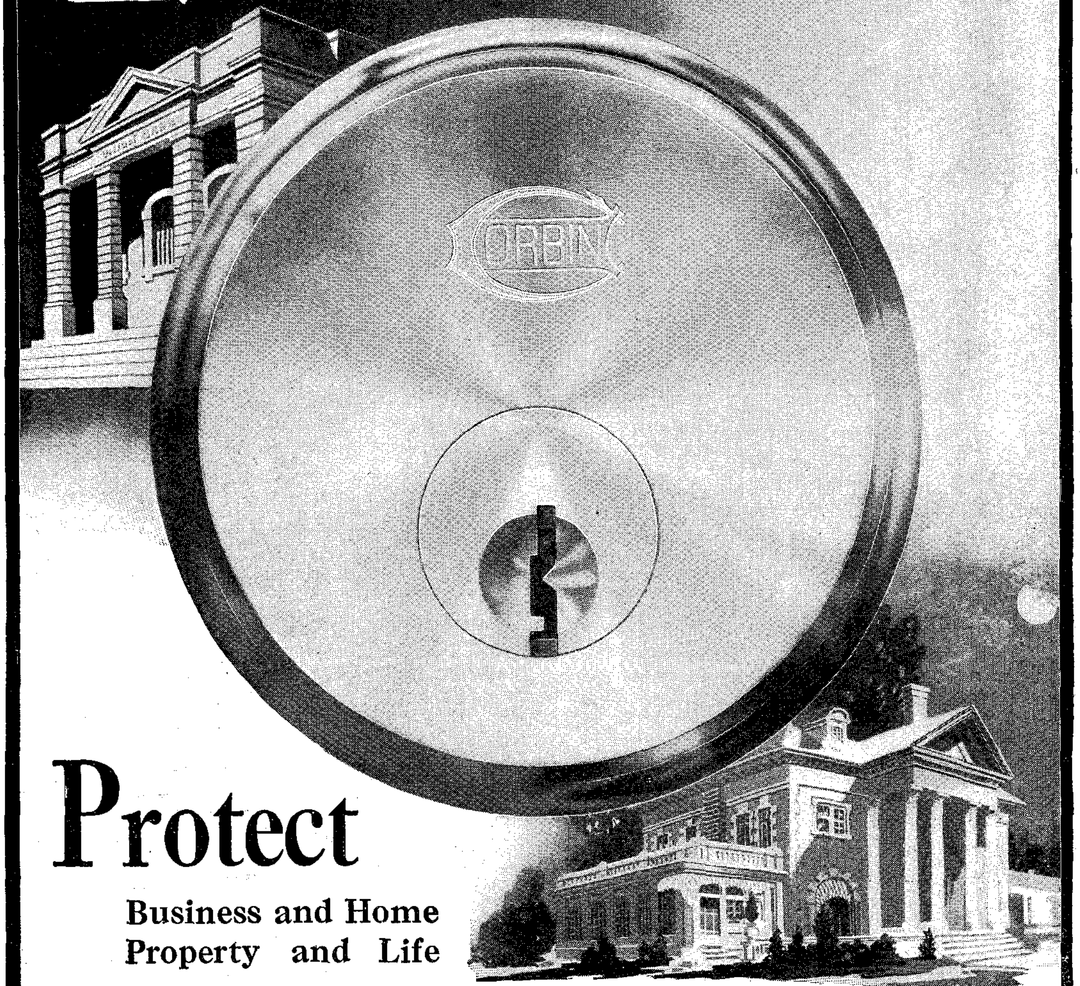
I believe that in this first stage of the movement I might give such instruction to teachers, largely illustrating with words and practical demonstrations the principles indispensable to such training; since it is necessary to precede a universal collaboration by the founding of one first center of experiments which, by its training of the new teachers, would determine the origins of the new pedagogy. Absolutely clear understanding of the method (the way to change a school into a field for experiments) is necessary if pedagogy is to advance on the principles of the positive sciences; which, up to the present, have limited their investigations to matter, to brute forces, and to biology, leaving out of the question man and the complexity of his spiritual life.

Within these limitations the positive sciences show brilliantly the open road to the discovery and to the multiplication of intellectual possessions and of economic riches; and the progress which they have brought about in the last century has astounded men, attracting and fixing modern thought almost entirely upon these sciences. The illusion has gained ground that the world would be explained from a materialistic point of view. And the personality of humanity, the greatest reality of the world, has remained, so far, because of such precipitately adopted dogmas, unknown to science.

THE LAWS OF THE SPIRIT AS DISCOVERABLE AS THE LAWS OF CHEMISTRY

AFTER the laws of matter, discovered by physics and chemistry; after the laws of physical life, discovered by biology; lo, like the majestic aim and lofty reward of such in-

CORBIN
LOCKS



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All kinds of functions to suit all conditions of service. The best dealer in your town sells them.

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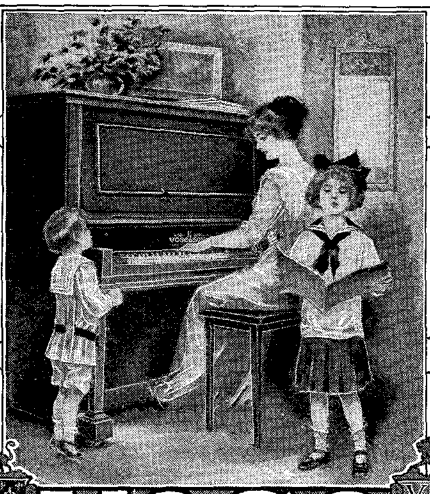

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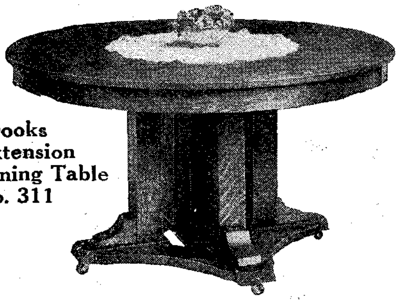
The **tone, touch** and **magnificent wearing** qualities of the **VOSE** Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **VOSE** is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

The Regular Price for This Dining Room Table is $45.00—*and It Is Worth It*



Brooks Extension Dining Table No. 311

Constructed of the choicest quarter-sawed Oak, 54-inch top closed, 90-inch extension. Massive, substantial—no furniture you can buy is better made and

Our Factory Price to You is $22.50

Saving You Over Half Average Retail Price

We absolutely guarantee that you will be satisfied with this piece and everything you purchase of us—*or your money will be paid back at once.* Write for our beautiful illustrated Furniture Book now and see many more equally attractive pieces at equally low prices for living room, den, dining room, library or bedroom. Everything shipped in complete sections. A few minutes with the screw driver and it is all ready for use.

From *Factory* to you—that's how we do it. Write for Book.

It will tell you all about the Famous Brooks Furniture and 100 bargains.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1902 Sidney Street Saginaw, Mich.

tellectual efforts, are the *laws of the spirit,* to be discovered as soon as pedagogy takes the first step along the road of experimentation.

And, in the observance of the laws of his being, man will be able to grow to the fullness of his stature.

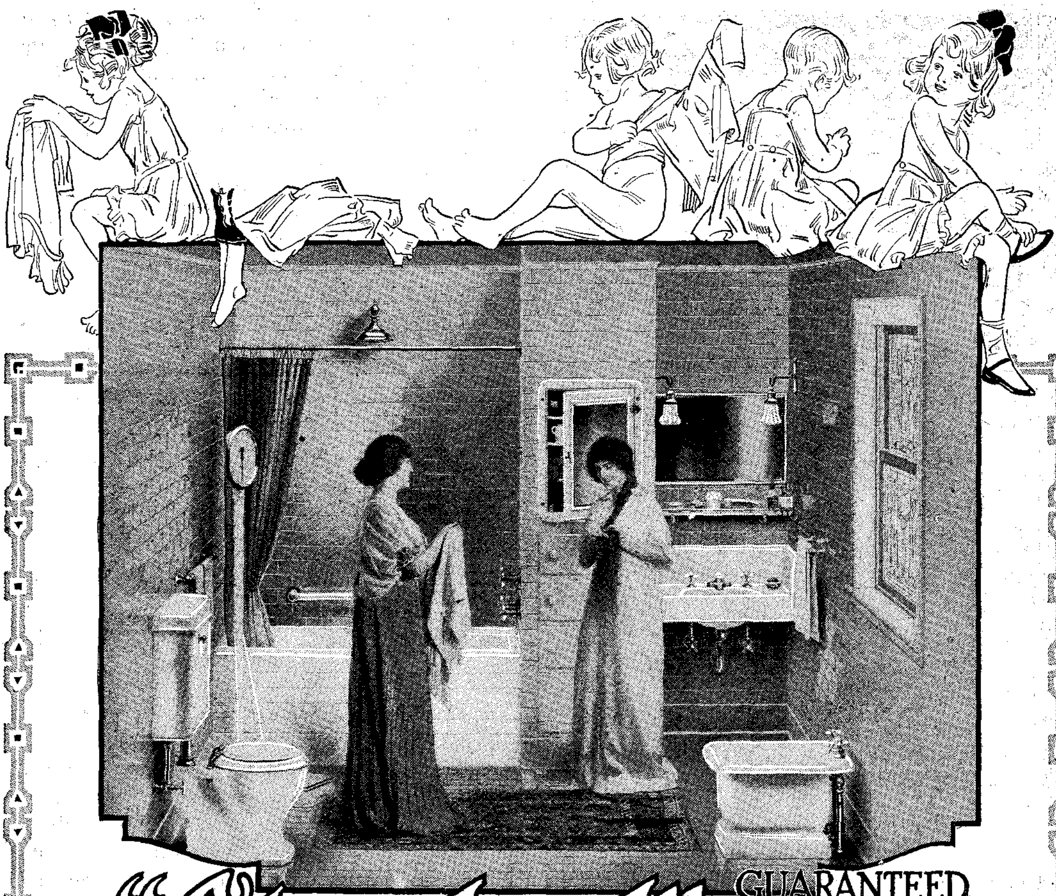
To advance toward its goal, the world is waiting for this free and great man. In the near future all spiritual problems and questions must have an active part in social existence; and, with this condition established, there will disappear the present discord between matter brightly lighted and the spirit still folded in the blackness of ignorance.

This movement is, moreover, awaited even by the positive sciences as the birth of a new humanism, which shall bring the human conscience to the light. Experimental science pursues and retraces the history of man to-day in a vision of liberty, as at the close of the Middle Ages European thought sought in the Renaissance for the "free thought" of man, trying to retrace in it all the fullness of its manifestations back to its sources in Greek civilization.

THE NEW PILGRIMAGE TO ROME

WHERE should a first center for experimental pedagogy be situated, if not in Rome? If spiritual growth and not arid culture alone is to prepare the educators of the new generation, Rome offers them the best opportunities. Here the old civilizations springing up on the shores of the Mediterranean in Egypt and in Greece found the place of their triumph and incentive to spread themselves throughout the world in the Roman Empire. Here Christian civilization, coming to the shores of the Mediterranean from the hills of Asia, found its place of peace and glory in the Church, the conqueror of souls. The Renaissance, too, from which sprang the intellectual conquests of Kepler and Galileo, began here, and was propagated as the intellectual movement of a new era throughout Europe. A place where all the civilizations lie in strata possesses traces, souvenirs, and life able to fuse great energies into action.

I have a vision of a pedagogic Institute here which, receiving on an equal footing normal and deficient children, will open a new path for the progress of humanity. But I would wish, for the teachers who come here to study, that the majestic ruins of old pagan Rome surrounding this Institute should come to life, and that the Catacombs of Christian martyrs should open to exhale a breath of the spirit that conquers all material might and power; and that, from the great temples of



"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

To make the bathroom beautiful and sanitary with "Standard" ware, brings the joy of cleanly living to the whole household and teaches the gospel of the daily bath to young and old alike.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

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Montreal, Can. . 215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston . . . John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville . 319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland . 648 Huron Road, S. E.

Hamilton, Can. . 20-28 Jackson St., W.
London, 57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
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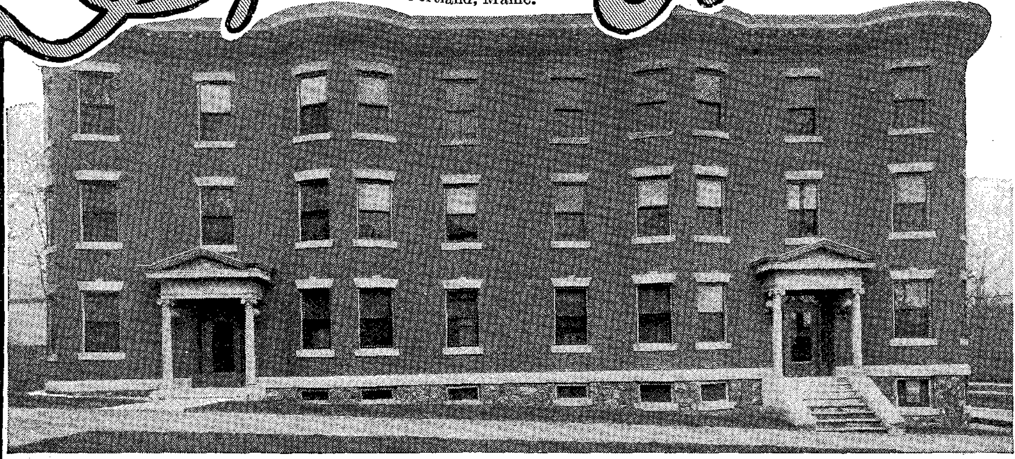
Barrett Specification Roofs

Windsor Apartments
Portland, Maine.

F. W. Cunningham & Sons, Architects & Contractors



A Question and an Answer

Barrett Manufacturing Co., Jersey City, Feb. 27, 1912.

"I have at last become tired of painting and repairing the tin roof on the apartment which I own, and have decided to put on the building the best roof that can be had, so for this reason I ask you to kindly send to me a specification that will be sure to fill my needs; I do not wish to remove the tin if this is practicable.

How can I be sure of securing 'Barrett' goods?"

(Signed) John Armstrong.

"Thousands of owners have reached the same conclusions you have, namely, that all roofings that need periodical painting, like tin and ready roofings, are unduly expensive to maintain. The way to avoid this is to give a copy of the Barrett Specification to your roofing contractor and secure prices on that basis.

The Barrett Specification is simply a formula requiring certain grades and quantities of material and specifying how the roof shall be laid. The Specification further states how the roof may be inspected to ascertain whether you have secured the required five plies of felt with continuous intervening layers of pitch.

If you order a Barrett Specification Roof and insist that the Specification be followed *absolutely*, you are certain of what you are getting. Your Barrett Specification Roof will never need painting and should give good service for twenty years or more without leaks and without a cent of maintenance expense."

Copy of the Barrett Specification with tracing ready for incorporation into your building plans sent free on request. Address nearest office.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested.

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Seattle, Corey, Ala.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.:—Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

antiquity, from the works of architecture that cover the soil of Rome, from the sacred music that is kept in its purest form here, and from the artistic delights given to every sensitive soul by the works of Michelangelo, of Raphael, of Reni, and of Titian, there should rise for them a fountain of vigor.

How many pilgrimages are made here by people from the most distant parts of the earth, in the hope of drawing strength from the ruins of antiquity! But all these treasures have never been organized to show the origin of civilized life. I would like to have arranged in the Institute of Pedagogy an orderly illustration of all that created in the past by the human spirit, and I would have archæologists and art critics add their lessons and their demonstrations, on the ancient sites of history and art, to the lessons and pedagogic demonstrations on the living children of the humanity of the future.

Possibly not only teachers, but every one who would like to live with more spiritual vigor, might stop at this school, and then continue, with a consoling hope, the path of his own existence.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

BY

GARDNER W. WOOD

The Financier

"The Financier," the latest production of Theodore Dreiser, is printed in small type and fills 780 narrow-margined pages. It also by this fact fills the average reader with horror — we have yet to find any one who has had the courage to finish this monumental collection of quaint and simple Dreiserian words.

For two years Mr. Dreiser has been the mode, ever since the publication of "Jennie Gerhardt," whose instant success served to resurrect "Sister Carrie," his previous story, for a larger and more generous reading and appraisal. "Jennie Gerhardt" was proclaimed, albeit, with rather apoplectic enthusiasm, as the greatest book of the decade. Many a critic nailed his flag to the mast with that statement.

Very naturally, then, the appearance of Mr. Dreiser's third book, "The Financier" (Harper's), was eagerly awaited — and has been greeted with mingled emotions. One faction has asked itself, "Was our claque a little too loud when 'Jennie Gerhardt' made her bow?" The others, disappointed but still hopeful, feel that if he learns his lesson Mr. Dreiser will do better next time. We hope so, too.

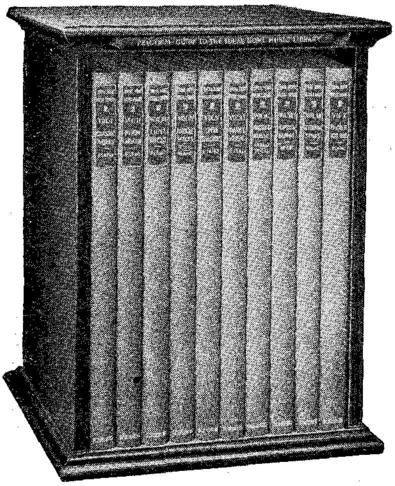
"The Financier" is as simple in plot as its predecessors. Philadelphia at the time when traction systems were first developing possibilities as millionaires' toys is the theater of action. Frank Cowperwood, whose fictional presentment is obviously based on an actual pirate of finance, is the pivotal character. The story concerns the rise of Cowperwood from obscurity to great power in Philadelphia finance, his marriage, his ruin at the hands of the politician who had befriended him and whom he had repaid by debauching his daughter, his term in prison, his financial rehabilitation, and the swift-following descent upon Chicago with his inamorata for future but undivulged activities.

With Mr. Dreiser's characterizations there is little fault to find. They are done with minute precision, and have the same sharp brilliance that dazzled the readers of "Jennie Gerhardt." Cowperwood himself, old man Butler his patron, Aileen the feminine firebrand are splendid drawings. The story is, or would be if it were not swathed in a winding-sheet of words, a gripping drama. But Mr. Dresiser has overdone the thing that had distinguished him.

He is like a dredge scooping its way across country. Everything is brought to the surface: mud, water, stones, organic life, sticks, tadpoles, old shoes — everything; and left open to the startled vision of man. Nothing escapes the automatic Mr. Dreiser, and it all goes into his book; leather chairs, "stained glass of a soothing key," politicians innumerable, turgid and frequent philosophizing, boodle, intrigue of all known varieties, Gothic architecture, black silk stockings — an unending hodge-podge of detail, gone over and over with iteration and

Join the SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB

How would you like to possess on your piano or music cabinet —responsive to your every mood and catering to your every whim—a convenient ten-volume library of piano and of vocal music, containing every conceivable kind of music such as classic, modern, standard, operatic, sacred, and dance compositions, arranged in such a way that you as an average player can easily master them? If your home piano is one of the chief factors in recreational enjoyment; if you are weary of expending money for unsatisfactorily-arranged flimsy "music folios," join the Scribner Music Club and with one single purchase of "THE IDEAL HOME MUSIC LIBRARY" obviate music expense for all time.



The publication by Charles Scribner's Sons, on March 1st, 1913, of "The Ideal Home Music Library" will mark a memorable epoch in the history of the art. Conceived more than twelve years ago, and gradually worked out as a labor of love, it fulfils in concrete form all the dreams that music lovers have had of an ideal music library, and, most important of all, the information of the Scribner Music Club renders it possible for members not only to purchase the entire collection at a saving of 90% of standard sheet music prices, but also to pay for it in convenient monthly remittances.

THE SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB (CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS)

nd Save 90% of Your Music Expense

How It Came To Be and What It Is

NOT A "CUT AND DRIED" WORK

Most musical collections are "cut and dried" in that they are bulky volumes of difficult music put together without regard to their suitability for use in the home. The method by which **The Ideal Home Music Library** was compiled stands out in sharp contrast.

HOW IT CAME TO BE

The idea of **The Ideal Home Music Library** occurred to the compiler about twelve years ago, and over ten years were spent in studying the home music field and in gathering together the compositions which comprise its contents, the challenge for each number being the magic word **"melody,"** and each one has met this severest of tests.

WHAT "THE IDEAL LIBRARY" IS

The Ideal Home Music Library is exactly what its name implies, a perfect compilation of piano and of vocal music for use in the home. It comprises ten (10) convenient volumes of piano and of vocal music with a **Practical Guide** to its use, the entire set housed in a substantial case (illustrated on opposite page) which may be placed on the piano or on the music cabinet—a thing of beauty as well as usefulness.

EVERY CONCEIVABLE KIND OF MUSIC

Among the **more than one thousand piano and vocal numbers,** specially arranged for home use, contained in The Ideal Home Music Library will be found every conceivable kind of music—**classic, modern, standard, operatic, sacred, sentimental, dance**—in fact every kind and class to appeal to every taste.

THE "PRACTICAL GUIDE"

Here again is at once a remarkable and an absolutely exclusive feature. The **Practical Guide** leads you through the **3,000 pages** of "The Ideal Home Music Library" just as a "Baedeker" conducts you through Europe, bringing out the strong points of each individual volume and rendering intelligent use of the music possible from the very start.

ITS SPHERE OF USEFULNESS

The usefulness of **The Ideal Home Music Library** is absolutely without limit in every home where music is a factor in the recreational plan. Every member of the family from the **lover of classic music** to the **five-year-old nursery rhyme singer** will find his particular taste catered to by an abundance of just that kind of music he prefers, and he will further find that **every number is readily performed.**

How To Obtain Complete Information Free of Charge

Within the limits of these pages, adequate description of this tremendous work is obviously utterly impossible. Bearing this fact in mind we have prepared **a dainty little booklet** entitled "The Ideal Home Music Library — How It Came To Be and What It Is," which we are desirous of placing in the hands of every home music lover. Its contents include a readable and interesting description of the entire work; the complete contents list of each volume; twenty actual music excerpts to try upon the piano; and, most important of all, full particulars of **THE SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB plan of securing the work for a limited time at a special pre-publication price.**

Merely fill out this coupon and mail it.

NEW YORK CITY

INFORMATION COUPON

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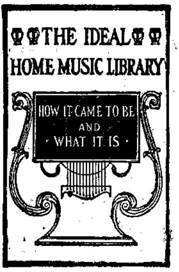
153 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me free of charge and without obligation on my part, this booklet and details of THE SCRIBNER MUSIC CLUB 90% Saving Plan.



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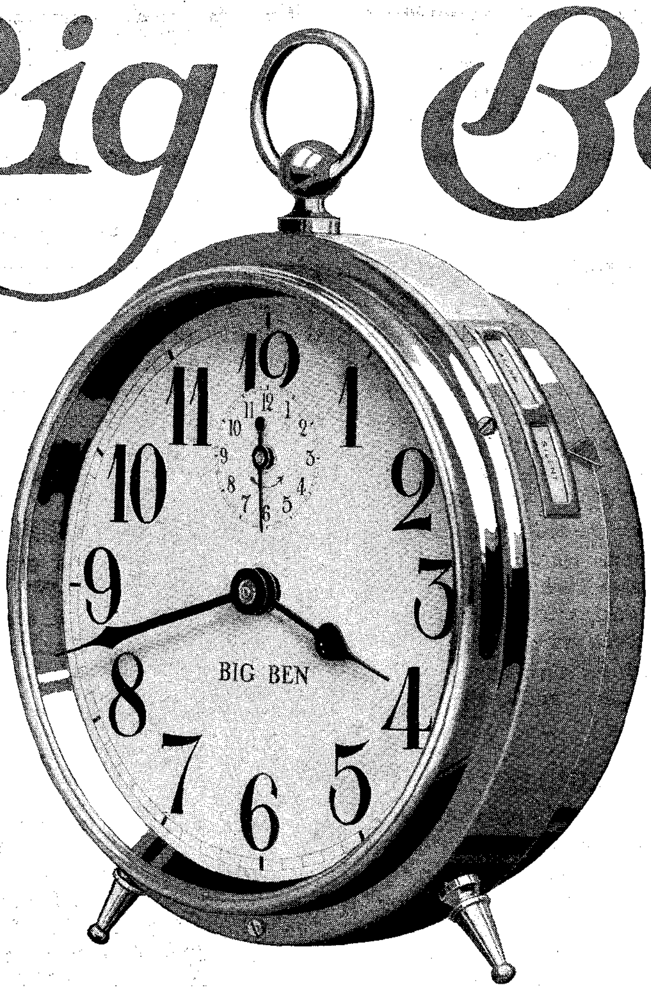
McC March '13.

Big Ben



For that sleep jinx

For that thing that tries to chloroform you in the morning—for that other fellow that pulls the covers up around your neck—claims five minutes won't matter, then double-crosses you and lets you sleep twenty:

For a pleasant on-time awakening, a velvet-like shaving, a Sunday-like breakfast—for a good hard day's work that will put feathers in any old bed—for a little spare time around the evenings and a little play with the little ones:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, two good clocks in one. A rattling good alarm to wake up with, a rattling good time-piece to tell time all day by.

Great easy winding keys that almost wind themselves—big, bold hands and figures you can see at a glance in the dim morning light—big, jolly, deep toned voice that greets you on the dot on your drowsiest mornings.

Rings just as you want, five straight minutes or every other half minute for all of ten minutes.—Sold by 18,000 watchmakers gladly, $2.50 any where inthe States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada.—Made in *La Salle, Illinois*, by *Westclox*—sent by them anywhere, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

reiteration until the weary brain reels and shrieks for relief.

Perhaps after this gigantic effort Mr. Dreiser will amend his ways and his diction. There is such a thing as overestimating the quantity of one's own quaint qualities and misdirecting one's directness.

My Little Sister

A new book by Elizabeth Robins has just been published under the title of "My Little Sister" (Dodd, Mead).

This story first appeared in McCLURE'S, where, even in necessarily condensed form and with the omission of some important characters, it created more interest than any other story of recent years by sheer force of dramatic worth.

Briefly described — the drama is located in England; involves two fresh, innocent-hearted maidens, sixteen and nineteen years old, respectively; their widowed mother struggling with genteel poverty on the one hand, and on the other with anxious but mistaken zeal rearing her daughters in ignorance of some important realities of life.

Their first trip away from home is to visit their aunt in London, whom they do not remember. On arrival they are met by an impostor, the "Grey Hawk of the World," who kidnaps the two sisters. One escapes; the little sister does not. Elizabeth Robins has "struck twelve" in "My Little Sister."

The Flowing Road

In his foreword to "The Flowing Road" (Lippincott) Casper Whitney frankly admits that the only reason he travels is because he wants to. He gets the *Wanderlust;* he has to go somewhere — not for any well-defined reason except that he must "satisfy the horizon-hunger." Admirable!

There are those who go to strange parts and ports to study the birds or butterflies. Others use much type in telling of the peoples, customs, geology, flora, fauna, sunsets, and suffering. Credit in due degree to them. But here is a man who travels just because he likes to and then likes to tell about it. Mr. Whitney opens an interesting book with a praiseworthy confession.

"The Flowing Road" is the water route from the mouth of the Amazon to the delta of the Orinoco, a little-traveled, less known, and least comfortable triangle of travel known to the wandering tribes.

What with constant pouring rains, boiling rapids, insects of all degrees and conditions — flying, crawling, and jumping — united in the

Set Six Screws—
Save Furniture Dollars!

It takes six minutes to drive these six screws, and **the saving is $13.25.** Now if your time is worth more than $2.21 a minute, don't read any further.

This advertisement is for those who want high-grade furniture at rock-bottom prices and approve a selling plan that actually saves big money.

$11.75

Over 30,000 American Homes

buy Come-Packt Furniture for these substantial reasons. Here is an example of Come-Packt economy.

No. 300 Library Table
Come-Packt Price $11.75
Shipping Weight 150 lbs.

Sold on a Year's Trial

"SECTIONAL COME-PACKT" TRADE FURNITURE MARK

This handsome table is Quarter-Sawn White Oak, with rich, deep, natural markings; honestly made; beautifully finished to your order. Height, 30 inches; top, 44 x 28 inches; legs, 2½ inches square. Two drawers; choice of Old Brass or Wood Knobs. It comes to you in four sections, packed in a compact crate, shipped at knock-down rates.

Our price, $11.75. With a screw-driver and six minutes you have a table that would ordinarily sell for $25!

Free Catalog Shows 400 Pieces

for living, dining or bedroom. Color plates show the exquisite finish and upholstering. Factory prices. Write for it today and we will send it to you by return mail. (11)

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 305 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

15 Days' FREE Use

Moth Proof Red Cedar Chest
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A Piedmont Red Cedar Chest makes ideal birthday or wedding gift. **Protect furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp.** Every home needs one. Charmingly useful and decorative. Write for illustrated 56-page catalog showing **all** beautiful designs in Piedmont Chests and amazing low prices. Also book "Story of Red Cedar". Postpaid. FREE. Write today. **Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co.** Dept. 40 **Statesville, N.C.**

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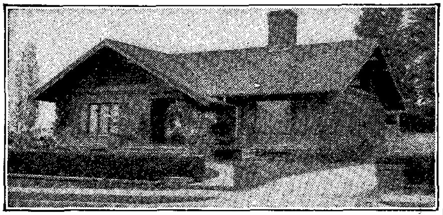

Our 80-page monthly magazine, **KEITH'S "On Home Building,"** for a year and your choice of any of **KEITH'S** famous **$1 Plan Books,** giving views, sizes, costs, etc. All for subscription price **$2.** *Select Your Plan Book.*

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A Half Inch of Cream
A Few Movements of the Brush
A Perfect Lather

Mennen's Shaving Cream

"The Perfect Shaving Medium"

Applied directly on the face—lathers freely and instantly. **Contains no free caustic** and absolutely will not dry on nor smart the face—softens the beard without the usual "rubbing in" with the fingers—extremely economical—100 shaves per tube—no waste—sanitary—antiseptic.

Mennen's Shaving Cream is not the hasty product of a day, but the result of three years' careful investigation and experimenting. The name Mennen is behind the cream.

For sale everywhere, 25c
Sample Tube, Free

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
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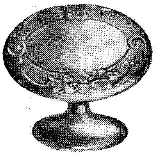
Makers of the Celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder

TRADE MARK

Cut a Rolled Gold Plate KREMENTZ Cuff Button

(One-Piece Bean and Post)



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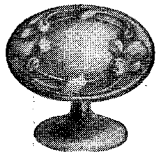

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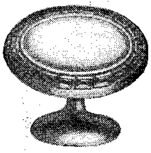

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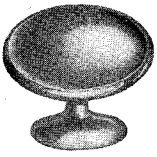
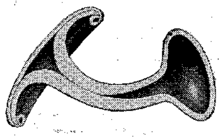


47K

in half, and you see why it is **the strongest Cuff Button made.** No solder joints to break—the face is locked on so it cannot be pulled off. The thickest metal is in the post, where the greatest wear comes.



A plate of gold is rolled on the metal backing, and after years of wear the gold is still there, which is not the case with other plated goods. The name **KREMENTZ** on the button protects you.

Leading jewelers and haberdashers sell the **Krementz Cuff Buttons,** and the **Krementz Bodkin Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons,** in various attractive patterns and in all grades, from Rolled Gold Plate to the most expensive.

Send for booklet telling how they are made, and showing many designs.

KREMENTZ & CO., 170 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.
The Largest Manufacturers of Fine Jewelry in the World.

one game of "bite the travelers," lazy, thieving natives, hungry crocodiles, and ungentle jaguars, these solitary journeys through lands of lost hope and commercial uselessness may seem like folly to the steam-heated citizens who read "The Flowing Road."

But that is neither here nor there. Mr. Whitney made the trip; he had a bully time doing it; his observations in this little-known land are informative and valuable; his narrative flows as easily as the Road. He didn't have to go, you will remember.

Sunshine Sketches

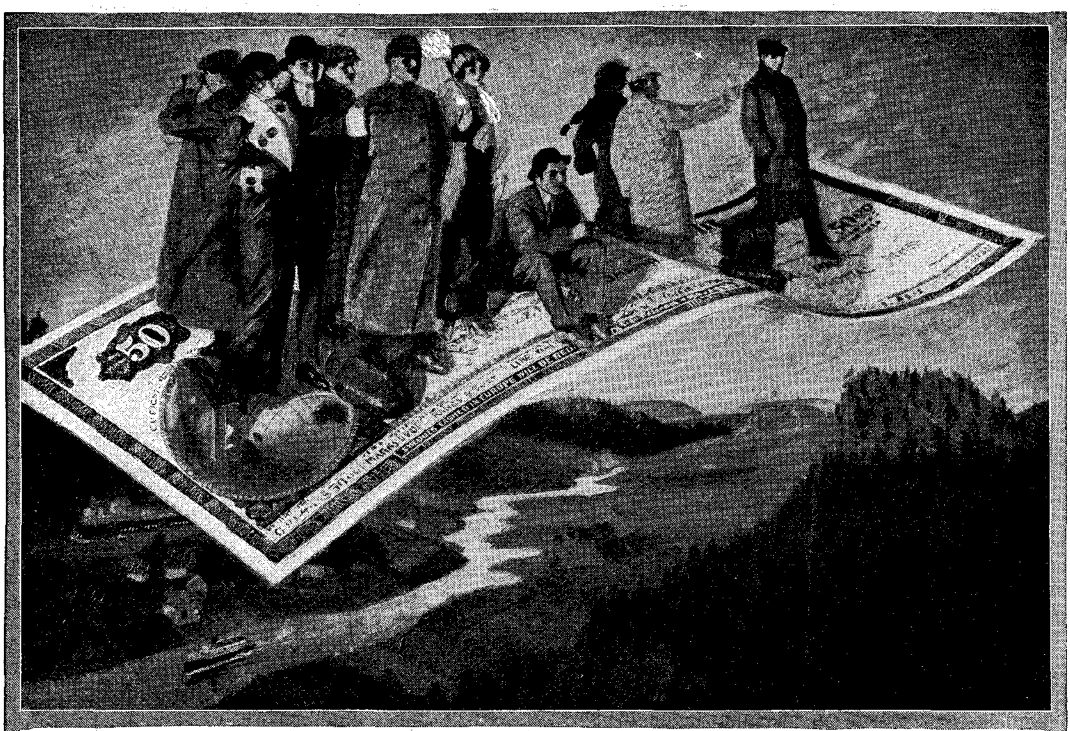
Stephen Leacock, professor of economics in McGill University, finds relief—although he denies it in his preface—from the embattled class-room in the writing of stories of which "Sunshine Sketches" (Lane) is the third in a trio of alliteratively entitled volumes. And very happy, healthful stories they are for moments of relaxation.

The latest volume concerns the people, the life, and the activities of a typical small Canadian town wholly untroubled by the outside world. The author takes the reader into his confidence and introduces to him with affection and humorous understanding Mr. Smith, weighing nearly three hundred pounds and "one of the greatest minds in the hotel business." Then follow the irascible Judge Pepperleigh and his adorable daughter Zena, who is loved by young Peter Pupkin, the bank teller, "a tremendous Christian," and Jeff Thorpe, the barber—financier—too many to mention here but all worth knowing. "Sunshine Sketches" are the kind of short stories that melt in your mouth.

The Unknown Quantity

There is a haunting quality, an unsullied atmosphere about any script that comes from the pen of Dr. Henry Van Dyke that constitutes its greatest attraction. This seems to be acknowledged, and is diversely illustrated in "The Unknown Quantity" (Scribner's) his latest volume of tales. They are strung, as he explains, on the thread that represents "the sense of mystery and strangeness that runs through human life" as evidenced in a New Jersey college town, in Paris, or in the Province of Quebec.

We are all keenly aware of this thread, and for that reason these short romances and interludes, handled with Dr. Van Dyke's skilful delicacy and contemplative ease, merit wide approval. There is humor too of an airy sort, as found in one of the half-told tales, "The Unruly Sprite"—unruly perhaps, but very potent.



See the world on "A. B. A." Cheques

You can pay your hotel bills with them; buy railway and steamship tickets; use them for purchases in the principal shops.

They are the safest kind of traveling funds, because issued by thousands of American Banks under authority of the American Bankers Association, are good only when signed by the holder, and may be replaced if lost or stolen.

"A. B. A." Cheques

supply the urgent need for an International Currency. If American bank notes could be used for traveling expenses in all parts of the world, if they were engraved with their value in the currency of the principal foreign nations and required your signature to make them good—they would be very like "A B A." Cheques.

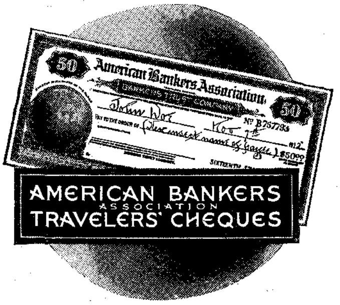
50,000 banks throughout the world have agreed to cash them without charge and without a personal introduction. *Signing one of your "A. B. A." Cheques identifies you*

Wherever you travel—in any civilized country of the world, you can use "A.B.A." Cheques like actual cash throughout your trip—from the time you buy your outbound steamship tickets to the payment of U.S. Customs duties on your return.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for descriptive booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A.B.A." Cheques, write for information as to where they can be obtained in your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO. **New York City**



No-Rim-Cut Tires

2,000,000

Tested Out

One year ago—in our 13th year—we announced that one million Goodyear tires had then gone into use

Just one year later—in our 14th year—we have reached the *two* million mark.

Twelve years to reach the first million. Then that one million sold another in a single year.

Think what that means, Mr. Tire Buyer.

These are days of odometers. Men are measuring up tire mileage. They are comparing costs.

Names and claims mean nothing to them. Only mileage figures count—only lower upkeeps.

It was under these conditions, mark you, that a million Goodyears—enough to equip 250,000 cars—went to users in one year.

And it happened, also, after hundreds of thousands had tried No-Rim-Cut tires.

Who do you think is mistaken—the men who bought these million tires, or the men who haven't tried them?

10% Oversize

You'll Be Lonesome

If You Don't Come In

Nearly half of all the new cars this year will go out with Goodyear tires.

Nearly half of all the Show cars had Goodyear equipment this year.

And far more cars are now running on Goodyears than on any other make of tire.

That's today's condition.

But here's another story. The demand for Goodyears is six times larger than two years ago. It is doubling about once in eight months.

How long will it be before non-users combined find themselves in a minority?

Facts That Men Find Irresistible

Men in these days don't want tires that rim-cut. For 23 per cent. of all old-type tires found their fate in that way.

No-Rim-Cut tires can't rim cut. And we control the only way to make satisfactory tires of this type.

10 per cent. oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage. Men get that oversize in No-Rim-Cut tires, and they are bound to have it.

Then the Goodyear Non-Skid is a double-thick tread, immensely tough and enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut, and they insure a bulldog grip.

They meet at the base, so the strains are distributed the same as with smooth-tread tires. That means a long-lived tire.

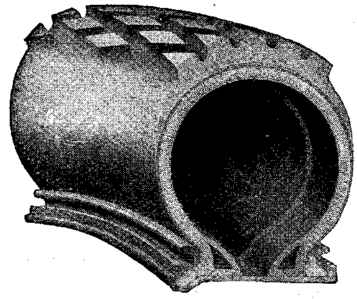
Men Can See

Men can see these advantages. And the mileage figures in their tests tell amazing stories.

Men tell these facts to others, and many thousands every month join the Goodyear ranks.

Now we invite your inspection.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.



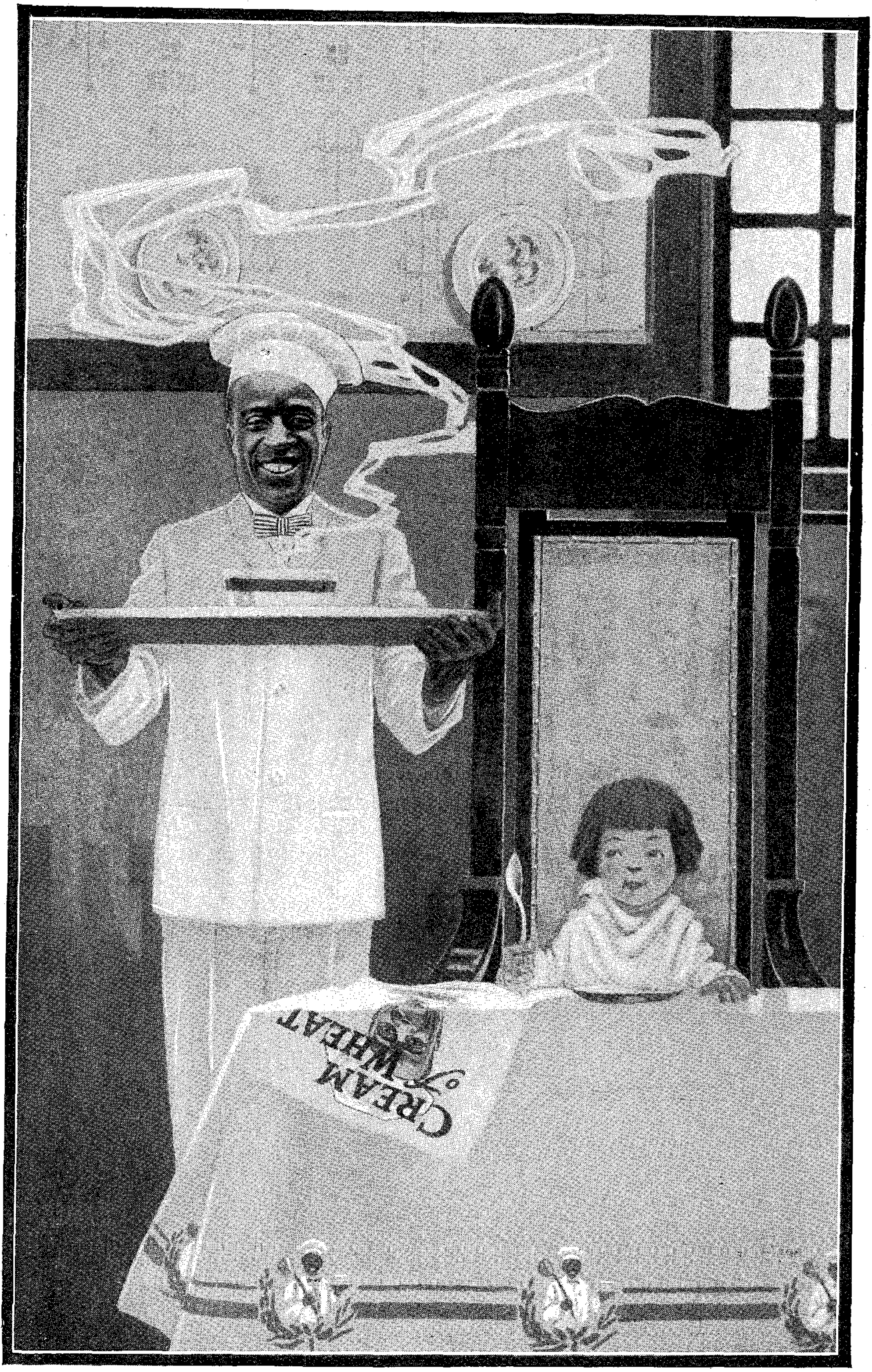
GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities **More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire**
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont. (972)



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A BUSINESS MAN'S BREAKFAST.